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*THE*  
*POEMS OF SHEMSEDDIN MOHAMMED HAFIZ*  
*OF SHIRAZ.*



№ 39

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**THE POEMS OF SHEMSEDDIN  
MOHAMMED HAFIZ OF SHIRAZ**

*NOW FIRST COMPLETELY DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE  
FROM THE PERSIAN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE  
ORIGINAL FORMS, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL  
INTRODUCTION, BY JOHN PAYNE, AUTHOR  
OF "THE MASQUE OF SHADOWS AND OTHER POEMS,"  
ETC., AND TRANSLATOR OF "THE POEMS OF FRANÇOIS  
VILLON," "THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND  
ONE NIGHT," "THE DECAMERON OF BOCCACCIO," "THE  
NOVELS OF BANDELLO" AND "THE QUATRAINS OF  
OMAR KHEYYAM." IN THREE VOLUMES. VOLUME THE  
FIRST.*

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TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF  
MY FRIEND  
EDWARD BURNE JONES  
I DEDICATE  
THIS BOOK  
WHICH OWED ITS COMPLETION  
TO HIS  
URGENT  
INSTANCE.

3622-1-5 Sept-1901, 3 vols. 1575



## PRELUDE

*Hither, hither, o ye weary, o ye sons of wail and woe,  
Ye, who've proved the hollow shimmer of this world of fleeting show,  
Ye, who've seen your hearts' hopes vanish, like the firstlings of the snow ;*

*Ye, who scorn the brutal bondage of this world of misbelief,  
Ye, who bear the royal blazon of the heart afire with grief,  
Hearken, hearken to my calling ; for I proffer you relief.*

*I am he whom men call teller of the things that none may see,  
Tongue of speech of the Unspoken, I am he that holds the key  
Of the treasures of vision and the mines of mystery.*

*I am he that knows the secrets of the lands beyond the goal,  
I am he that solves the puzzles of the sorrow-smitten soul,  
I am he that giveth gladness from the wine-enlightened bowl ;*

*I am he that heals the wounded and the weary of their scars,  
I am Hafis, son of Shiraz, in the pleasant land of Fars,  
Where I flung my flouting verses in the faces of the stars.*

*See, my hands are full of jewels from the worlds beyond the tomb :  
Here be pearls of perfect passion from the middle dreamland's womb ;  
Here be amethysts of solace, for the purging of your gloom :*

*Here be rubies red and radiant, of the colour of the heart,  
Here be topazes sun-golden, such as rend the dusk apart,  
Here be sapphires steeped in heaven, for the salving of your smart.*

*If your souls are sick with sorrow, here is that which shall appease ;  
If your lips are pale with passion, here is that which hath the keys  
To the sanctuaries of solace and the halidomes of ease.*

*Let the bigot tend his idols, let the trader buy and sell ;  
Ears are theirs that cannot hearken to the tale I have to tell,  
Eyes that cannot see the treasures that are open to my spell.*

*Where is he that's heavy-laden ? Lo, my hand shall give him peace.  
Where are they that dwell in darkness ? I am he that can release.  
Where is he that's world-bewildered ? I will give his cares surcease.*

*Hither, hither with your burdens ! I have that shall make them light.  
I have salves shall purge the earth-mists from the fountains of your sight ;  
I have spells shall raise the morning in the midst of your night.*

*Come, o doubt-distracted brother ! Come, o heavy-burthened one !  
Come to me and I will teach you how the goal of rest is won ;  
Come and I will cleave your darkness with the splendours of the sun.*

*Leave your striving never-ending ; let the weary world go by ;  
Let its bondmen hug their fetters, let its traders sell and buy ;  
With the roses in the garden we will sojourn, you and I.*

*Since the gladness and the sadness of the world alike are nought,  
I will give you wine to drink of from the ancient wells of thought,  
Where it's lain for ages rip'ning, whilst the traders sold and bought.*

*What is heav'n, that we should seek it ? Wherefore question How or Why ?  
See, the roses are in blossom ; see, the sun is in the sky ;  
See, the land is lit with summer ; let us live before we die.*

## *INTRODUCTION.*





## INTRODUCTION.

### I.

**THERE** are many so-called lives of the greatest of Persian poets; but they are all, without exception, mere collections of pointless and irrelevant anecdotes, mostly bearing manifest signs of *ex post facto* fabrication and often treating of matters completely foreign to the nominal subject <sup>1</sup>, and carefully refrain from touching upon the essential points of Hafiz's history. For instance, in none of these insipid compilations are we vouchsafed any particulars as to his family and extraction, nor is even the date of his birth stated; and indeed the only real biographical information, such as it is, which is to be gleaned from their jejune and wearisome pages, is that the poet was born and lived all his life at Shiraz and that there he died at some date, towards the end of the fourteenth century of our era, variously stated as from A.D. 1384 to A.D. 1393. In this absence of official record, the only trustworthy data at our disposal, respecting the life and career of Hafiz, are those to be gathered from the study of his poems and from such painstaking and authoritative commentaries upon the latter as that of the Turkish seventeenth century writer Soudi. Pursuing this line of research, with the primary object of establishing some probable date as approximately that of our poet's birth, the earliest landmark which offers itself to us is the mention, as a prince contemporary with himself, of Sultan Shah Mesoud, (Emir Jelaeddin Me-

<sup>1</sup> E. g. the lengthy account of Sultan Ahmed, the last Jelayir sovereign of Baghdad, and his struggles with Timour-i-Leng, which occupies a full quarter of Dauletshah's so-called *Life of Hafiz*.

soud Injou), Viceroy or Sultan of Fars, A.D. 1335—6, to whom he, in Ode DXCII, addresses a petition on the subject of his mule, which had apparently been stolen from him and hidden in the royal stables, and complains that all the substance, which he had, in three years' space, amassed by the munificence of the king and his minister, had been ravished from him by malignant Fortune. From this latter statement it is evident that Hafiz must have been established at the court of Shiraz, in high favour with the reigning prince and his ministers and probably in some official character, such as court-poet, at least as far back as A.D. 1333, which would bring us to the later years of the viceroyalty of Mesoud's father, Mehmoudshah Injou. It may fairly be supposed that, at this date (1333), the poet had at least reached man's estate, or he would hardly have attained the position which he seems to have held at Shiraz; and this supposition is corroborated by the fact that, as the commentators tell us, he had, in his youth, followed the regular collegiate course of education, necessary to fit the Muslim aspirant for any kind of public career, and had taken the theological degree of *Hafiz* (whence his sobriquet)<sup>1</sup>, which after enabled him to fill the chair of Koranic exegesis founded for his benefit by a later patron. We are, therefore, entitled to assume that he must have been at least twenty years old in 1333, and this assumption would fix his birth as having occurred in 1313 at the latest, a postulate to which there seems to be no reasonable objection, as the latest estimate of the date of his death would not thus attribute to him an age of more than eighty years. Shiraz, the poet's birthplace and life-long residence, is a town of considerable size, pleasantly and picturesquely situated in a small but beautiful and fertile plain surrounded by a chain of lofty hills, in the heart of the great South-Western mountain-system of Coelo-Persia. It is the capital of the

<sup>1</sup> His own name was Shemseddin Mohammed. His family name is not known.

great province of Fars or Persia Proper and was, in Hafiz's time, a place of more than its present importance, being the seat of a Sultan and possessing, in all probability, at least double its present population. It is, however, still a thriving town of some forty or fifty thousand inhabitants and is (as in the Middle Ages) celebrated for the production of wine and rosewater, of which it exports considerable quantities to all parts of the East. In addition to the pleasure-place of Musella, in which Hafiz's grave is situated, some two miles without the walls, Shiraz possesses numerous beautiful pleasure-gardens and is famous for its orchards and rose-fields. The climate is, however, not altogether congenial, the cold being severe in winter, and the country is said to be malarious in the hot season. The province of Fars formed part of the vast dominions of the Khalifate; but, after the fall of Baghdad in 1258, it passed under the sway of the new dynasty founded by the Mongol conqueror Hulagou (or Holagou) upon the ruins of the Abbaside power, the seat of government of which continued to be the ancient capital of the Khalifs on the Tigris and which was styled the Ilkhani or Tribal dynasty, as being nominally subject to the suzerainty of the Khacans or Mongol emperors of China and Tartary. The last effectual ruler of Hulagou's house was Abou Said, the eighth Sultan in succession from the conqueror of Baghdad, upon whose death, in 1335, the Persian portion of the Ilkhani empire, although continuing to be nominally ruled, first, by a succession of puppet princes of the same family and later by the powerful Emirs of the Jelayir house, (who also assumed the title of Ilkhani, as claiming kinship with the original founder), was, until the irruption of Tamerlane (Timour-i-Leng) at the end of the century, divided among a number of petty princes, who, although professedly viceroys and vassals of the suzerain Sultans of Baghdad, were, in all but name, independent rulers. The principality of Fars, with its capital Shiraz, fell to the lot of Abou Said's former Grand Vizier, Mehmoudshah

Injou before-mentioned, who appears to have, during the last years of that monarch's reign, acted as viceroy of the province and survived his master but a few months. He was succeeded by his son, Sultan Shah Mesoud, who died in 1336 and left the throne of Fars to his brother, Shah Sheikh Abou Ishac. Hafiz's position at the court of Shiraz was unaffected by the accession of Abou Ishac, with whom (probably owing to the fact that they had both been members, in youth, of the same Soufi order,) he remained in high favour during the whole of his reign, and the new prince's Grand Vizier, Hajji Kiwameddin Hassan, so often mentioned and eulogized by Hafiz, was the latter's constant friend and patron and appears to have befriended and supported him on every occasion until his own death, which occurred in 1353. It is he who is said to have founded, for the poet's benefit, a professorship of Koranic exegesis, the duties of which (according to Soudi) Hafiz actually performed, at all events, from time to time, during his benefactor's lifetime, signalizing his occupation of the chair by annotating the *Keshf-ul-Keshshaf*, Ez Zemekhsheri's famous Commentary on the Koran, and the *Miftah-ul-Uloum* (Key of the Sciences or Encyclopædia) of Sekkaki, copies of which two works, with marginal glosses in the poet's handwriting, are stated by Soudi to have been still extant at Shiraz in his own time. Shah Sheikh Abou Ishac was, in 1353, ousted from Shiraz and afterwards, in 1357, from Ispahan, where he lost his life, by the robber prince, Mubarizeddin Muhemmed el Muzeffer, Sultan of Yezd and Kirman, and the Muzefferi dynasty replaced that of Injou on the throne of Fars and Persian Irac. Hafiz does not seem to have in any way suffered by the change of dynasty, being apparently confirmed in his official position by the new sovereign, whose Vizier, Khwajeh Kiwameddin-w'ed-daulet Sahib Eyar,<sup>1</sup> became his patron and continued to

<sup>1</sup> In the note to Ode CLXVI, 1, the name "Hajji Kiwameddin Hassan" should read "Khwajeh Kiwameddin". The mistake is that of Soudi, who constantly confounds the

protect and befriend him until his own death, ten years later; and he appears to have enjoyed the consistent favour and protection of the succeeding princes of the house of Muzeffer (all of whom, with the exception of Zein-ul-abidin, 1384—7, are mentioned and eulogized by him,) until their final overthrow and expulsion by Timour in 1393. A well-known anecdote represents the Tartar conqueror as having, on his entry into Shiraz, summoned the famous Persian lyrist to his presence and reproached him, with grim jocularity, for the affront which he had put upon his (Timour's) two famous cities of Bokhara and Samarcand, in presuming to promise them as an equivalent for such a trifle as the mole or beauty-spot upon his mistress's cheek; to which Hafiz is said to have replied that it was the practice of such extravagant acts of generosity which had reduced him to his present state of indigence or (according to another version of the story) by asking how the gifts of the slave (himself) could impoverish the lord (Timour). The poet's ready reply is said to have at once established him in the favour of the rough soldier of fortune; but it is doubtful whether the interview in question ever took place, as there is no certain record of Timour having personally visited Shiraz during Hafiz's lifetime. It seems, at all events, certain that Hafiz was not molested by the Tartar invaders <sup>1</sup> and was allowed by them to end his days

two Kiwameddins with each other and with another Vizier of the Ilkhani Sultans bearing the same name. The second Kiwameddin, the Vizier of Mubarezaddin and of his son Shah Shejaa, is stated by some biographers to have been the patron who founded for Hafiz the chair of Koranic exegesis before-mentioned; but Soudi asserts Hajji Kiwameddin Hassan to have been the benefactor in question and (as the Orientals say) "God [alone] is most (i. e. all) knowing!" It may here also be conveniently explained (in replacement of an accidentally omitted note) that these and other Viziers are styled by Hafiz the "*Asefs* of the time" in a complimentary sense, as likening them to Solomon's famous but mythical Vizier, Asef ben Berkhiya, who is the Muslim type of good government.

<sup>1</sup> A fact which testifies to the comparatively high culture and esteem for poetry and

in peace at Shiraz, where, according to the *tarikh* or chronogram on his tomb, which is still extant at Musella aforesaid, he died in 1389. There is, however, as has already been remarked, no consensus of opinion as to the actual date of his death, some authorities holding that he died as early as 1384, whilst others prolong his life till 1393, the year of the definitive defeat and slaughter by Timour of Shah Mensour, the last Muzefferi Sultan of Fars. Nor is this last opinion without some basis of probability. Hafiz repeatedly mentions and eulogizes Shah Mensour as the regnant king and it is therefore evident that he survived till some time after that prince's accession in 1388. Indeed, to judge from the fact that the name of no other contemporary sovereign occurs with such frequency in his poems <sup>1</sup>, it is probable that he lived for several years at Shah Mensour's court, in the exercise of his functions as poet-royal, and it is even possible that he may have survived till 1393 and so have come in contact with Timour, in accordance with the legend. However, had this been the case, it is difficult to account for the absence, in his poems, of any mention of the catastrophe which deprived him of so staunch a patron as the last Muzefferi Sultan of Fars and for the fact that no reference of any kind is made by him to the Tartar conqueror, although he <sup>2</sup> bestows an elaborate eulogy upon the latter's most troublesome and persistent antagonist, Sultan Ahmed, the last Jelayir sovereign of Baghdad, who was incessantly at war with Timour and his successors, now losing and now regaining

poets of the people of mediæval Asia and one which it would be difficult to match in our ruder days. One cannot, for instance, imagine any special consideration being shown to Mr. Swinburne, as the greatest of living poets, by French, Russian or even Prussian invaders of London.

<sup>1</sup> See Odes CLXVII, CCLXXVI, CCLXXVII, CCCLXXX, CCCCVIII, CCCCXXXVIII, CCCLIII, CCCCLVI, DLXXVIII and Skinker-Rime, also Odes DXIII and DXXII, in which Mensour's Finance Minister, Imadeddin, is mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> Ode CCCXCXVII.

his capital, from his accession in 1382 till his death in 1410<sup>1</sup>. Despite the continual complaints which he makes of the inappreciative and curmudgeonly character and behaviour of his fellow-countrymen and the chronic neglect and closefistedness which he attributes to the royal and noble patrons upon whom he depended for the means of subsistence, Hafiz appears, on the whole, (as he himself acknowledges in such poems as Odes CCCCVII and CCCCXLI) to have led a fairly comfortable life at Shiraz, under the protection of the various kings and viziers of his time. The continual intestine wars, which devastated the country, do not seem to have occasioned him any considerable inconvenience, as the various robber chieftains, who succeeded each other in the occupation of the province, appear not only to have respected his person and property, but to have treated him, as far as we can judge, with distinguished consideration and even munificence; and his situation, therefore, will compare not unfavourably with that of the other poets and scholars of his day. He seems, at any rate, to have been passionately attached to the land of his birth, and no promises or inducements, such as were, according to contemporary chronicle, not lacking on the part of the Sultans of Baghdad and the other princes of Persia and even India, appear to have availed to persuade him permanently to abandon those waters of Ruknabad and that earth and air of Musella of which he speaks with such fondness. Indeed, he is said by several of his biographers to have left Shiraz on but one occasion, that of the expedition, of whose ill results he speaks with such bitterness, to Yezd, in South-West Khorasan, then a town of some fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants and the seat of an independent Sultan, situate about 185 miles, as the crow flies, and 245 or 250 miles, by road, to the North-East of Shiraz. Nevertheless, it appears certain, on the evidence

<sup>1</sup> Five years after that of Timour.



of his own poems,<sup>1</sup> that he made one or more journeys to Ispahan, the capital of Persian Irac, a town about 300 miles North-East of Shiraz, and even resided there awhile. It is also probable that he, at some time or other, (possibly in the reign of Sheikh Uweis or that of Sultan Ahmed, both patrons of his,) visited Baghdad, the seat of the suzerain power and the residence of his intimate friend and fellow-poet Selman Sewaji, and he seems, indeed, to have retained so favourable a memory of his stay there and of the local wine that he was apparently only prevented from returning thither by want of means.<sup>2</sup> He appears, also, to have received at least two royal invitations to visit India, one (according to Ferishteh, the seventeenth century historian of the Mohammedan dynasties of the Peninsula) from Mehmoudshah Behmani I (A.D. 1378—97), King of the Deccan, and another from Ghiyatheddin Purbi, King of Bengal, to whom<sup>3</sup> he had addressed an eulogistic poem, which is not extant; and he is said to have actually travelled to Hurmuz or some other port on the Persian Gulf, with the intention of taking ship for India, but abandoned his purpose on being reminded, by the sight of the stormy sea, of the perils and hardships of the voyage. These scanty particulars represent all that can, with any certainty, be predicated as to the essential points of Hafiz's career; and the task of gleanings and winnowing these scattered grains of fact from the mass of his verse is much increased in difficulty and incertitude by the whimsical Oriental habit (already mentioned in the Introduction to my Translation of the Quatrains of Omar Kheyyam) of arranging the collected poems of an author, not in the order of their composition or according to the nature of their contents, or indeed in any other logical order, but after an arbitrary and unmeaning fashion, in the alphabetical sequence of the end-letters of their rhyme-words.

<sup>1</sup> See Odes CCLIII, CCLXX, CCCXCI etc.  
CCCCXCVII, etc.

<sup>2</sup> See Ode CLVIII.

<sup>3</sup> See Odes CCXIV,

## II

None of the Persian poets has been more strenuously and more persistently claimed as an affiliate and co-religionist by the mystical fraternity, known as the Soufis or Wool-wearers, than Hafiz; and none, to my mind, with less colour of reason. Of the followers of this curious religious sect (whose tenets are a sort of bastard offshoot of Vedantic pessimism, awkwardly grafted upon the alien stem of Semitic optimism, and who, for their insinuating persistence and their skill in adapting and fashioning to their own ends the most opposite of influences and currents of opinion and circumstance, may not inaptly be styled the Jesuits of the East,) and of their habit of claiming to interpret the writings of the most obviously unmystical and indeed anti-religious authors in a formal symbolical sense, in correspondence with their own theosophical doctrines, I have already spoken in the Introduction to my Translation of the Quatrains of Omar Kheyyam, where I have so fully stated the considerations, which seem to me to negative the theory of the Soufism of such poets as Kheyyam and Hafiz, that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. It need only be noted, in addition, that the anti-Soufi case is, in my judgment, much stronger with respect to Hafiz than to Kheyyam, as the later poet was certainly, in youth, a member of some Soufi community and tells us again and again, in his poems, that the insight, which his early connection with the sect had given him into the hypocrisy and insincerity with which the whole order was tainted and the scandalous system of falsehood and imposture, by which the Soufis and their like contrived to hoodwink the world and to exploit the credulity of the folk for their own mean purposes, had for ever disgusted him with the theosophists, and indeed with professional pietists and religionists generally, and had caused him to

become a toper and an amorist, in the confidence that winebibbing and loverhood were venial sins, compared with the unpardonable crime of hypocrisy, which, with all its attendant and consequent vices, he is never tired of ascribing to his former associates. Moreover, it is abundantly evident to those who have studied the history, literary and general, of the Mohammedan East, that the adoption by the pietists of the Epicurean poet of Shiraz as a symbolical writer, conveying abstract theosophical doctrines in poetical form and under the guise of sensuous exhortations to pleasure and gallantry, as well as the pretention to claim him as a secret affiliate of the Soufi order, whose dithyrambic effusions were to be construed, according to a set formula peculiar to that sect, as in reality hymning the praises of a personal God and inculcating the tenets of an anthromorphic cult, mystically sublimated after the regular theosophical recipe, was an afterthought, neither conceived nor acted upon until long after the poet's death and forced upon the adopters by irresistible stress of circumstance. Nothing, for instance, can be more obvious than the fact that Hafiz was, during his lifetime, generally regarded by the professors of religion as an enemy of the orthodox faith and that it was solely to the abiding favour in which his exquisite literary gift and the charm of his personality had established him with the easy-going monarchs and ministers, who ruled the land of his birth, that he owed his exemption from persecution and punishment at the hands of the pietists and zealots; whilst he himself continually tells us that the Soufis, in particular, were never weary of calumniating and backbiting him and endeavouring to compass his disgrace and ruin. Nor did their enmity cease with his life; no sooner had the breath left his body than the orthodox party with one voice denounced the dead man as a notorious unbeliever, evil liver and enemy of the Faith and protested against the concession to his remains of the customary rites of decent burial; and it was not until his friends, by a happy stroke

of luck or skill, extracted from his own works a *Sortes* or oracular declaration,<sup>1</sup> in favour of his acceptance with the heavenly powers, that the superstitious deference of the Oriental to anything in the shape of a fatidical pronouncement from the Unseen World overrode the opposition of the poet's foes and he was suffered to be buried in peace. The pietists, silenced, but not convinced, soon recovered from their temporary defeat and continued to rail at the dead poet and to oppose, by all means in their power, the circulation of his poems, which were duly collected and made public, in Divan-form, by his friends and disciples and at once became popular throughout Persia, whence their reputation rapidly spread all over the Muslim East. In short, Hafiz quickly became the favourite poet of the Persian-speaking peoples of India and Asia generally, amongst whom he still holds much the same position as that of Shakspeare with ourselves; and in Turkey, in particular, the knowledge of his poems was so wide-spread and their popularity so great with all classes of the population as to raise to the highest pitch the alarm and indignation of the orthodox party, who, making a supreme effort to compass the defeat of the heretical influence, endeavoured to obtain a virtual decree of excommunication against the memory of the bard of Shiraz, in the shape of a canonical declaration that his poems were unfit, by reason of their immoral and unorthodox tendencies, for the perusal of the Faithful. Their

<sup>1</sup> According to the biographers, such of the (as yet uncollected) poems of Hafiz as were accessible were cut up into slips, each containing a single couplet, and thrown into an urn, from which a young child was deputed to draw a slip at random. The couplet drawn was the last of Ode LX, i. e. "Withhold not the foot from the funeral of Hafiz; For, though he be drowned in sin, he fareth to heaven"; which, of course, formed a victorious answer to the poet's traducers. The story is probably apocryphal; but the custom of using the Divan of Hafiz for bibliomantic purposes, after the fashion of the *Sortes* *Coranicae*, *Virgilianae*, *Biblicae* etc., has long been established in the East.

machinations were, however, defeated by the common sense and impartiality of Abou Suoud, the Chief Mufti, or supreme authority on canonical jurisprudence, of the time, who, on the case being submitted to his decision, issued a *fatwa* or formal judicial pronouncement, to the effect that every one was at liberty to use his own judgment in the matter of the meaning to be assigned to Hafiz's poems and that, in fine, to the pure all things were pure. Thus baffled in their hopes of securing the help of the canonical authorities for the suppression of the obnoxious writings, the Soufis and other zealots of the orthodox camp executed a complete change of front and finding that they could not succeed in ousting the love and admiration of Hafiz from the popular intelligence, determined, with characteristic flexibility, to adopt him as one of themselves and so convert their deadliest foe into an actual auxiliary. To this end, they applied themselves to insist that the Shirazi poet was, in reality, although in secret, an affiliate of the Soufi order and that his apparent abuse of the Soufis was only to be held to apply to those false members of the brotherhood who perverted its forms and doctrines to hypocritical and egotistical uses; that his (apparently) dissolute and erotic verse was to be construed solely in a symbolic and mystical sense, according to a formula constructed to harmonize with the tenets of the sect; that, when he spoke of wine and intoxication, he was to be understood as meaning the love of God and the ecstasy of spiritual communion with the Deity; that the Beloved was only a symbolical name for the Supreme Being; that by the often-mentioned cupbearer and wineseller the *Murshid* or spiritual teacher and the *Pir* or Elder of the sect were in reality meant, and so on, in accordance with a regular vocabulary drawn up for the purpose; and this course they pursued with such consummate skill, persistence and success that the opinion of the Mohammedan world is still divided upon the point, the majority of men of culture, indeed, especially in India, inclining, to this day, (in-

credible, in view of the uncompromising thoroughness with which the poet contrives to dissemble any sneaking kindness he may have secretly cherished for the Soufis and their fashions and opinions, as it may seem to the European student of his works, who does not bear in mind the absorbing passion, well illustrated in such treatises as that of Gobineau on Oriental letter-magic and talismancy,<sup>1</sup> of the Eastern theologian and general reader for the extortion of an esoteric meaning from phrases and writings, the exoteric sense of which is obvious and sufficient,) to the belief that Hafiz's verse is only rightly to be understood, when paraphrased in the terminology of a cut-and-dried symbolical system of interpretation, which might, in the judgment of the unprejudiced critic, be applied with equal fitness and success to the Bab Ballads or L'Imitation de Notre Dame la Lune.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Traité des Écritures Cunéiformes* par le Comte A. de Gobineau.

<sup>2</sup> In this connection it may be interesting to note a fact which has been overlooked by the translators and commentators of Hafiz, to wit, that Soufism, which is now (like Agnosticism with us) a mere abstract opinion, its place as an active religious force having been, to a great extent, taken by Bábism, appears, on the evidence of his poems, to have been, in Hafiz's time, a regular *business*, the affiliates of the sect forming, it would seem, an ordinary mendicant order, like the Dervishes, Fakirs and Calenders of the present day, the members of which, like the latter, contrived, under colour of religious enthusiasm and on pretence of the practice of extreme asceticism, to fare royally at the expense of the credulous and wealthy of the day, putting in action by anticipation the doctrine of the Sage of Wapping; "Them as has plenty money and no brains is meant for them as has plenty brains and no money." It will be seen that Hafiz, in many passages of his poems, accuses the Soufis of his day of being, not only hypocrites and impostors, but thieves and "oppressors", i. e. reprobates and malefactors, of the deepest dye.

## III

It is evident to the impartial student of his poems that Hafiz was no mystic, except as every true poet is a mystic, in the sense that he sees life and the world through a haze of imaginative glamour, which invests them with a glory and a significance invisible and incomprehensible to the common herd. The unmistakable fragrance of personal goodness exhales from his verse; but otherwise there is nothing to show that he held any religious sentiments, in the ordinary meaning of the word, or that he professed any religious belief other than that of the poet, whose gospel is the worship of beauty, truth and righteousness and whose observance is to do justly and love mercy and to keep himself unspotted from the world. To his tenure of this creed his poems bear ample witness; but, beyond this, there is nothing to show that he in any way concerned himself with the forms and dogmas of technical religion. He appears, indeed, to have taken life and its problems altogether more lightly than his great predecessor, Kheyyam. Lacking the Indian and Greek culture of the latter, his attitude towards revealed religion was rather that of the tolerant man of the world than of the uncompromising philosopher who refuses to allow that the wise and the just should be deluded in a world such as ours.<sup>1</sup> If religion would leave him in peace, he was content to do likewise, to live and let live; and beyond the general insistence on the right of the poet to drink and make merry, to avail himself of such passing compensations as might offer for the toils and troubles of this sorry sublunary existence, and the bitter contempt with which he branded the sacrilegious pretenders to piety, we find little in his poems to account for the accusations of heresy and impiety with which he was pursued, both in his lifetime and

<sup>1</sup> v. Kheyyam, Q. 296.

after his death, by the orthodox party. The whole question, upon which the debate of religion turned, was manifestly without significance for his Olympian view and the matters in dispute were too trivial and too ill-defined for him to risk the spoliation of the rare sweet hours of life by the courting of unnecessary martyrdom for the sake of opinions which were, at bottom, indifferent to him. Hafiz was no Leopardi, no heaven-born "empêcheur de danser en rond", cast in the midst of the contemporary revel of inanity and impurity; no *desdichado de la vida*, divorced from all delight, like Heine; no eternal exile, like Lamennais, brow-branded with the Cain-mark of a divine despair,<sup>1</sup> whose stern soul refused to compromise with the brutalities and meannesses of life and who was incapable of solacing his Titanic miseries with its trivial pleasures. Though free from the coarseness of moral fibre and the ignoble weaknesses of the two French poets, he had this in common with Hugo and de Musset that "du pain, du vin et la première venue" sufficed for his satisfaction at those unirradiated hours when the angels forbore to warble to him from the battlements of heaven, reminding him of his celestial origin and of the obligations in which it involved him. There were two men in him; one the celestial poet, whose lips burned with the live coals of inspiration and whose soul was consumed with contempt for all that was not the "blauen Blumen" of the fields of heaven, whose eyes were blinded to the sights of this sublunary sphere by the visions of the viewless world and whose ears deafened to the sounds of life by the spherical harmonies of the Ideal; and another (the Div, to use his own language, who entered in, when the Angel departed from his soul,) the careless Epicurean, for whom life was

<sup>1</sup> "Celui que Dieu a touché est toujours un être à part; il est, quoiqu'il fasse, déplacé parmi les hommes; on le reconnaît à un signe. Il n'a point de compagnon parmi ceux de son âge; pour lui les jeunes filles n'ont point de sourire". — *Renan*. "L'exilé partout est seul". — *Paroles d'un Croyant*.



sweet and who was unconcerned to quarrel with a world in which wine and women, praise and pleasure, were to be purchased at the cost of a trifling song or a set of laudatory verses addressed to some king or man of wealth and liberality. His Epicureanism was that of the child of nature, who knows not, in his unclouded hours, of evil and is as incapable as Hawthorne's Donatello of forbearing to rejoice in the natural pleasures of unharassed existence, in the intoxication of the Spring's rebirth and the calmer, if fuller, joys of the Summer splendours, that of the poet rather than that of the voluptuary, and his needs and the satisfactions which he sought for them were rather moral than material. He was of the race of his own "Calenders of debauchery," the dreamers who, with "brick beneath the head for pillow and foot upon the Seven Stars," give and take away, at will, the diadems of kingship and the realms of night and day. It was little that he needed for the establishment of his own heaven here on earth; it was enough for him to sit at the willow-foot, to drink the bitter wine of Bihisht and listen to the chirp of the rebeck and the wail of the reed-pipe, by the marge of the rill, the silver lapse of whose waters recalled to him, with no unpleasing admonition, the fleeting character of those goods of life and the world which he was content to barter for the darling and less deceptive illusions of dreamland. Here, under the spell of the heart-kindling moonlight, the charm of the night-exhaled rose-breath and the music-making stress of the rivulet's ripple, he was fain to forget the sorrows and miseries, the gauds and glories of existence, and to dream away the hours in an Armida's garden of his own creation, for whose evocation there sufficed him a cup of wine and a handful of roses in blossom. The modest subsidies, upon which the man of letters, in a time when learning and literary and artistic ability of all kinds looked entirely to the patronage and too often the caprice of the rich and great for their reward, depended for the means of life and comfort, were often, it is

true, hard to come by, capriciously or corruptly withheld or delayed; but, the necessary funds once forthcoming, the troubles of the time of straitness were quickly forgotten and the poet hastened to provide himself with the simple elements of mirth, "the gear of pleasance," as he calls it, roses and wine, a cupbearer and a minstrel and a fair-faced light of love to share and poetize the frugal debauch. These granted, life had yet sweet hours for Hafiz. When the rose-bride came once more to the festival of Spring, when the sweet bird had brought its dulcet pipe at Summer's sign and the tulips over-ran the April meadows with their red-raimented hosts, the loveling of youth's sweet season tarried not to return to the visions of the bard of Shiraz and he was content for awhile to dream the dreams of the lover and the poet in the banqueting-hall of the cornfields, overshadowed by the canopy of the clouds. Who shall blame him? Who will not rather, in these our days of stress and storm, when the old naïve remedies suffice us no longer against the culminating agonies of the Weltschmerz, look back with indulgence and sympathy upon the sweet singer of Fars and envy him his ableness to conjure from his path, by such simple spells, the troubles and wearinesses of life? Who would not wish that he could himself exorcise, at so cheap a rate, the giant phantoms that squeak and gibber in the streets of the city of our life, in this our eleventh hour of the night? Let us take Hafiz as he was; Epicurean and idealist, courtier (in the sense of Boccaccio and Baltasar Gracian) and poet; in his one shape, admirable and immortal, and in the other, surely not destitute of claim to our sympathy and our affection. We of these latter days, belated wayfarers wandering distractedly in the goblin-haunted mazes of our nightmare-dream of universal democracy, are apt to forget that Nature, in her eternal character of the most aristocratic of all institutions, still produces (as she has always produced and will forever continue to produce, until that supreme moment when this our distracted globe, "défonçant sa

“vieille et misérable écorce, Ira fertiliser de ses restes immondes Les sillons  
 “de l’espace où fermentent les mondes,”) certain creatures of election, not  
 alone distinguished above their fellows, but differing *toto coelo* from the rank  
 and file of humanity, in that they are not to be appraised by the ordinary rules  
 of criticism and that the laws of social conduct and the canons of everyday  
 morality show, when applied to the appreciation of their actions and cha-  
 racteristics, but as the idlest of fables agreed upon. Exiled Sun-Gods, tending  
 the Admetus-herds of an unappreciative contemporaneity, falcons-royal of  
 the Empyrean, winged for the travel of the plains of heaven, they are among  
 us, but not of us; their joys and sorrows are other than ours. The splendour  
 of their celestial origin shines in their faces; the heavenly ichor that floods  
 their veins is untroubled by the puzzles and perplexities that stir our sluggish  
 blood. Unbound by our laws and unfettered by our prescriptions, above our  
 approof and beyond our blame, such as Hafiz are not to be tried by our stan-  
 dards or condemned by our limitations; they have an inalienable title to the  
 privilege which forms the foundation of our English judicial system; they  
 can only be judged by their peers. Like Shakspeare, like Socrates, like Men-  
 delssohn, Hafiz was of the children of the bridechamber, who mourn not,  
 for the bridegroom is with them. Happy, thrice happy those rare elect ones  
 among the servants of the Ideal, to whom it is given, through shower and  
 sunshine and without default against their august vocation, to cull the rose  
 of hilarity from the storm-swept meads of life, who are gifted to respire with  
 impunity the intoxicating breath of the lilies and jessamines of love and joy,  
 unconstrained by iron necessity to sate the burning longings of their souls  
 with the hueless and scentless blossoms of the plant of Sad Content, that  
 austere flowerage of renouncement which is the common portion of those  
 who seek the things of the spirit, the one stern solace which the Gods vouch-  
 safe to the majority of their servants! These are the Parthenogeniti of life;

they need no purification, as do those who have come out of great tribulation and have made white their robes in the blood of the Lamb ; intemperate and free were they born, as the flowers of the field, and pure and incontaminable shall they abide for ever. Like Ben Jonson's lily of a day, they are the plants and flowers of light; they toil not neither do they spin; yet eternity is full of their glory.



*ODES.*



## O D E S.

### I

1. Ho, there, skinker! Fill the wine-cup; Pour and pass to me as well!  
First Love's way showed light; but after Lets and hindrances befell.
2. Waiting till the East wind loosen Fragrance from the Loved One's tress  
And her musky curling browlocks, How the hearts with blood did swell!
3. Dye the prayer-carpet with liquor, If the Magian Elder <sup>1</sup> bid;  
For the wayfarer the stages And the way alone can tell.
4. How were mine the lot to linger In the Loved One's dwelling place,  
When, each breath, "Bind on your burdens!" Clamoureth the camel-bell? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the tavern-keeper, adopted by the Persian free-thinking poets as their "Elder" and spiritual director, in mockery of the Soufis and other religious orders. Wine being prohibited by the Mohammedan law, the taverns appear to have been, on the installation of Islam as the state religion of Persia, clandestinely established in out-of-the-way places, such as ruins (hence the common name, *kherabat*, ruins, for tavern) of old buildings, and especially in the deserted temples of the Magians or Zoroastrian fire-worshippers (hence "Temple" or "Convent of the Magians" = winehouse); and the sectaries of the old religion, being unbound by the prohibitions of the new faith, seem to have commonly acted as vintners and wine sellers; hence the expressions "Cup of the Magians", "Wine of the Magians" etc. <sup>2</sup> "Camel-bell"; i. e. the signal for departure of the caravan. The allusion is to the uncertainty of life.



5. Dark the night and fears possess us Of the waves and whirlpools wild:  
Of our case what know the lightly Laden on the shores that dwell?

6. For self-will'dness all my striving Unto ill repute is come.<sup>1</sup>  
How shall that bide hid, whose secret's Grown the public parable?

7. Hafiz, an thou seek heart's easance, Be thou mindful of my saw:  
When thou findest whom thou lovest, Leave the world and say "Farewell!"

## II

1. My fair, the moon of beauty takes Its light from that bright face of thine  
And loveliness its glory on That dimpling chin doth base of thine.

2. I wonder when this wish of mine Shall be vouchsafed me, that my heart  
May in composedness with yon Disordered tress enlace of thine!

3. Of its intent to look on thee, My life unto the lip is come.<sup>2</sup>  
Say, shall it issue forth or turn Back to its room by grace of thine?<sup>3</sup>

4. Guard well thy skirt from dust and blood, Whenas thou passest by our way,  
For many of thy victims lie Slain in that passage-place of thine.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. As a lover, I have fallen into disgrace, in the eyes of true lovers, by my "self-willedness", to wit, my selfish heedlessness in allowing, by my immoderate wailing and complaining and lack of true-loverly patience and constancy, the secret of my love to become known to the profane vulgar. Secrecy is one of the primary obligations of the Oriental lover and its breach one of the gravest of offences against the Beloved.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. My life (syn. soul) is on the brink, ready to depart; I am like to give up the ghost.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. It rests with thee to bid me die or live.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Be not heedless of my case; for what hath happened to me may also happen to thee. Second line addressed to the Beloved.

5. Warn her that layeth waste my heart; Yea, bid the charmer pity have  
Friend, have a care; for, sooth to say, This case of mine is case of thine.

6. Since continence against thine eyes Availeth nought, of soberness  
'Twere better not to boast before Those tipsy <sup>1</sup> castaways of thine.

7. Belike, our fortune slumber-steeped <sup>2</sup> Shall yet to wakefulness be stirred,  
Since water <sup>3</sup> on its sleep-stained eye Cast that resplendent face of thine. <sup>4</sup>

8. Send us a handful from thy cheek Of roses, by the East wind's hand,  
So from that garden-earth some whit Of fragrance we may trace of thine.

9. Thine be long life and wish achieved, O skinker of Jem's banquet-hall, <sup>5</sup>  
Albeit never was my cup With wine fulfilled by grace of thine!

10. For us, o East wind, say to him Who dwelleth in the town of Yezd,  
"The heads of the ungrateful be As balls beneath that mace of thine!" <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Easterns call the drowsy, languishing appearance of a beautiful eye "tipsy".

<sup>2</sup> According to the Persians, an unlucky man's fortune is said to sleep and that of a fortunate one to wake.

<sup>3</sup> "Water"; syn. "lustre"; word used for sake of word-play.

<sup>4</sup> Rhyme-word of l. 1 here repeated in original.

<sup>5</sup> Couplets 9 and 10 are a hit at the king of Yezd and his courtiers, who seem to have treated Hafiz somewhat scurvily. He made what is stated by some authorities to have been the only journey of his life (although there is evidence to show that he made others, notably to Ispahan and the sea-shore, of at least equal length) to the small state of Yezd, three days distant from Shiraz, on purpose to see and panegyryze the king, who took no notice of him and sent him away empty-handed; whilst the royal officers and the principal townsmen appear to have followed their master's example in neglecting the poet, who never forgave the affront and repeatedly refers to it in his poems.

<sup>6</sup> An allusion to the well-known Oriental game of mall, a kind of polo, repeatedly mentioned in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

11. "Though distant in the flesh we be, Yet is our thought from thee unfar;  
"Slaves of Yezd's King, indeed, we are And speakers of the praise of thine.

12. "O high-starred prince, o king of kings, Grant me this boon, for heaven's sake,  
"That I may kiss, as 'twere the sphere, The pavement of that dais of thine!"

✓ 13. This Hafiz prayeth, (Hear and say "Amen!") to wit, "Our daily bread  
"Be still that sugar-shedding lip And life-giving embrace of thine!"<sup>1</sup>

### III

1. Skinker, with light of wine Kindle our cup and fill!  
Sing, minstrel, sing; for the course Of the world is come to our will!

2. Glassed in the goblet we see The face of the Friend. O thou  
That know'st not the sweets of our draught, Hold it us not for ill!

3. The glance and the gait of the straight Shaped lovelings avail until  
Our pine-waving cypress comes In glory, and then they're nil.<sup>2</sup>

4. He dieth never whose heart With love is vivified:  
Our durance fast in the Book Of the World is stablished still.

5. I doubt me, the lawful bread Of the sheikh, on the Reckoning Day,  
No vantage will have above The water forbid we swill.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These last three couplets appear to be ironical.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. other fair ones are admired and regarded till our Beloved, who is as straight and slender and sways as gracefully in her walk as a cypress waving in the wind, makes her appearance, when they at once sink into insignificance and oblivion.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. I doubt whether the piety of the devotee, who lives upon mosque-funds and pious endowments (or, as

6. O wind, an thou chance to pass By the rose-garden of the Friend,  
 Prithee, our greeting of love Lay on the earth of her sill.

7. Say, "Why hast thou put out our name From memory? Near is the time  
 "When of our name shall bide No memory, will or nill".

8. When, Bird of Fortune, tame Wilt thou to us become?  
 My soul, as the tulip it were, Shuts in the weather chill.

9. Excellent drunkenness is In the eyes of our heart-binding fair; <sup>1</sup>  
 To drunkenness hence have the Fates Given the reins of our will.

10. The boat of the crescent moon And the azure sea of the sky  
 Are drowned in the cup that the grace Of our Hajji Kiwám doth fill. <sup>2</sup>

11. The grain of the tears from thine eyes Strew, Hafiz; it may be the bird  
 Of union shall make for our snare And take our bait in his bill. <sup>3</sup>

we should say, eats the bread of charity) will find more favour in God's eyes, on the Day of Judgment, than the heedlessness of us toppers, who drink the forbidden water, i. e. wine.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. languorous, drowsy expression, as before explained.

<sup>2</sup> A hyperbolic eulogy of the abounding munificence of the poet's patron, Hajji Kiwameddin Hassan, who was Grand Vizier to Shah Sheikh Abou Ishac, Viceroy of Shiraz, A. D. 1336—1353. This couplet is said to have been an impromptu, suggested by the accidental reflection of the blue sky and the boat-shaped crescent of the new moon in Hafiz's cup, whilst banqueting at the table of the Grand Vizier.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. my weeping may soften the heart of the Beloved and incline her to grant me her favours.

## IV

1. Soufi, come see; For the glass of the cup is bright.  
On the ruby sheen Of the wine come feast thy sight.

2. None maketh prize Of the Anca; <sup>1</sup> nay, gather the net;  
For here is but wind To be gotten of any wight. <sup>2</sup>

3. Ease present ensue, <sup>3</sup> For, when Fortune's cistern ran dry,  
E'en Adam from out The Garden of Peace <sup>4</sup> took flight.

4. At the banquet of Life Drain one or two cups and go:  
Nay, look not to Time And Fate for enduring delight. <sup>5</sup>

5. Youth's gone and no rose From life hast thou culled, o heart!  
For name and repute Come strive, now thy head is white. <sup>6</sup>

6. The winebibber ask Of the secret behind the veil;  
For hid is this case From the haughty pietist's sight.

7. Many are our dues For service done at thy door.  
'Fore heav'n, great sir, Have ruth on thy servant's plight!

<sup>1</sup> A fabulous bird, supposed to inhabit the inaccessible summits of the Caucasus.

<sup>2</sup> "To seek to make prey of the Anca" is an Oriental saying, meaning to seek the impossible.

<sup>3</sup> Carpe diem.

<sup>4</sup> Paradise.

<sup>5</sup> Be content with what cometh

to thy hand and fret not for the impossible.

<sup>6</sup> Apparently ironical.

8. I severed fore'er My hope from salvation what time  
This heart in the hand Of thy love placed the reins of my spright.

9. A scholar o' the cup <sup>1</sup> Is Hafiz; O East wind, go,  
To the Elder of Jam <sup>2</sup> His service convey forthright!

## V

1. Up, skinker, and give me In hand the bowl!  
Cast dust on the costard of Fortune's dole!

2. A cup of wine set on my palm, so withal  
This patchcoat of blue I may draw o'er my poll. <sup>3</sup>

3. Though't infamy be in the eyes of the wise,  
Fair fame, ay, and honour Are none of our goal.

4. Give wine! How much dust by the wind of conceit  
Hath been cast on the head of the good-for-nought-soul! <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Jam* (cup), is also the name of a town in North Khorasan. <sup>2</sup> i. e. Sheikh Ahmed Nemeki of that place, a celebrated doctor of the law, who however would seem to have died before Hafiz's time. Otherwise, the "great sir" of Couplet 7 is apparently addressed to him. Perhaps, however, we should read "Elder of the Cup", in which case the tavern-keeper would be meant.  
<sup>3</sup> i. e. that I may formally reject the fashions of the Soufis, whose distinctive wear was a much-patched gaberline of blue wool, the colour being in token of piety, as that of heaven, and the material in token of humility and obedience, silk wear being forbidden to the strict Muslim. This garment was made all in one piece and was put on and off by an opening at the neck, like the Chilian poncho.  
<sup>4</sup> i. e. how many fools have been brought to ruin and disgrace by conceit!

5. The smoke of the sighs of my breast all a-fire  
Hath burnt up these dull-witted dolts, <sup>1</sup> part and whole.

6. Man worthy my frenzied heart's secret to know,  
Midst gentle and simple, I see not one sole.

7. With a heart-soothing charmer my soul is content,  
From my heart at one stroke rest and easance who stole.

8. None, none who our silver-shanked cypress <sup>2</sup> had seen  
Would look on the cypress of meadow and knoll.

9. Be patient, o Hafiz, in stress, night and day:  
Thou yet shalt attain to thy heart-desired goal.

## VI

1. From hand my heart goeth: help! help! Ye pious! By all that's Divine!  
Alack, for it's like to wax known, This close-hidden secret of mine!

2. We're folk aboard ship, weather bound; O breeze of fair auspice arise!  
Mayhap on the face of the Friend Once more we shall pasture our eyne.

3. This ten-day long favour of Fate Is nought but delusion and fraud:  
Friend, seize opportunity friends To pleasure, or e'er it decline!

<sup>1</sup> According to Souidi, this obscure couplet (as well as the preceding one) is a hit at the poet's dearest foes, the Soufis.      <sup>2</sup> i. e. His erect and slender mistress.

4. Sweet carolled the bulbul last night, In the circle of wine and of rose,  
 "Make ready the dawn-draught! <sup>1</sup> Awake! Come hither, ye toppers of wine!"

5. Iskender his mirror, indeed, The cup is: to thee, if thou look,  
 The case of Darius's realm Discover it will, by this sign. <sup>2</sup>

6. O bountiful one, <sup>3</sup> of the case Of the famishing dervish, <sup>4</sup> one day,  
 Enquire, as an off'ring of thanks For safety from Fortune malign!

7. This precept, "Benevolence use With friends and dissembling with foes;"  
 The secret of both worlds' content These two little clauses enshrine.

8. The Fates have refused us access To the street of good name and repute;  
 If this thou approve not, then change The Lot and Appointment Divine. <sup>5</sup>

9. That bitter, <sup>6</sup> which Soufis, to wit, "The Mother of Lewdnesses" style,  
 More sweet and delectable is Than the kisses of maids in our eyne.

10. In season of straitness, thyself To pleasure and toping apply;  
 Th'elixir a Korah <sup>7</sup> that makes Of a beggar's the juice of the vine.

<sup>1</sup> The moment of dawn is the favourite drinking-time of the Oriental toper.

<sup>2</sup> Iskender (Alexander the Great) is fabled by the Persians to have possessed a magical mirror, fabricated for him by Aristotle, which showed the possessor whatever was toward in the world and by which, in particular, he was kept aware of Darius's movements and intentions.

<sup>3</sup> The beloved.

<sup>4</sup> The wretched lover, so called because dervishes are under a vow of poverty and solitude.

<sup>5</sup> It behoveth not any to carp at what is the work of Foreordained Fate and cannot therefore be altered.

<sup>6</sup> Wine.

<sup>7</sup> The Korah of the Bible, so scurvily used by Moses, is the Muslim type of wealth.



11. Stiffneckéd be not, lest the fair, In whose hand the hard rock is as wax,  
Thy heart with estrangement consume, Like candles that waste in the shine.

12. Bestowers of life are the fair, That babble the sweet Persian speech:  
To pietists, cupbearer, tell, O tell these glad tidings of thine!

13. The winebibbers' minstrel will bring The pietist elders to dance  
And ecstasy, if he recite These sweet Persian couplets of mine.

14. Hold, hold thou poor Hafiz excused, O elder unsullied of skirt!  
'Twas not of himself that he donned This patchcoat bespattered with wine.<sup>1</sup>

## VII

1. The sheen of the season of youth Again on the garden glows;  
The nightingale, dulcet of note, Hath heard the glad news of the rose.

2. O wind of the East, if thou reach The younglings of meadow and lea,<sup>2</sup>  
At the foot of the cypress, the rose And the basil our homage depose.

3. The dust of the winehouse's door I'll sweep with mine eyelash, in thanks  
For the amorous blandishing grace The maid of the Magians<sup>3</sup> shows.

4. Make, make me not passion-distraught, Who head a-whirl am, o thou fair,  
The moon at the full in a mall Of ambergris who dost enclose!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. he was foreordained to toping by Destiny.      <sup>2</sup> i. e. the freshly-blossomed flowers and newly-leaved trees.      <sup>3</sup> The taverner's girl.      <sup>4</sup> An allusion to the game of mall before mentioned. The full moon is the beloved's face, here also likened to the ball used in the game, and the mall or "polo-club" of ambergris is the curving tress of hair, so called on account of its shape, scent and colour.

5. The railers that presently scoff At the dreg-draining crew when I note,  
Religion, I fear, like to waste In the winehouse's traffic are those. <sup>1</sup>

6. The friend of the men of God be; For in Noah his ark, of old time,  
Was a handful of dust that no drop Did reck of the Flood, as it rose. <sup>2</sup>

7. To him, whose last slumbering-stead Two handfuls of earth is, say thou,  
"What booteth thee raise to the skies Pavilions and porticoes?" <sup>3</sup>

8. "Go forth of the house of the Sphere And seek thou not bread at its hand;  
"For yon black-hearted niggard, the world, Still slayeth its guests in the close."

9. Since thine, o my Canaanite moon, The kingship of Egypt's become,  
The time for thee come is to bid Adieu to the prison of woes. <sup>4</sup>

10. Once more hast thou tangled, my fair, Those musk-shedding ringlets of  
[thine:  
What evil design in the head <sup>6</sup> Of thy tresses thou harbour'st, God knows!

<sup>1</sup> I adopt Soudi's reading of this obscure couplet, which he does not explain, but of which the meaning seems to be that the professors of piety, who blame toppers, are likely in the end, being, like them, mere fallible mortals, to be drawn into the vortex of debauchery and make shipwreck of their boasted religion.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. consort with those who live the life of the spirit and whose company alone can safeguard thee against the delusions of Time and Fortune. "The handful of dust" is Noah himself.

<sup>3</sup> A warning of the vanity of worldly endeavour.

<sup>4</sup> A reference to the history of Joseph (here meaning the Beloved) who is the Oriental type of personal beauty, whether male or female. Soudi explains "the kingship of Egypt" as meaning the possession of the lover's heart; but this seems doubtful; the idea of the couplet appears rather to be simply that the end of grief and the time of union is come; ergo carpe diem.

<sup>6</sup> *Ser*, syn. "end, tip"; word used for sake of double meaning.

11. No tittle shalt thou apprehend Of the secrets of Being, if dazed  
Thou be of the whirl of the Sphere, As round without ceasing it goes. <sup>1</sup>

12. A treasure is Liberty's realm And the corner of quiet content,  
Which heav'n, for himself with the sword To win, on no Sultan bestows.

13. Go, Hafiz, drink wine without stint; Make merry and be of good cheer;  
But make not the Koran the snare Of imposture and fraud, as do those. <sup>2</sup>

### VIII

1. So but that Turk <sup>3</sup> of Shiraz take My heart within her hand of snow,  
Bokhara, ay, and Samarcand On her black mole will I bestow.

2. Give, cupbearer, the wine that's left; For thou'lt not find in Paradise  
The banks of Ruknabád nor yet Musella's rosegarths all a-blow. <sup>4</sup>

3. Alack, these saucy sweet-sellers, These town-perturbing gipsy maids!  
They ravish patience from the heart, As Turkmans plunder from the foe.

4. The beauty of the Friend of love Imperfect independent is;  
What need of patch and pencilling And paint have lovely faces, trow?

<sup>1</sup> He whose head is turned by the illusions of the world can have no insight into things spiritual.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. make not religion the means of hypocrisy and fraud, as do the Soufis and other professing sects.

<sup>3</sup> The inhabitants of Turkestan are famous for their beauty; hence the epithet "Turk" (or "Turcoman") which poets love to bestow on their mistresses, with a sly allusion to the Turcoman-like wantonness, cruelty and predaciousness of the latter.

<sup>4</sup> "Ruknabad" is the wellknown stream and "Musella" the famous pleasaunce in the neighbourhood of Shiraz.

5. The tale of wine and minstrel tell Nor after heaven's secrets seek;  
For this enigma to resolve None ever knew nor yet shall know.

6. For that still-waxing loveliness That Joseph had, too well I knew  
That Love would cause Zuleikha forth The veil of continence to go. <sup>1</sup>

7. Thou spak'st me ill; yet I'm content. God pardon thee! Thou spakest well;  
For bitter answers well on lips Of sugar-dropping ruby show.

8. To admonition lend thine ear, O soul; for dearer than the soul  
To happy youths the counsels are Which from wise elders' lips do flow.

9. Songs hast thou made and jewels strung. Come, Hafiz, and recite them well,  
So heaven on thy string of pearls The clustered Pleiades may strow. <sup>2</sup>

## IX

1. Wind of the East, to yonder Graceful gazelle go say,  
"Lo, to the waste and the mountain Castest thou us away!" <sup>3</sup>

2. Harkye, o sugar-seller! Why (May thy life be long!)  
Askest thou not of the parrot, The chewer of sugar, aye? <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. that the beauty of the beloved would drive the lover to frenzy and cause him reveal the secret of his love to the world. "Zuleikha" is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife.

<sup>2</sup> Allusion to the Oriental habit of strewing money and valuables as largesse upon musicians and poets. "To string pearls" is with the Persians a common figure for composing verses, jewels being in the East commonly bored and strung upon wire or silk, instead of being set, as with us. The poets compare the Pleiades to a necklace of pearls.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. make us betake ourselves to the hills and deserts, like madmen and ecstasies.

<sup>4</sup> "Sugarseller", i. e. lovingly, one of sweet fashions and qualities. "Sugar-chewing parrot", a curious Persian metaphor for a sweet-voiced poet or man of eloquence.

3. Whenas thou sitt'st with the Lov'd One And measurest out the wine,  
Think of the luckless lovers Who measure the wind of the way. <sup>1</sup>

4. Haply, conceit of beauty Forbiddeth thee, o rose, <sup>2</sup>  
To ask of the frenzied bulbul, <sup>3</sup> That pineth on the spray.

5. With fair and seemly fashions Are men of insight caught:  
No bird of wit and knowledge With toils and snares take they. <sup>4</sup>

6. Wherefore faith's fashion is not In those of cypress-shape,  
Black eyes and moonbright faces, I know not, welladay! <sup>5</sup>

7. Save in this much, thy beauty Is flawless, that the use  
Of love and faith pertaineth Not to the fair-faced may.

8. In thanks for fortune's favours And friends' companionship,  
Be mindful of the exiles In plain and waste that stray.

9. What wonder if in heaven Messiah's <sup>6</sup> self to dance  
Be stirred by Zuhreh's <sup>7</sup> singing Of Hafiz' dulcet lay?

## X

1. From the mosque unto the winehouse Came our elder yesternight:  
What's to do for us, o way-mates, With our guide in such a plight?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the frenzied lovers, that wander hither and thither at hazard. <sup>2</sup> Beloved.

<sup>3</sup> Lover. <sup>4</sup> Cf. English saying, "One does not catch flies with vinegar".

<sup>5</sup> i. e. why fair ones are capricious and inconstant. <sup>6</sup> Jesus is regarded by the Muslims as a prophet and is supposed to dwell in the fourth heaven, that of the sun.

<sup>7</sup> "Zuhreh", the Planet Venus, the patron of singers and dancers, hence fabled by the poets to be the minstrel of heaven.

2. We disciples, towards the Kaabeh <sup>1</sup> How shall we our faces turn,  
Since our elder to the dwelling Of the vintner's set his sight?
3. Fellow-lodgers in the tavern Of the Magians let us be,  
For the Pen of Fate this fashion Did to us of old forewrite.
4. Knew the wise how blest the heart is In the bondage of her locks,  
All would follow madly after These our fetters of delight.
5. Peace into the snare had fallen Of the falcon of our heart;  
But thou shookest out thy tresses And our prize from hand took flight.
6. Thy fair face to us expoundeth Many a verse from Beauty's book;  
Wherefore, in our Commentary, Grace and loveliness unite. <sup>2</sup>
7. This our nightly lamentation And our sighs that scatter fire,  
On thy heart of stone, I wonder, Will they take effect one night?
8. Blew the wind upon thy tresses And the world on me grew black; <sup>3</sup>  
Saving this, thy tress's traffic <sup>4</sup> Nothing profited our spright.
9. Lo, the arrows of our sighing Pass the Sphere; but "Peace!" quoth she;  
"Hafiz, on thyself have mercy: 'Ware the shafts of our despite!" <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Kaabeh" (dissyllable); The Holy House at Mecca, the goal of prayer of the Muslim.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. The contemplation of thy beauty it is which lendeth such grace and loveliness to our verse.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the wind loosed and dishevelled thy tresses, so that the whole world seemed to be turned black by their sable volume.

<sup>4</sup> *Sauda*, syn. "Blackness." This word, which also signifies (a) "desire, passion" and (b) "gain, profit", is used for the sake of the quadruple meaning.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the Beloved said, "Weary us no more with thine immoderate complaining; bear thy sufferings with decent patience or look to be consumed by our displeasure".

## XI

1. To the courtiers of the Sultan <sup>1</sup> Who will bear this prayer for me?  
"In thankoffering for kingship, Drive the beggar not from thee!"
2. 'Gainst the rival, demon-natured, Refuge with my Lord I seek;  
So belike vouchsafed may succour From that blazing meteor <sup>2</sup> be.
3. All the world's heart thou consumest, When thou blazonest thy cheek:  
What by this, then, dost thou profit, That thou dost not courtesy?
4. What a resurrection-tumult In thy lovers' hearts thou wak'st  
With thy cypress-shape heart-stealing And thy cheek moon-bright of blee!
5. In this hope all night I languish, That the breezes of the dawn  
Will, with greeting from the loved ones, Stir the friend to jubilee.
6. If thy jetty lashes beckon For our blood, bethink thee, fair,  
Nor misled be into error By their fraud and perfidy.
7. All a bleeding lo! our heart is For thy wizard eye's deceit:  
Look and see how it hath slain us: Sweet my soul, ah, look and see!
8. To the dawn-arising lover Give a draught, for Heaven's sake!  
Be the morning prayer effective, <sup>3</sup> Cause thee harken to my plea!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the Beloved.      <sup>2</sup> i. e. the Beloved; an allusion to the shooting-stars wherewith the angels are supposed to drive off the demons who approach heaven too closely.      <sup>3</sup> Prayers offered in the early morning are supposed by the Muslims to have peculiar efficacy. See my "Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night", Vol. IX, p. 168, for a curious instance of this.

9. Oh, the anguished heart of Hafiz, All for severance ableed,  
How were it if unto union With the Friend one day won he!

## XII

1. Where is it, righteousness, And I, poor sot, ah where? <sup>1</sup>  
Where is the path that joins This and that lot, ah where?
2. What hath devoutness to do And virtue with winebibbing?  
Where is the preacher's drone And the wail of the rote, ah where? <sup>1</sup>
3. My heart from the cloister-cell And hypocrisy's patch-coat <sup>2</sup> turns:  
Where is the wine unmixed And the Magians' grot, ah where?
4. Gone are the days of delight: Fair may their memory be!  
Where is the languishing glance And the chiding, love-fraught, ah where?
5. What doth it profit the foe To look on the face of the Friend?  
Where is the doted lamp And the sunlight hot, ah where? <sup>1</sup>
6. Since that the salve of our eyes The dust of thy doorsill is,  
Where, wellaway! shall we go, Say, from this spot, ah where?
7. View not the peach of the chin <sup>3</sup>; For see, in the way is the pit <sup>4</sup>.  
Where in haste goest, heart, Prudence forgot, ah where?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. what affinity is there between this and that? What has one to do with the other?

<sup>2</sup> "Patchcoat". The distinctive garment of the dervish or religious mendicant, the more valued the more it is patched and handed down from one to another, till it drops in pieces.

<sup>3</sup> The Persians call the round part of the chin the peach or apple.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the dimple of the chin, in which it is a favourite device of the poets to represent lovers as being taken, as in a pit-fall, and prisoned.



✓ 8. Patience and fortitude Seek not from Hafiz, friend!  
Fortitude, patience, sleep, Where are they, what? ah where?

## XIII

1. We're gone, thou knowest and my heart <sup>1</sup>, That's eaten up with care;  
Ah, whitherward our watering-place Shall sorry fortune bear?

2. With our eye's strewage, like thy tress <sup>2</sup>, Will we in pearls enchain  
His feet who salutation brings To us from thee, my fair.

3. In prayer am I; do thou, too, lift The hand in prayer! Be *mine*  
"Fidelity with thee abide!" And "God us aid!" *thy* prayer!

4. If all the world, on thine account, Smote swords upon my head,  
They might not win to do away The love of thee from there.

5. The heav'n of our soul-fostering love Is jealous grown and so  
It, as thou knowest, maketh me A wand'rer everywhere.

6. Though all the world on thee and me Oppression wreak, our Lord  
Will justify us of unright On all folk, far and near.

7. Since of that lovely cheek of thine The praises we have sung,  
Put by the leaves of this our book To shame the rose-leaves were.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Thou (his mistress) and my heart alone know that I have departed.

<sup>2</sup> The long tress, being allowed to trail on the ground, would seem to envelop the feet.

8. "O sweet the day when he to us Shall turn with "Peace on thee!"  
 "Soon be the time that him to us In safety back shall bear!"<sup>1</sup>
9. To whoso saith, "'Fore heaven, where Is Hafiz gone?" say thou,  
 "Unwillingly our side he left And did a-travel fare".<sup>2</sup>

XV<sup>3</sup>

1. Lovers all to thine enjoyment Since thy beauty did invite,  
 For thy tress and mole, in ruin Fallen are they, heart and spright.
2. That which at the hand of sev'rance From thy presence lovers feel,  
 Saving Kérbela's athirst ones<sup>4</sup>, Never suffered mortal wight.
3. If to winebibbing and toping Turn my fair one, o my soul,  
 Piety and sober living 'Twill behove thee leave forthright.
4. Springtide 'tis and pleasure's season And the time of drinking wine:  
 Seize the five days' fryst of Fortune, ere for ever it take flight.
5. Hafiz, if it be vouchsafed thee Her thy sov'reign's foot to kiss,  
 Both in *this* world and the other Find'st thou glory, rank and might.

<sup>1</sup> This couplet appears to be spoken by the beloved. <sup>2</sup> This ode was apparently written at the time of the poet's taking leave of his mistress, on the occasion of his undertaking a journey.

<sup>3</sup> Ode xiv is omitted as undoubtedly spurious. Soudi attributes it to a namesake of the poet, Hafiz Shaneh the Combmaker of Tebriz. It is a weak and insipid production.

<sup>4</sup> "The thirsty ones of Kerbela" are the seventy adherents of Husein, son of the Khalif Ali, who were slain in his company at that place, on the occasion of the battle which transferred the Khalifate from the Alide to the Ommeyade dynasty. They are looked upon as martyrs by the Shiah sect, to which the modern Persians belong, and are called "the thirsty ones" because, in the course of the fight, they were cut off from the Euphrates by the opposing host.

## XVI.

1. "Pity, monarch of the lovely", Quoth I, "to this stranger <sup>1</sup> show!"  
 "If," said she, "the heart they follow, Wretched strangers straying go".
2. "Stay awhile", quoth I; but "Prithee, Hold me" answered she "excused.  
 "How shall one house-reared and nurtured Bear so many a stranger's woe?"
3. What reck tenderlings, who couch them On imperial minever,  
 If the stranger's bed and pillow Thorns and pebbles be or no?
4. Thou, in whose tress-fetters captive Is so many a lover's soul,  
 Wonder-fair the black mole showeth On thy face's rosy snow!
5. Passing strange appear the ant-like Characters about thy cheek, <sup>2</sup>  
 Though musk-strokes in China's pictures Are familiar enow. <sup>3</sup>
6. Wonder-goodly on thy moonface Shows the mirrored flush of wine,  
 Like the blossom of the Redbud <sup>4</sup> On the eglantine in blow.
7. "Thou," quoth I, "whose night-hued browlocks Are the strangers' eventide,  
 "Have a care lest I bewail me 'Gainst thee in the foredawn glow." <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> syn. "exile".      <sup>2</sup> i. e. the down, commonly compared by poets to writing and to ants creeping over the cheek.

<sup>3</sup> Chinese pictures are outlined in Indian ink, which smells strongly of musk; hence the comparison. The type of beauty portrayed in them is specially pleasing to the Persians, who like a "full-moon" cheek.

<sup>4</sup> "The Redbud" (*Cercis Siliquastrum*) or Judas-tree, which covers itself with bright red blossoms, before putting forth leaf.

<sup>5</sup> When prayers are answered. He warns the Beloved to have pity on her lovers, lest their prayers and complaints call down heaven's wrath on her head. "Stranger" or "exile" in this ode means "rejected" or "ill-used lover".

8. "Moon of me", again I pleaded, "Cover not that rosehued cheek,  
"An thou wouldst not make us strangers Weariful and full of woe."

9. "Hafiz", said she, "those who know me In amazement's stead abide.  
"Where's the wonder, then, if strangers Woeful and distracted grow?"

## XVII

1. Day breaketh and donneth the cloud-veil white.<sup>1</sup>

The dawn-draught, companions! The dawndraught forthright!

2. On the cheek of the tulip there trickles the dew;

Wine, friends! let us drink to the new-blossomed light!

3. The breezes of Paradise blow from the meads;

Drink, drink of sheer wine without cease, day and night!

4. On the sward hath the rose spread her emerald throne;

Go, get thee of wine, like to rubies fire-bright!

5. The door of the winehouse once more have they shut; <sup>2</sup>

O open, Thou Op'ner of Doors, <sup>3</sup> of Thy might!

<sup>1</sup> A day, when the clouds are high and it is not likely to rain, is considered by the Persians and Arabs especially favourable for wine-drinking. Cf. Heriri, M. xxiv; "A day whose mist had risen, whose beauty was waxing and whose light cloud bade to the morning draught."

<sup>2</sup> Apparently on the occasion of one of the many temporary prohibitions of wine.

<sup>3</sup> God is called (Koran, xxiv, 25) *El Fettah*, "The Opener *par excellence*", interpreted by Ibn Athir to mean "The Opener of the doors of subsistence to His creatures"; which reading is generally accepted.

6. Strange, the winehouse's door at a season like this <sup>1</sup>  
They should hasten to shut, in the topers' despite!

7. An the trace thou ensue of the water of life,  
To the viol's sweet sound pour the wine of delight!

8. O Hafiz, mourn not, for the bride of good luck  
Her face in the end will unveil to thy sight.

### XVIII.

1. The morning of Fortune hath dawned: Where is the cup like the sun?  
When were a moment more apt? Give me the winecup, my son!

2. House quiet and skinker the friend And minstrel sweet-spoken; — the time  
Of joyance, the season of youth And the round of the cup is begun.

3. For the sake of rejoicing the soul And adding adornment to mirth,  
Gold goblet with rubies in flow To marry, God wot, were well done!

4. See, sweetheart and minstrel clap hands And tipsy ones dance to the sound,  
Sleep reft by the cupbearer's glance From th' eyes of each winebibbing one.

5. Seclusion untroubled and sure And quiet communion with friends,  
Whoever such pleasance may find An hundredfold vict'ries hath won.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in Spring, when everything calls to mirth and merrymaking.

6. Shrewd tirewoman Nature, in view Of the pleasance of wine, in the heart  
Of the roseleaf hath rosewater hid And bringeth forth wine by-the tun. <sup>1</sup>

7. Since that moon-faced one Hafiz's pearls With her soul bought, in Venus's  
The sound of the viol still is, From rising to setting of sun. <sup>2</sup> [ears,

### XIX

1. From thine enjoyment Paradise Doth lustre take and e'en  
Hell from the sharpness of thy loss Doth heat and torment glean.

2. Unto the beauty of thy cheek And thy shape's elegance  
Heav'n doth for greater grace resort And Touba's Tree of Treen. <sup>3</sup>

3. Yea, of the streams of Paradise, As of mine eye, all night  
Thy languorous narcissus eye In visions still is seen.

4. Spring, in each chapter of its book, Thy beauty doth comment;  
Thy glorious name on every gate Is writ of heav'n's demesne.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Nature, seeing that wine is more apt to rejoice the heart of mankind than rosewater, produces the former in profusion and hides the latter in the heart of the rose, whence it is only to be extracted in small quantities and with difficulty.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. since the Beloved has set the stamp of her approval on Hafiz's songs, they are sung in every assembly, so that the sound of the musical instruments, to which they are chanted, continually rises up to the heavens.

<sup>3</sup> *Touba*, a fabulous tree in the Seventh Heaven, really an imaginary name for the *Sidret-el-Munteha*, the Lote-tree of the Limit, (supposed to be the abiding place of the Angel Gabriel) derived from an absurd misconception of the Koranic passage (K. XIII, 28) "*Touba* (properly *Tiba*, a grammatical mistake of Mohammed's) *le-him!*", i. e. "Felicity to them!" According to Shakspear, *Touba* is the name of a tree in Indra's heaven, which gave every thing that was desired of it.

5. Burnt is my heart nor hath my soul Achieved my heart's desire;  
Else would it not with tears of blood Mine eyes incarnadine.

6. O'er wounded hearts and burning breasts, Alack, how many rights  
Unto thy lip and mouth pertain Of salt <sup>1</sup> and suff'rance keen!

7. Deem not that lovers only are Made drunken by thy cup:  
Hast thou not heard of pietists O'ercome with love's chagrin?

8. The vision of thy lip and face Hath made it clear to me  
How from the world-enlight'ning sun The ruby hath its sheen. <sup>2</sup>

9. Draw back the face-veil: why affect Thus to seclude thyself?  
Except seclusion, what hast thou Of vantage from this screen?

<sup>1</sup> "Rights . . . of salt," a double allusion to (a) the use in Oriental surgery of salt for keeping open wounds and so preventing internal suppuration, the application, of course, having at once an irritative and a sanative effect and (b) the mutual rights and obligations contracted by persons who have eaten "bread and salt", as typifying food in general, together, called by poets the "right of salt." The meaning is that the Beloved's lip, whose kisses, like salt strewn upon an open wound, at once solace and irritate the lover's wounded heart, has, by the imaginary consumption of salt between it and the heart, acquired the rights over the latter which arise from the relation of host and guest in the exercise and receipt of hospitality, a relation peculiarly sacred to the Oriental mind. The "salt-right" figured by the poets to have been acquired by the Beloved's lip over the lover's heart may perhaps also be taken to involve the consequent obligation to heal the latter of the irritation which it has caused.

<sup>2</sup> The Persians suppose the ruby to come forth of the mine colourless and to become red only after having been exposed for some time to the rays of the sun, for which purpose it is placed on a piece of fresh liver.

10. The rose thy face saw and became A-fire for jealousy;  
Thy scent it smelt and rosewater Became for shame and spleen.<sup>1</sup>

11. Hafiz, for love of thee, is like To drown in passion's sea:  
Behold, alack! he perisheth! Ah, save him thou, my queen!

12. Hafiz, why lettest thou the days Thus without profit go?  
Bestir and suffer not dear life To pass in waste and teen.

## XX

1. By the Vizier's soul and the ancient right And the covenant firm I swear,  
My wont in the dawn for thy happiness Is still to offer prayer!

2. My tears, that Noah his flood surpass, From the tablet of my heart  
Avail not to wash the script of love For thee that's graven there.

3. Come, traffic with me and buy this heart; For, broken though it be,  
An hundred thousand hearts 'tis worth, Unworn of love and care.

4. Blame thou me not for debauchery; For Love, the Pilgrim's guide,  
The tavern, upon Creation day, Appointed me to share.

5. For truth endeavour, that from thy soul The sun may still be born:  
The first of the dawn, for truthlessness, A blackened face must wear.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the rose was so confounded and mortified at the sight of thy peerless beauty that it became drowned in sweat. The sweat of the rose is rosewater.

<sup>2</sup> The first dawn is a false dawn or *Vorschein*, which appears an hour or two before the true and is again succeeded by darkness; hence the "blackened face", a figurative expression for being put to shame.



6. I rede thee, o heart, despair thou not Of the boundless grace of the Friend.  
An thou boast thee of lovership, quick, come stake Thy head for the love of  
[the fair. <sup>1</sup>

7. A madman of mountain and waste am I, On thine account, become;  
Yet loosest thou not the girdle-chain That I for thee must bear.

8. The tongue of the ant was loosed in blame 'Gainst Asef; and meet it was;  
For Solomon's signet-ring he lost And sought it not whilere. <sup>2</sup>

9. Nay, fret not, Hafiz, nor constancy Seek from heart-ravishers:  
What fault of the garden is it, trow, If this herb <sup>3</sup> spring not there?

## XXI

1. The apple of mine eye, my fair, Thy place of session grown is;  
Show favour, then, and light thee down; For lo! the house thine own is.

2. By dint of grace of down and mole, The sages' hearts thou stealest;  
Many a rare charm beneath thy snare And grain <sup>4</sup> for bait there sown is.

3. Glad in th'enjoyment of the rose Thy heart be, bird of morning! <sup>5</sup>  
For all the amorous descant Thine in the meads alone is.

<sup>1</sup> The first condition of true love is self-surrender. <sup>2</sup> According to Muslim legend, it was Solomon's vizier Asef ben Berkhiya, a mythical personage, who (not by losing, but by neglecting to seek the famous signet-ring which gave the King his power over the spirit world and animals and which he himself had foolishly entrusted to one of his wives, who lost it,) brought about the catastrophe of the temporary usurpation of the throne by a Demon in Solomon's shape and was rebuked for his neglect by the ant. <sup>3</sup> i. e. constancy. <sup>4</sup> "Snare and bait", i. e. the beloved's down and mole. <sup>5</sup> "Bird of morning", nightingale.

4. Our sick heart's tending to thy lip Commit thou; for that ruby  
Exhilarant <sup>1</sup> no otherwhere Than in thy treasure known is.

5. On thee in person though to wait Is happiness denied me,  
My soul's quintessence as the dust Upon thy threshold strown is.

6. Not one am I that give the heart's Fine gold to every wanton:  
Sealed with the seal the treasure-door Upon thy signet-stone is.

7. How skilled a cavalier thou art, O fair one; since of Fortune  
(That unbroke colt) obedience, Beneath thy whip-lash, shown is! <sup>2</sup>.

8. What can I do against thy craft, Since even juggler Fortune  
By what thy budget of pretence <sup>3</sup> Holdeth of tricks o'erthrown is?

9. The music of thy banquetings The heav'ns to dancing moveth,  
Now Hafiz' dulcet verse combined With thy sweet voice's tone is.

## XXII

1. Of the love of her my heart the holy place is;  
Mirror-holder this mine eye unto her face is.

2. I that bow not down to this world nor the other,  
See, my neck beneath the burden of her grace is.

<sup>1</sup> "Ruby Exhilarant", a kind of electuary compounded with rubies, in great favour with Persian physicians and supposed to have an exhilarating effect. The beloved's lip is of course meant.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. thou hast even brought skittish Fortune under thy control.

<sup>3</sup> "Budget of pretence", a juggler's bag of tricks.

3. Thou the Toubā, I the shape of the Beloved; <sup>1</sup>  
Each man's way of thought according to his case is.

4. In that sanctuary what am I, where the zephyr  
Curtain-holder of her honour's altar-space is? <sup>2</sup>

5. Skirt-polluted <sup>3</sup> an I be, what matter? Witness  
To *her* purity the whole world, good and base, is.

6. Past and gone is Mejnoun's <sup>4</sup> time and now our turn 'tis:  
Every mortal's turn in this our world five days is.

7. Love's dominion, mirth its treasure, all I joy in,  
In her happy fortune's auspice hath its basis.

8. Nay, what matter if my heart and I should perish?  
Since her weal the only object of our chase is.

9. Never empty may mine eye be of her image,  
For its apple her especial privy place is!

10. Every newborn rose, the meadows that adorneth,  
Of the Loved One's scent and colour but the trace is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. do thou, o pietist, set thy hopes on the Toubā-tree (met. Paradise); I, for my part, yearn for the beloved's shape.

<sup>2</sup> Her dwelling is so sacred that even the breeze cannot enter there, but abides without at the door; hence it is called "curtain-holder", i. e. door-keeper.

<sup>3</sup> "Skirt-pollution" is a Persian idiom for sinfulness, blameworthiness, even as "Skirt-pureness" for the contrary.

<sup>4</sup> Mejnoun ("Mad-man") the well-known lover of Leila and one of the favourite Arab types of true-loverhood.

11. Heed his seeming poortith not, for Hafiz' bosom  
All the treasure of the love of her embraces.

## XXIII

1. The head of our purpose cleaves To the Loved One's threshold-sill,  
For all that o'er us doth pass Betideth but of her will.

2. The like of the loveliness Of the Friend I've never seen,  
Albeit with moon and sun Her cheek I mirror still.

3. How shall the East wind loosen The stress of our straitened heart,  
That, fold upon fold, like the rosebud, Is twisted up with ill?

4. I'm not the only swillpot In this sot-burning <sup>1</sup> world:  
How many a head in this workshop Is pot-clay for wine to fill!

5. 'Twould seem that thou passest the comb Through thine ambergris-shedding  
For the wind wafteth nard and the dust Doth ambergris distil. [locks,

6. The strewage be of thy face Each roseleaf that is in the meads!  
The sacrifice be of thy shape Each cypress that stands by the rill!

7. Since mute is the tongue of speech In the tale of desire for her,  
Where, where is the place of the split Tongued, idle-spoken quill? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. lover-tormenting.

<sup>2</sup> If speech fail to tell the tale of my love for the Beloved, how shall the pen avail to do so?

8. Thy cheek to my thought hath come: My will I shall sure attain,  
Because that on auspice good Fair fortune followeth still. <sup>1</sup>

9. Afire for desire not now For the first time is Hafiz's heart ;  
Heartbranded was he from the Prime, <sup>2</sup> Like the tulip that groweth at will. <sup>3</sup>

## XXIV

1. Yonder swart-skinned fair, all sweetness That the world can show with her is;  
Laughing lip and eye wine-coloured, Head with mirth aglow, with her is.

2. If the sweet-lipped ones be princes, She the Solomon of all is,  
Ruler of the time, by reason That the signet <sup>4</sup> lo! with her is.

3. See the musky mole that nestleth On her wheat-hued cheek! The secret  
Of that grain of wheat, which Adam Did of old o'erthrow, <sup>5</sup> with her is.

4. My heart-ravisher departure Meditateth: help, o comrades!  
With my wounded heart what do I? For the salve, heigho! with her is.

5. Fair of face, of skirt unsullied <sup>6</sup> And in worth she is accomplished;  
Hence th' approval of both worlds' pure ones, There and here below, with her is.

<sup>1</sup> The occurrence of the Beloved's face to the lover's thought (in dreams?) looked upon as an omen of good to come.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the Day of Creation; from Time Everlasting, "Eternity without beginning", as the Persians say.

<sup>3</sup> The wild (Persian, "self growing") tulip, which grows plentifully about Shiraz.

<sup>4</sup> "The signet" here is the Beloved's mouth, constantly likened by Persian poets to a ring, on account of its roundness and smallness.

<sup>5</sup> The Muslim legends of Adam substitute a grain of wheat for the apple, which was the cause of his expulsion from Paradise.

<sup>6</sup> See former note on "Skirt-pollution."

6. This enigma of whom other Can one speak, "Yon stone-heart slayeth  
"Us, yet Jesus son of Mary's Healing breath <sup>1</sup> e'enso with her is."

7. Hafiz of the true-believers Is: in honour look ye hold him,  
For the sympathy of many Blessed spirits, know, with him <sup>2</sup> is.

## XXV

1. Of the august Friend's pardon Hopeful, indeed, am I;  
Sinned though I have, in her kindness, Natheless, my hope doth lie.

2. Yea, my default, I know it, Will she o'erpass; for, though  
Fay-like, she hath the nature Of angels from on high.

3. So have we wept for sorrow That, when our streaming tears  
See they, "Lo, what is this river?" Say all who pass us by.

4. Our head, like the ball in the horse-course, We play at the end of thy street; <sup>3</sup>  
But none is aware what that street is Nor what is the ball we ply. <sup>4</sup>

5. Thy tress, without word of gainsayal, All hearts to itself doth draw:  
For who with thy heart-drawing ringlets Conclusions dareth try?

<sup>1</sup> Jesus is called by the Muslims "The Breath of God" and is credited with the power of reviving the dead by breathing on them.

<sup>2</sup> The Persian pronoun "*aw*" or "*o*", here the penultimate syllable of the rere-word (*ba-o'-st*, "with him, her or it is"), serves for all three genders.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. we stake our lives for thy love.

<sup>4</sup> Yet we keep our love hidden from all. It is a capital duty of the lover to keep the secret of his love from the profane; if, by his impatience and want of constancy, he suffer it to become known, he is disgraced in the eyes of true lovers.

6. A life-time it is since I scented The perfume of that thy tress;  
Yet still in my spirit's nostrils The traces thereof aby:

7. A hair is thy waist; I know not What manner of hair it is;  
And as for thy mouth, 'tis nothing; No sign of it I descry. <sup>1</sup>

8. Indeed, at thine image I marvel, That, though, without cease, my tears  
Still flood it and wash and scour it, It goeth not from mine eye!

9. Nay, ill is thy plight, o Hafiz, Distracted as thou art;  
But yet in the scent of her tresses Fair hope for thee is nigh.

## XXVI

1. That great night, <sup>2</sup> whereof the people Of seclusion speak, to night is:  
Lord, I wonder from what planet This vouchsafement of delight is!

<sup>1</sup> It is a favourite conceit of the Persian poets to liken the slender waist of the beloved to a hair and to style it and the mouth "nothing" and "invisible", on account of smallness. Slenderness is a *sine qua non* of beauty with the Persians and Arabs; it is only the negroid races, such as those of North Africa, that admire fat women.

<sup>2</sup> "That great night". *Sheb-i-Chehr*, the Night of Foreordination or Foreappointment, commonly, but erroneously, called the Night of Power. On this night (the exact date of which is not known, although it is conjectured, on the authority of one of Moham-med's obiter dicta, to fall on the 20<sup>th</sup>, 22<sup>nd</sup>, 24<sup>th</sup> or 28<sup>th</sup> of the month Ramazan,) the Koran is fabled to have been sent down from heaven and it is accordingly considered the most sacred of the Muslim year. During it, all living creatures (e. g. the cattle in the stall) speak aloud and praise God and all wishes conceived are granted. See my "Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night", "The Man who saw the Night of Power", V, 314.

2. In a circle, dervish-fashion, Orisons each heart a-chanting,  
That thy locks may not be sullied By the hand of worthless wight, is.
3. I'm a victim of the dimple Of thy chin; from every quarter  
Many a soul-neck ringed and prisoned Underneath its rondure white is.
4. She, my queen, the mirror-holder Of whose countenance the moon is,  
She, beneath whose courser's hoof-marks, Dust the glorious sun at height is.
5. On her cheek the sweat see glitter, For whose sake, as night, for longing,  
Day, unto the sun swift-faring, Still, until it come to light, is.<sup>1</sup>
6. Ne'er will I renounce the Loved One's Lip of ruby nor the winecup;  
Pietists, excuséd hold me: This my canon, wrong or right, is.
7. In that squadron, where the saddle On the East Wind's back they fasten,  
How with Solomon may pace it I, whose steed an emmet slight is?<sup>2</sup>
8. God be praised! Of what a lofty Quality is this my crowquill!  
Yea, from out its fluent nibble, See, Life's water still a-flight is!
9. She, that with her covert glances Arrows at my bosom launcheth,  
In her lip, with laughter litten, Lo! the food of Hafiz' spright is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. day is night to the sun himself, until her radiant cheek appears and illumines the world; a fair specimen of the extravagant hyperboles affected by the Persian poets.

<sup>2</sup> Solomon is fabled by the Muslims to have had power to compel the wind to carry him hither and thither. The ant and Solomon are constantly cited by Oriental writers as types of the infinitely great and the infinitely little respectively, as in this couplet.



## XXVII

1. Virtue, piety, observance, Seek from drunken me not. Nay,  
For to winebibbing predestined Was I on Creation's Day.
2. I, that moment when ablution In the Fount of Love I made,  
At one blow the funeral service Over all things else did say. <sup>1</sup>
3. Give me wine, that I may give thee Knowledge of Fate's mystery,  
Of whose face I am enamoured, With whose scent I'm drunken aye.
4. O wine-worshipper, despair not Of the door of clemency!  
For the mountain's loins are weaker Than the emmet's in Love's way.
5. Save yon languishing narcissus, <sup>2</sup> (Far therefrom the Evil Eye!),  
Underneath this dome of turquoise, <sup>3</sup> None abideth blithe and gay.
6. Be my spirit thy mouth's ransom! In the garden of the sight,  
Nothing fairer than this rosebud <sup>4</sup> Did the World-maker array.
7. By the love of thee is Hafiz Solomon become; to wit,  
He in hand, of thine enjoyment, Nought but wind <sup>5</sup> hath, wellaway!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. forswore all else but love.    <sup>2</sup> *Lit.* "Tipsy narcissus", the favourite Oriental simile for a large, languishing eye. The flower in question, the *Narcissus Poeticus*, is an apt object of comparison, owing to its pensile habit and its large white corolla, with the dark corona in the middle, like the iris of the eye, surrounded by the sclerotic.

<sup>3</sup> The heavens.    <sup>4</sup> "Rosebud", the beloved's mouth.    <sup>5</sup> A punning allusion to the legend, before mentioned, of Solomon's command over the wind. "Wind in hand" is a Persian idiom expressing disappointment, want of success.

## XXVIII

1. In the bigot seeming-holy Knowledge of our state is not;  
Whatsoe'er of us he speaketh, Cause for spite or hate is not. <sup>1</sup>
2. All the wayfarer betideth In the Way is for his weal;  
Road-lost whosoever fareth In the pathway straight is not.
3. What, I wonder, will her cheek <sup>2</sup> play? Lo, a pawn I will advance. <sup>3</sup>  
For the toper, on Love's chessboard, "Check" to say or "Mate" is not. <sup>4</sup>
4. What is yonder roof high-vaulted, Many-figured? <sup>5</sup> Here below,  
This enigma known to any, Howso wise or great, is not.
5. What, o God, is this strange puissance Of disdain, whereby there be  
Hidden wounds galore, but licence To complain of Fate is not? <sup>6</sup>
6. Sure our Vizier hath forgotten God's account; for, sooth to say,  
With "For God's Account!" his mandate Signed above the date is not! <sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. whatever he saith or doth is unworth notice, he being an addle-pated ignoramus. <sup>2</sup> *Rukh*, cheek, *syn.* castle (at chess); hence our "rook".

<sup>3</sup> i. e. I will be humble and patient. <sup>4</sup> i. e. it pertaineth not to a lover to be audacious and "forthputting"; his only weapons are patience and self-abasement.

<sup>5</sup> The heavens. <sup>6</sup> This couplet may be read as a complaint either of the beloved or of Fate, both whereof are alike in this particular, that they lend no ear to any complaints of their oppressions. <sup>7</sup> Alluding to the formula or rescript with which Persian official mandates and state documents are countersigned (headed) and without which they are not executory. The couplet, however, appears to play upon the secondary meaning of the formula, "Reckoning is God's", i. e. it rests with God to reward

7. "Whoso willeth", say, "Come hither!" What he willeth let him speak:  
Pride of chamberlain or porter's Bluster at this gate <sup>1</sup> is not.

8. Whatso faileth to Thy favour Of our own shortcoming is:  
Else, for any one the garment Of Thy bounty strait is not. <sup>2</sup>

9. Tavern-door-ward to betake them Is the part of single-hearts;  
Entrance in that way for vauntards Self-infatuate is not.

10. I'm the Magian Elder's <sup>3</sup> servant, For his favour constant is,  
Not like that of Sheikh and zealot, Which now is and straight is not.

11. In high place if Hafiz sit not, 'Tis of his high mind: the true  
Lover in the bond of riches And of high estate is not. <sup>4</sup>

## XXIX

1. The messenger, letter-fraught, Who came from the land of the Friend  
And th' amulet brought of the soul, Musk-writ by the hand of the Friend, <sup>5</sup>

and punish, and to mean, "The beloved", here called "our Vizier" for the sake of keeping up the metaphor, "forgetteth that God will reckon with all men for their deeds at the Last Day; else she would not use us with such faithlessness and inhumanity".

<sup>1</sup> i. e. at the door of the Divine Court of Appeal. <sup>2</sup> "Thy", i. e. God's. All commentators, including Soudi, have made a hopeless hash of these three couplets, talking all manner of *Kram* (to borrow an expressive German word) about First and Second Viziers etc. <sup>3</sup> i. e. the tavern-keeper, as before explained.

<sup>4</sup> i. e., the winebibbing lover is independent of rank and riches and recks nothing of the goods of the world. <sup>5</sup> i. e. a letter from the beloved, written with musk-scented ink.

2. That giveth us token full fair Of her beauty and loveliness,  
That telleth a goodly tale Of the glory so grand of the Friend;
3. My heart, as a gift for good news, I gave him, albeit ashamed  
Largesse thus to do for the sake, With coin below brand, <sup>1</sup> of the Friend.
4. To God be the thanks! With the aid Of Fortune consenting and fair,  
Accomplished is all to the wish That's wroughten and planned of the Friend.
5. In the course of the sphere and the moon's Revolution what freewill is there?  
They both in obedience turn To the will and command of the Friend.
6. Though the wind of calamity dash The two worlds together, the lamp  
Of our eyes in expectancy still Should turn to the strand of the Friend.
7. O wind of the morning, anoint Mine eyes with collyrium of pearls <sup>2</sup>  
From the dust of that fortunate earth, By the feet that is spanned of the Friend.
8. The head of our suppliance ne'er The dust of her door shall forsake:  
I wonder who slumbereth sweet In the bosom and hand of the Friend!
9. 'Gainst Hafiz what mattereth it If enemies clamour and rail?  
So (praiséd be Allah!) he be Unshamed and unbanned of the Friend?

<sup>1</sup> The regular poetic depreciation of the value of the lover's heart; in connection with which it may be noted that the Arabic word for "heart", *kelb*, means also "base coin".

<sup>2</sup> "Collyrium of pearls", the finest kind of eye-powder, one ingredient of which is ground seed-pearl.

## XXX

1. Welcome, messenger of gladness! Prithee, tidings tell of the Friend,  
So my soul I may for ransom Of the mention sell of the Friend.
2. Like the bulbul caged, love-frenzied, Pines the parrot of my soul  
For the sugar and the almond (Lip and eye as well <sup>1</sup>) of the Friend.
3. Lo, the snare the Loved One's tress is And her mole the bait thereof;  
Of my hope the bait to come at, In the snare I fell of the Friend.
4. Not until the Judgment Morning Shall he wake from drunkenness  
Who, like me, a draught hath drunken Of the passion-spell of the Friend.
5. Nowhit more in exposition Of my longing will I say,  
Lest my fashery to aching Should the head compel of the Friend.
6. My inclining was to union, But to sev'rance her intent;  
Wherefore I renounced my wishes, So the wish befell of the Friend.
7. These mine eyes, were't but vouchsafed me, As with tutty, would I salve  
With the highway's dust, ennobled By the travel of the Friend.
8. Patience, Hafiz! Burn and suffer For her sake nor solace seek;  
For no salve can the unresting Pain of love dispel of the Friend.

<sup>1</sup> The words in brackets are those given by Soudi in explanation of "sugar" and "almond".

## XXXI

1. Bring, wind of the East, an thou chance By the country to fare of the Friend,  
A waft from the ambergris tress And the musk-scented hair of the Friend!

2. By her life, I will pour out my soul As off'ring of thanks for the boon,  
An somewhat of news from the land To-me-ward thou bear of the Friend!

3. And if it should chance that accéss To her presence to thee be denied,  
Bring a handful of dust for mine eyes From the threshold and stair of the  
[Friend!

4. Far be it from beggars like me To ask her enjoyment! Enough  
If in slumber the semblant I see Of the visage so fair of the Friend!

5. My pinecone-shaped heart <sup>1</sup> for desire, Like the aspen, still trembles and  
[quakes  
For regret of the pinetree-like shape And the cypress-like air of the Friend.

6. Albeit the Loved One no jot Of store by us setteth, withal,  
Not a hair, though the world were its price, From the head would we spare  
[of the Friend!

7. What profiteth it if his heart From the bondage of sorrow be free,  
Since Hafiz, poor wretch, is the slave And the bondman fore'er of the Friend?

<sup>1</sup> The heart described as pinecone-shaped, merely for the sake of paronomasia.  
N.B. When there is occasion to note this device in the following pages, the contraction,  
p. g., (*paronomasia gratia*, "for the sake of paronomasia or word-play"), will be used,  
for brevity's sake.

## XXXII

1. Come, for Hope's fortress-base Unstable as the sea is;  
Bring wine, for rooted but Upon the wind life's tree is.
2. Slave of his spright am I, Who, 'neath yon dome of azure,  
From whatsoe'er the taint Hath of dependance <sup>1</sup> free is.
3. How tell thee what glad news I' the winehouse, from the angel  
Of the Unseen, last night, Come unto drunken me is?
4. Saying, "O falcon royal, High-looking, Sidreh-sitting, <sup>2</sup>  
"This corner full of woes <sup>3</sup> No resting-place for thee is!"
5. "From heaven's battlements They warble to thee, saying,  
"I know not how thy lot Fallen in this snare <sup>4</sup> to be is!"
6. This rede I give thee: look Thou practise it. (I mind me  
From whom I hearkened it: Sheikh of the Pathway *he* is.)
7. "From yonder hair-brained hag, The world, good faith and honour  
"Seek not, for lo! the bride Of thousand bridegrooms she is."
8. Eat not the world's chagrin And this my rede forget not;  
For from a wayfarer <sup>5</sup> This love-saw come to me is.

<sup>1</sup> Or "attachment"; i. e. I am the humble servant of the man who is free from the bonds of the world.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. whose proper place is the Lote-tree of the Limit in Paradise, the place of session of Gabriel.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. this weary world.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the trammels of the base world.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. a man of experience in spiritual things. "Sheikh of the Pathway", in couplet 6, means a man of authority over, a leader of such "wayfarers".

9. "Submit to fate and smoothe The wrinkles from thy forehead;  
"The door of freewill shut, Indeed, to such as we is."

10. No sign of constancy Found in the rose's smile is:  
Wail, bulbul-lover, wail! For cause for wail, perdie, is.

11. Why envy Hafiz, thou Of feeble verse? Acceptance <sup>1</sup>  
Of nature and sweet speech The gift of God's decree is.

## XXXIII

1. Since into the hand of the breeze the end Of thy tress again hath fallen,  
The heart of the passion-stricken one For grief in twain hath fallen. <sup>2</sup>

2. Thy sorcerer eye's the first compend And draft of th'art of magic; <sup>3</sup>  
Yet such is this copy, in default That it, 'tis plain, hath fallen. <sup>4</sup>

3. In the curve of thy ringlet, knowest thou, What yonder swarthy mole is?  
An inkspot, that into the round of a J, Like a musky grain, hath fallen. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. acceptability, the gift of finding acceptance with the folk. <sup>2</sup> The wind, dishevelled the beloved's hair and displaying it in its full richness, causes the lover's heart to be cleft in twain with love and longing.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. it is the original exponent of the art of magic, from which all magicians have learned its practice.

<sup>4</sup> *Seckim*, syn. sick, languorous, word used p. g. in allusion to the languishing (or, as it is often called, sickly, ailing) expression of the beloved's eye.

<sup>5</sup> The Arabic letter *Jim* is much like an old-fashioned Court-hand *Z*, with a dot in the centre of the curve, which distinguishes it from the letter *Hka*. The tress is here likened to the curve of the *Jim* and the mole to the diacritical point. The epithet "musky" refers to the blackness, as well as to the scent, of musk and also of Indian ink, which is scented with it.



4. Thy musky tress, in the rosegarden Of the Paradise of thy visage,  
What is it? A peacock, that in the meads Of Heav'n's domain hath fallen.
5. My heart, for desire of thy scent, indeed, O Solacer of spirits,  
A dust-grain is, that at foot of the breeze, From highway ta'en, hath fallen. <sup>1</sup>
6. Alack that this earthy body mine Cannot, like dust, rise upward  
From th'end of thy quarter; forasmuch It hard amain hath fallen!
7. The shade of thy cypress-shape on me, O thou, the Jesus-breathed one,  
As Spirit of God on rotten bones Of dead and slain, hath fallen.
8. I've seen, whom nought but the Kaabeh erst Might serve for place of session,  
When prone at the winehouse-door, in thought Of thy lip, he fain hath fallen. <sup>2</sup>
9. For thee, on the Day of the Primal Pact, <sup>3</sup> O dear and precious spirit,  
Union 'twixt Hafiz the love-distraught And grief and pain hath fallen.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. for desire of thee, my heart is restless as a grain of dust tossed about by the breeze.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. I have seen the pietist, who made his constant sojourn in the mosques and prayer-places, brought to become a winebibber by the love of thee, "wine", adds Soudi, "reminding him of the colour of thy lip."

<sup>3</sup> "The Primal Pact", i. e. the covenant assumed to have been made between the Deity and mankind on what the Muslims call "the Day of *A-lesl*", a proverbial synonym of *Azel*, "Eternity-without-Beginning"; because God is fabled (see Koran, VII, 171) to have said, on the Primal Day (or Eve of Creation), to the as yet unincarnated souls, "Am I not your Lord?" (*A-leslu-bi-rebbi-kum*?) to which they answered, "Yes, (*bela*), thus incidentally, according to the fanciful interpretation of the commentators, binding themselves to a life of calamity and misery, "*bela*" having the secondary meaning of "calamity." This, by the way, is a fair specimen of the solemn puns which the Orientals introduce into the most serious compositions and which they, indeed, consider one of the most desirable ornaments of imaginative composition. The Persians use this device to excess,

## XXXIV

1. Roses in bosom, wine in hand And she I love submit is;  
The Sultan of the world my slave On such a day as this is.
2. Bring ye no candles; for, to night, In this our congregation,  
The moon of the Friend's cheek's at full And other light dismisses.
3. Wine in our order lawful is; But, in thy face's absence,  
O cypress-statured rose, the cup Forbidden and amiss is.
4. No perfumes for our banquet mix; For, from thy tress, each moment,  
Borne to the nostrils of our soul The scent of ambergris is.
5. Mine ear is all ta'en up with wail Of reed and clang of harpstrings;  
Mine eye all on thy ruby lip And circling cup of bliss is.
6. Bespeak me not of sugar's taste Nor that of sugar-candy;  
By reason that my one desire Thy dulcet lip to kiss is.
7. Since that grief's treasure for thy sake My heart's waste places holdeth,  
The tavern-corner still for me Sole dwelling-place, ywis, is.

far more so than do the Arabs; indeed its outrageous abuse, whilst barely tolerable in their poetry, renders their prose compositions almost unreadable and makes the European reader sympathize with the Arab savant (cited by Ibn Khaldoun) who desired to see the exponents of the so-called "flowery" style well flogged in public, whilst a crier proclaimed aloud their misdeeds for the edification and admonition of the literary class. What would the old Arab have said to our "New Journalism" and "New Criticism"?

8. What pratest thou of shame? My shame In good repute consisteth.  
What askest of repute? For me, Repute repute to miss is. <sup>1</sup>

9. Winebibber, wench, giddypate, Toper, I am, I own it;  
And where is he who not as I, In such a town as this, <sup>2</sup> is?

10. Me to the Mohtesib <sup>3</sup> to blame 'Twere idle; for he also,  
Like us, in quest of wine-bibbing, <sup>4</sup> Forever unremiss is.

11. Without beloved one and wine, Sit not a moment, Hafiz;  
The Feast-tide <sup>5</sup> 'tis and come the time Of jasmine, rose and lys is.

<sup>1</sup> The true self-surrendering lover glories in passing for a reprobate in the eyes of the profane.

<sup>2</sup> App. Shiraz, which was full of Tartar settlers (the descendants of those of Holagou's soldiers who had taken up their abode there) and gipsies and whose population accordingly bore a bad name for debauchery and turbulence.

<sup>3</sup> The Mohtesib, (*Mukhtesib*), an officer who, as his name indicates, was originally a mere inspector of weights and measures, but seems, in course of time, to have become a sort of Censor Morum, charged with the suppression and punishment of offences against morals, such as gambling, drinking and "chambering and wantonness" generally. He was the especial bugbear of freethinking poets, such as Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, who lose no opportunity of girding at him.

<sup>4</sup> *Shurk*, *syn.* "drinkers"; so that this line may be read in a double sense, (a) it is no use denouncing us to the Mohtesib, for he is himself a tippler; or (b) he is always in pursuit of winebibbers. The *double entente* is intentional.

<sup>5</sup> The Festival of Shewwal, immediately succeeding the conclusion of the terrible month-long fast of Ramazan, obligatory on all Muslims.

## XXXV

1. Our garden in no need Of cypress and of pine is;  
For less than none of worth Yon shade-reared box <sup>1</sup> of mine is?

2. O loveling fair, what faith Hast taken, by whose canons  
Our blood than mother's milk More lawful in thine eyne is? <sup>2</sup>

3. Whenas chagrin thou seest Loom afar off, for wine call:  
Proof have we made and sure The cure for all repine is.

4. Why should I lift my head From off the Magians' threshold, <sup>3</sup>  
Since of felicity And ease this door the shrine is?

5. Nought but the broken heart In this our Path they purchase;  
The self-sellers' bazaar In quite another line is. <sup>4</sup>

6. Yesterday, wine in head, She promised me enjoyment.  
What will she say to day, When in her head no wine is?

7. The tale of Love's chagrin All one is; yet, o wonder!  
Repeated by no man I've heard The thing, in fine, is. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Box"; i. e. the Beloved. The box in the East grows to a great height and is a tall, slender tree, to which it is common to liken a beautiful woman's shape.

<sup>2</sup> To what religion dost thou belong, that thou drinkest (i. e. sheddest) lovers' blood with no more scruple than if it were thy mother's milk? "Mother's milk" introduced in token of the Beloved's tender youth.

<sup>3</sup> Here, in Love's mart, only humility and self-abasement are regarded; there is no market here for self-conceit and self-willedness.

<sup>4</sup> "Self-sellers", *id.* = self-vaunters.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. though the circumstances of love are the same with all, every one tells a separate tale of his own sufferings, regarding his experiences as something unique, which has happened to himself alone.

8. Come, for, in severance, Even as the faster's hearing  
On "Allah Akber!", bent This hopeful eye of mine is. <sup>1</sup>

9. Rail not at Shiraz town, Its pleasant streams and breezes,  
For on the sev'n climes' <sup>2</sup> cheek This country as the shine is.

10. 'Twixt Khizr's fount, that wells In darkness, <sup>3</sup> great's the diff'rence  
And ours, whose source the hill, That bears the Name Divine, is. <sup>4</sup>

11. We will not cast away Content and poortith's lustre:  
Provision (tell the king) Forewrit of Fate benign is. <sup>5</sup>

12. Since sweeter are its fruits Than honey and than sugar,  
What a rare sugarcane, Hafiz, this reed <sup>6</sup> of thine is!

<sup>1</sup> "Allah Akber!" "God [is] Most Great!" the commencement of the Muezzin's cry, announcing the end of the fast of Ramazan, also the name of a hill to the north of Shiraz, from whose foot the Rukna (or Ruknabad) issues and from whose summit the traveller, coming through the mountain passes from the direction of Hemedan, first perceives the city of Shiraz spread out at his feet and exclaims "Allah Akber!" in admiration of the spectacle; hence the name. The poet's Beloved had probably gone on a journey and was expected to return by the hill-pass aforesaid. <sup>2</sup> The Persians divide the world into seven climes or zones. <sup>3</sup> "Khizr", (*K'hidr*) a fabulous Muslim saint, apparently confounded with Elias by one of those ignorant misconceptions which abound in the work of the "Illiterate" Prophet; he is said to have been a general of Alexander the Great and to have accompanied that conqueror on his invasion of India, which has been converted by Oriental romancers into an expedition to the Regio Tenebrarum (a mythical region supposed to be involved in perpetual darkness,) in quest of the Water of Life. The King failed in his emprise; but his follower succeeded in finding the miraculous spring and having drunken of it, became immortal and was made by Divine appointment guardian of the fount. <sup>4</sup> The hill *Allah Akber* above mentioned. <sup>5</sup> i. e. we will not barter the jewel of contented poverty for the mean goods of the world, but will trust in God to provide us with our daily bread. <sup>6</sup> "Reed", i. e. pen.

## XXXVI

1. The Garden of Eternity's<sup>1</sup> The privy cell of Dervishes;  
The source of honour doth from out The service well of Dervishes.
2. Seclusion's treasury, wherein Are many wondrous talismans,  
The key thereof is in the look And favouring spell of Dervishes.
3. The very sun his crown of pride Lays down before the veneration  
And majesty, in humbleness Perceptible, of Dervishes.
4. The palaces of Paradise, Whose portal-keeper Rizwan is,  
Are but ensamples of the meads Delectable of Dervishes.
5. The alchemies, whereby the heart's Base metal gold becometh, all  
In the familiarity And friendship dwell of Dervishes.
6. Oppression's hosts from pole to pole Stretch; but from Time's beginning-  
Unto its end, the victories Men chronicle of Dervishes. [day
7. A fortune, quit of all concern Of trouble and cessation is  
The fortune (without ambages The truth to tell) of Dervishes.
8. Kings are the mark of prayer and praise; Yet this to them ensueth but  
Because they serve the majesty Unspeakable of Dervishes.

<sup>1</sup> "The Garden of Eternity", one of the eight Mohammedan Paradises.

9. Vaunt not thyself, o man of might; For lo! thy life and riches all  
Are in the keeping of the prayers Acceptable of Dervishes.

10. The fall of Korah and his wealth, That underneath the earth lies hid,  
Thou wilt have read how of the wrath The thing befell of Dervishes. <sup>1</sup>

11. The radiance of the heart's desire, Whereafter monarchs strive with prayer,  
Bright-mirrored, in the countenance Is visible of Dervishes.

12. Slave of the Asef of the age <sup>2</sup> Am I, for that the utterward  
Of lordship and the innerward He hath, as well, of Dervishes.

13. Hafiz, if thou the water seek Of Everlasting Life to find,  
Its source is in the threshold-earth Before the cell of Dervishes.

14. Bear thyself humbly at this door, Hafiz; for might and sovranity  
All from the service of the power And puissance well of Dervishes. <sup>3</sup>

### XXXVII

1. Into the tavern came, cup in hand, Yon sweetheart of mine,  
Drunken with wine and the toppers drunk With her tipsy eyne.

<sup>1</sup> The poet here makes Moses and Aaron dervishes.

<sup>2</sup> The Grand Vizier.

<sup>3</sup> This curious eulogy of the mendicant orders was probably written in Hafiz's youth, when he was a Soufi or a member of some similar religious sect. He afterwards became disgusted with the cant, hypocrisy and rapacity of the mendicant orders and not only severed all connection with them, becoming a freethinker of an Epicurean cast, but lost no opportunity, in after life, of exposing their pious juggleries and fraudulent practices and inveighing against their habits of deceit and dissimulation.

2. The hoofs of her steed the fashion show Of the crescent moon  
And lowly, beside her stately shape, 's The height of the pine.

3. Of what shall I say "It is," of self When I have no wit?  
Of what shall I say "'Tis not", by her When I see, in fine? <sup>1</sup>

4. The lamp of the comrades' hearts sinks down, When she riseth up;  
She sitteth and lovers uplift the voice For love-repine. <sup>2</sup>

5. If civet smell sweet, it is because It clung to thy locks;  
If woad's bow-drawing, <sup>3</sup> it is that it clave To those brows of thine.

6. My life, like the candle, from night till morn, Consumeth away;  
It knoweth no moment of rest, like the moth, Till morning shine.

7. Return, that Hafiz's life forspent May eke return,  
Albeit the arrow returneth not, Once sped from the twine.

### XXXVIII

1. The sleep of that seductive eye Of thine is not for nought;  
That tress's curl, thus blown awry, Of thine is not for nought. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the lover is all absorbed in the Beloved and knows and sees only by and through her.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the lovers' hearts sink within them, when the Beloved riseth up to leave the assembly; and when she sitteth down to remain, they cry aloud for love and longing.

<sup>3</sup> Woad is used by Oriental ladies for pencilling their eyebrows; hence it is called by the poet "bow-drawing", i.e. skilled in archery. The word-play is evident, the brows being commonly likened to bows, by means whereof the fair launch the arrows of their looks at lovers' hearts.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. these are tricks to take hearts withal.



2. Yet from thy lip the mother's milk Ran, when, "This sugar, strewn  
About that salt-box mouth," quoth I, "Of thine is not for nought." <sup>1</sup>

3. Source of life's water is thy mouth; But on the brink thereof  
The pit, <sup>2</sup> that in that chin doth lie Of thine, is not for nought. <sup>3</sup>

4. Long mayst thou live, although too well I know the eyelash-shaft,  
That lurks within that eyebrow-bow Of thine, is not for nought. <sup>4</sup>

5. With parting's grief and misery And pain thou stricken art,  
O heart; this wail and moan and sigh Of thine is not for nought. <sup>5</sup>

6. A wind from out her street last night Passed o'er the rosegarden.  
O rose, that collar, rent in twy, Of thine is not for nought. <sup>6</sup>

7. Hafiz, although the heart the pangs Of love from the folk's sight  
Hold hidden, yet this weeping eye Of thine is not for nought. <sup>7</sup>

### XXXIX

1. Go thy ways, preacher! In vain This all thy clamour and prate is:  
Irketh it thee, if my heart Fall'n from the pathway straight is?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. it is a bait to catch lovers. The poets liken the Beloved's mouth to a salt-box, because it is said to strew salt upon wounded hearts: see former note on this subject.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. dimple.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. it is a pitfall for lovers.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. it is designed to

shoot at lovers' hearts.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. thou hast good cause for lament.

<sup>6</sup> i. e., o rose, the scent of the beloved, brought to thee by the wind, hath so stirred thee to love and longing that thou hast rent thy collar for passion, like a frenzied lover; i. e. thou hast burst into blossom.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. thy tears divulge the secret of thy love.

2. The waist of my fair, which God Created whilere out of nothing,  
A subtlety is, that solved Of never a soul create is. <sup>1</sup>

3. Free of this world and of that Thy bondman is; yea, independent  
The mendicant one of thy street Of all of the heavens eight is. <sup>2</sup>

4. What if the liquor of Love Have rendered me drunk and ruined? <sup>3</sup>  
Indeed, on that ruin based Existence's fair estate is.

5. Rail not, o heart, at the Friend's Injustice and barbarous dealing;  
All that she doth with thee just And foreappointed of Fate is.

6. What season her lips to my wish Further me not, like the reed-pipe, <sup>4</sup>  
The whole world's admonishment nought But wind in mine ear, anygate, is.

7. "Hafiz, go; chant thou no charms And mutter no spells!" quoth the Loved  
"For full of such charms and such spells My memory early and late is." <sup>5</sup> [One;

## XL

1. Dewy-fresh, blood-thirsty rubies That her lip, yon fair of mine, is;  
For their sight my soul to render Sole concern fore'er of mine is. <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mouth likened, for smallness, to "nothing" and called "a subtlety". <sup>2</sup> He who is possessed of the love of thee has no thought to spare for this world or that, heaven or hell. <sup>3</sup> "Drunk and ruined" is the Persian equivalent of our "dead-drunk". <sup>4</sup> i. e. until she caress me with her lips, as a flute-player does a flute. <sup>5</sup> i. e. I am sated with lovers' vows and imprecations. <sup>6</sup> i. e. I have no other occupation than to seek to gain the sight of the Beloved's ruby lips, though it cost me my life and soul.

2. Shamed be he by those long lashes And that eye of black who seeth  
Her heart-ravishing and blamer Yet of this despair of mine is!
3. Forth the town-gate, camel-driver, Bear my gear not: see, this street-end  
Is the King's highroad, for yonder Charmer's dwelling there of mine is.
4. I'm the thrall of my ill fortune, Since, in this faith-lacking epoch,  
Love of yonder tipsy gipsy Lord of this affair of mine is.
5. Lo! the rose's amber-shedding Cup and calyx but a scantling  
Of the overflow of fragrance From yon Scent-the-air of mine is.
6. From thy door, o gard'ner, breeze-like, Drive me not, for that thy rose-field  
Watered by these tears, pomegranate-Flowerlike, <sup>1</sup> red and rare, of mine is.
7. Draughts of rosewater and sugar From her lip her eye prescribeth,  
That physician of this bosom, Sick with love and care, of mine is.
8. Hafiz' teacher, in th' adorning Of his verse who taught him deftness,  
None but yonder subtle-spoken, Sweet-voiced Friend and Fair of mine is.

## XLI

1. From of old the love of fair ones Only wont and goal of mine is  
And the care thereof the solace Of this heart in dole of mine is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. bloody.

2. To discern thy mouth of ruby Eyes soul-seeing there behoveth.  
What room for this eye, that seeth Body, but not soul, of mine is? <sup>1</sup>
3. Be my friend; for the adornment Of the world-all from thy moonface  
And the tears that, like the Pleiads, From these eyes do roll of mine, is. <sup>2</sup>
4. Since the love of thee in speechcraft Lessoned me whilere, the practice  
Of all people's tongues these praises Ever to extol of mine is.
5. Poverty, o Lord, vouchsafe me; For the very cause its blessing  
Of this puissance and this glory, Spread from pole to pole, of mine is. <sup>3</sup>
6. Vaunt thyself not thus, o preacher, That thou knowest men of worship;  
Lo, the dwelling of the Sultan This sad heart and sole of mine is. <sup>4</sup>
7. Lord, whose pleasaunce is that Mecca Of the heart's desire <sup>5</sup>, each thornbush  
Of whose way than rose and wild rose Sweeter to this soul of mine is?
8. Who to steer it o'er the ocean <sup>6</sup> Taught thine image? Nay, its guider,  
Sure, the tears, that, like the Pleiads, From these eyeballs roll of mine, is. <sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The poet likens the beloved's mouth, on account of its extreme smallness, to the soul, which is invisible.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. we both contribute to the adornment of the world, which should be a bond of affinity between us.

<sup>3</sup> Poverty, i. e. voluntary detachment from the goods of the world, is the cause of my renown as a poet.

<sup>4</sup> "Sultan", says Soudi, here means God Almighty; but I should rather suppose the reference to be, as usual, to the Beloved.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the Beloved's dwelling.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. the ocean of my weeping eye.

<sup>7</sup> Rhyme-word of couplet 3 repeated in original.

9. Tell me no more tales, o Hafiz, Of the might of Khusrau Perwiz: <sup>1</sup>  
Dreg-drainer <sup>2</sup> his lip of yonder Shirin Khusrau's bowl of mine is. <sup>3</sup>

## XLII

1. Such am I that the tavern-nook A hermitage for me is;  
The dawntide exercise to greet The Ancient Mage for me is. <sup>4</sup>

2. If not for me the morning harp Be smitten sweet, what matter?  
My own contrite lament at dawn Fit minstrelage for me is.

3. Of King and beggar am I quit, <sup>5</sup> Thanks be to God! The beggar  
Of the Beloved's threshold-dust King of the age for me is.

4. What I from mosque and tavern seek Reunion with thee <sup>6</sup> is;  
No other aim or thought than this, God be my gage! for me is.

5. Better thy beggar be than king! True honour and true glory  
The meek endurance of thy bonds And vassalage for me is.

6. Yea, since the time I laid my face Upon thy noble threshold,  
Above the throne-place of the sun A harbourage for me is. <sup>7</sup>

7. Except the sword of Death uproot The tent of my existence,  
From this thy happy-fortuned door No pilgrimage for me is.

<sup>1</sup> Khusrau Perwiz, the celebrated king, whose mistress was Shirin of poetic fame.

<sup>2</sup> "Dreg-drainer", i. e. parasite.

<sup>3</sup> *Lit.* "Sweet Monarch", i. e. the Beloved.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. to greet the tavern keeper stands me in stead of morning-prayers.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. I

am independent of all, great and small.

<sup>6</sup> "Thee", possibly here God, the

Undifferented Self.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. the devotion of myself to thy service hath uplifted

me to the fourth heaven.

8. Good breeding, Hafiz, use and say," Mine is the fault," <sup>1</sup> albeit  
No choice in this affair t'engage Or not engage for me is.

### XLIII

1. Full blown the red rose is and drunken Become is the nightingale.  
They call us to drink and make merry; Wine-worshipping Soufis, all hail!
2. The basis, behold, of repentance, In strength as the rock that appeared,  
On marvellous fashion hath shattered A goblet of crystal frail! <sup>2</sup>
3. Bring wine, for, indeed, in her presence, That stead of unwishful disdain,  
What, marry, may Sultan or shepherd, What sober or drunken avail? <sup>3</sup>
4. Since needs we this double-doored hostel <sup>4</sup> At last must depart, if the roof  
And the arch of our life-stead be lofty Or lowly, nay, what doth it ail?
5. To no one vouchsafed is abiding On life without dole and annoy;  
The Pact of the Prime on condition They stablished of sorrow and bale. <sup>5</sup>
6. With "Is" and with "Is not" <sup>6</sup> thy spirit Concern not; but be of good cheer;  
Whatever betide of perfection, Still Death is the end of the tale.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. show the generosity which marks the true lover and say, "It is my fault that I fell in love with a faithless fair one and so brought on myself all these sufferings", albeit, in very fact, I had no choice in the matter, the Beloved's beauty compelling me to love, willy nilly.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the wine-cup.

<sup>3</sup> All are alike before the

equalizing majesty of Love.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the world, likened to an inn with two

doors, Birth and Death.

<sup>5</sup> See note 7 to Ode 33.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. with the

problems of existence and non-existence.

7. To wind went all Solomon's glory And nothing it profited him  
That giv'n him to know was the bird-speech And ride on the steed of the gale.

8. With pinion and wing from the pathway Swerve not, for the arrow of flight,  
Though it keepeth the air for a season, Syne falleth to earth without fail. <sup>1</sup>

9. The tongue of thy pen, to God, Hafiz, What thanks shall it render for this,  
That the words which it's gifted to utter From hand unto hand they retail?

#### XLIV

1. Flask in hand and verse-reciting, Warm with wine and laughing-eyed,  
All a-sweat, with hair dishevelled, Raiment rent and shift awried;

2. Her narcissus-eye strife seeking And her lip a-frolicking,  
Yesternight to my pillow Came and sat she by my side.

3. To my ear her head she bended And with soft, complaining voice,  
"Sleepest thou, o ancient lover Mine, or dost thou wake?" she sighed.

4. What she poured into our goblet, That we quaffed, unheeding if  
With the toppers' wine she served us Or with Heaven's nectar plied.

5. If unto a sage a night-draught Such as this the Fates vouchsafe,  
Infidel to Love the man were Who to worship wine denied!

<sup>1</sup> Be not diverted from the path of right by the temptations of worldly wealth and worship; for, however high thou mayst rise in the world, thou must needs at last vail thy pinions at the bidding of Death.

6. Go, o pietist, and rail not At us wine-bibbers; for They <sup>1</sup>  
But this boon <sup>2</sup> to us allotted In Creation's morning-tide.

7. O how many a repentance, Like to Hafiz's, the laugh  
Of the winecup and the loveling's Knotted locks have nullified!

## XLV

1. A thousand hearts her tresses Bind with a single hair  
And block the way on thousands Who succour fain would bear.

2. So all the soul may render, In hope of her sweet scent,  
Musk-pods she op'neth, shutting Hope's door, when they draw near. <sup>3</sup>

3. I am become distracted, Because her new-moon brows  
And beauty now discovers, Now veils her face my fair.

4. The skinker in the goblet Pours many-coloured wine:  
See, in the gourd he formeth How many pictures rare!

5. What fault, Lord, hath the flagon Done that the grapeblood fast  
Sticketh, for all its gurgling, Within its gullet e'er? <sup>4</sup>

6. What measure plays the minstrel That, in mid dance, upon  
Th'ecstatics shuts the portal Of speech with its sweet air? <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fate-and-Fortune-foreordained, the Fates.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. that of wine.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. she tantalizes lovers by shaking out perfume from her dishevelled locks, whilst debarring them from drawing near to her.

<sup>4</sup> Surely, the wine-flask must have committed some sin, that the blood of the grape sticketh thus fast in its throat and it can, for all its efforts, say nothing but "Gurgle, gurgle".

<sup>5</sup> i. e. so transports



7. The sage who'th seen the juggle Of yonder trickster-sphere,  
Foldeth his rug and shutteth The door on the affair. <sup>1</sup>

8. He who, Love's rites unpractised, Doth, Hafiz, union seek  
Would the heart's pilgrim-garment, Without ablution, wear. <sup>2</sup>

## XLVI

1. When the Maker the fashion and form Of thy heart-easing eyebrows pour-  
[trayed,  
The solving of this mine affair By thy glances, He willed, should be swayed. <sup>3</sup>

2. Repose from my heart and the heart Of the bird of the morning He took,  
When *this* one and *that* one lament For thee in the dawntides He bade.

the dancing dervishes that they are stricken dumb, they whose wont it is to howl and yell out "Ha!" and "Hou!", whilst whirling in the religious dance.

<sup>1</sup> The wise man, when once he has proved the illusiveness and faithlessness of fortune, withdraws from all concern of the world and declines debate of its affairs.

<sup>2</sup> The pilgrimage to Mecca involves the wearing by the pilgrim of a peculiar dress called the *Ihram*, made of two new cotton cloths, which are wrapped about the body in a prescribed manner. The *Ihram* is donned by the pilgrim, at the moment of sighting the Holy City, and is worn, to the exclusion of all other clothing, during his sojourn in the sacred territory. Before assuming it, he must rigidly observe the canonical rites prescribed for the occasion, chief among which are ceremonial ablutions of the strictest character and without which the whole pilgrimage is invalid and without merit. Hafiz aptly compares the lover, who should seek the enjoyment of the Beloved, without having complied with the obligations and conditions precedent of love, such as self-surrender etc., to the pilgrim who neglects to observe the canonical rites of the pilgrimage. <sup>3</sup> i. e. that my heart's case should depend on thy kind looks.

3. When Fortune the broidery wrought Of thy robe of narcissus-like hue,  
Myself in the road-dust it set, With the cypress of meadow and glade.
4. An hundredfold knots from my case And the heart of the rosebud it loosed,  
When the breeze of the dawning its heart To the love and pursuit of thee laid.<sup>1</sup>
5. The sphere's revolution content Hath made me thy bondman to be;  
What profit, since in thine approval It established the end of the braid?<sup>2</sup>
6. Knots, prithee, on this my poor heart Bind not, as a muskpod it were;  
For a pact of alliance my heart With thy knot-loosing ringlets hath made.
7. Mayhap, like the rosebud, whoe'er His heart to the love of thee sets  
Shall find all his troubles one day By the breeze of thy fragrance allayed.
8. O zephyr of union, the life Of another thou wast. See the fault  
That I made, when my heart set its hopes On the faith of a fair fickle maid!
9. Quoth I, "From the town, on account Of thy cruelty, will I depart."  
She laughed and "Go, Hafiz! Thy feet Who is it that bindeth?" she said.

## XLVII

1. Since in this age, companion Nor comrade, that fault-free is,  
Except th' unmingled winecup And book of songs, to see is,

<sup>1</sup> And consequently, frequenting thy quarter, solaced our hearts by bringing us thy scent.

<sup>2</sup> What booteth it that heaven predestined us to be thy servants, if thou wilt not accept of our service?

2. Fare thou alone, for narrow's The pathway of salvation;  
Drink wine, for no returning Of precious life for thee is.
3. Not I in this world only For lack of works am troubled;  
For knowledge without practice, Heart-sick the devotee is.
4. In this highroad of trouble, Unto the eye of reason,  
The world, with all its business, Unstable vanity is.
5. My heart much hoped for union With thee; but in Life's pathway  
The Term <sup>1</sup> the highway-robber Of hope from all that be is.
6. The face of those predestined To fortune black, for scouring  
Nor scrubbing, waxeth whitened: A proverb this, perdie, is.
7. Toy with a moon-cheek's ringlets Nor cite the old wives' fable  
That weal and bale from Saturn's Or Venus's decree is.
8. Each edifice thou seest Is subject to mutation,  
Save that of Love, which only From alteration free is.
9. Never, whatever happen, They'll find our Hafiz sober,  
For with wine Fore-eternal Intoxicated he is.

## XLVIII

1. Since that thine image we have, Of liquor for us what need is?  
Say to the winejar "Be stopped;" For the winehouse's ruin decreed is. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the foreappointed end of life, Death.  
Beloved's image is sufficient intoxication for the lover; shut the wine-houses; we need them not.

<sup>2</sup> The contemplation of the  
shut the wine-houses; we need them not.

2. Though heaven's own nectar it be, Spill, spill it, for, lacking the Loved One,  
Each draught that thou giv'st me of sweet The essence of torment, indeed, is.
3. Alack, for the Charmer is gone And now on mine eye full of weeping  
The image we grave of her down As writing on water to read is.
4. Be wakeful, o eye; for, God wot, From the torrents <sup>1</sup> that flow without cea-  
In the place of abidal of dreams, <sup>2</sup> Assurance for none without heed is. [sing,
5. By thee, face to face and unveiled, To pass the Beloved still useth;  
But strangers she spied and so bound Her head with the face-veiling wede is.
6. The rose, since the grace of the sweat On thy rose-cheek it saw, for heart-  
[sickness,  
To rosewater all to-dissolved, On the furnace of envy and greed, is. <sup>3</sup>
7. In the corners and nooks of my brain Go seek not a place for good counsel;  
This closet all full of the hum Of viol and ghittern and reed is.
8. The way of thy love, what a way It is! For, compared with its vastness,  
The world-rounding sea of the sky, God wot, a mere bubble and bead is!
9. See, verdant are valley and plain! Come, let us beware of withholding  
The hand from the wellspring of mirth; <sup>4</sup> For the world-all a mirage, indeed, is.

<sup>1</sup> "torrents" of tears.

<sup>2</sup> The eye.

<sup>3</sup> The rose is all dissolved in sweat for envy and greed of thy beauty. Rosewater is obtained by exposing the rose-petals to heat in a cistern over a furnace, when the volatile oil rises and forms on the surface of the water.

<sup>4</sup> "The wellspring of mirth", according to Souidi, is the wine-cask.

10. In the halls of the heart, from thy face Are hundreds of tapers enkindled;  
And that, strange to say, whilst thy cheek From its hundredfold veils yet  
[unfreed is!

11. Without thy soul-solacing face, O candle, the heart that illumest,  
My heart, like roast meat on the fire, <sup>1</sup> With dole and chagrin all abled is.

12. If Hafiz a winebibber be, A lover and wench, what matter?  
Full many an usance right strange To youth appertaining of need is.

### XLIX

1. Now that the hand of the rose The wine cup clear upraises, <sup>2</sup>  
With an hundred thousand tongues The bulbul chants her praises.

2. Call for the book of songs And take the way of the desert. <sup>3</sup>  
Is it a time for the schools Or the chewing of schoolmen's phrases? <sup>4</sup>

3. Sever thyself from the folk And pattern take by the Anca; <sup>5</sup>  
The name of the sitters-alone From pole unto pole Fame blazes.

<sup>1</sup> "Roast meat on the fire". This singular metaphor is a favourite one with the Persians and is constantly used in all seriousness by their poets; it reminds us of the lover in Dibdin's musical farce, "The Waterman", who likens his heart to "a mutton-chop upon a gridiron".

<sup>2</sup> The Persian poets liken the red rose in full bloom to a hand holding aloft a cup full of wine.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the open country. A song of Spring.

<sup>4</sup> *Lit.* "the discussion of the *Keshf-el-Keshkash*", the well-known commentary of Ez Zemekhsheri on the Koran.

<sup>5</sup> "Anca". The mythical bird, before mentioned, said to be unique of its kind and to live alone in the inaccessible solitudes of the Caucasus.

4. The Sheikh of the mosque last night Was drunken and gave pronouncement  
That better on wine forbid To live than by almous ways is. <sup>1</sup>

5. No option is thine of clear Or troubled; <sup>2</sup> drink and be silent;  
For goodness itself whate'er Our Cupbearer <sup>3</sup> us purveys is.

6. As the tale of the worker in gold And the weaver of mats, the pretender's  
Conceit and the clamour of those Who think to rival my lays is. <sup>4</sup>

7. Peace, Hafiz, and these thy traits, Like thrice-refined gold, watch over;  
The city's forger of coin The mint-master grown nowadays is. <sup>5</sup>

## L

1. If thou with kindness call us, Pure grace it on thy part is;  
And if thy wrath reject us, Untroubled still our heart is. <sup>6</sup>

2. In writing to describe thee The possible o'erpasseth;  
Beyond description's puissance Thy graces to impart is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. better be an honest toper than live on the charity of the Faithful, as do the hypocritical pietists.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. thou canst not control the course of Fate nor choose whether thy life shall be serene or troubled.

<sup>3</sup> "Our Cupbearer"; according to Soudi, God.

<sup>4</sup> A rush-mat weaver once, says Soudi, went to the market of the gold-embroiderers and said, "You and I are both of one trade and fellow-craftsmen; because we are both owners of workshops and both our crafts are wrought with tools".

Proverbially said of an impudent pretender; here apparently referring to some worthless rival of Hafiz.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the humbugger and intriguer is become the judge, the dispenser of praise and blame. Hafiz must have had a prophetic foreknowledge of the "Log-rollers" and "Press-nobblers" of our own day, who are (like Rabelais' monks) "banded together to deceive and hoodwink the world".

<sup>6</sup> i. e. everything that the Beloved doth is acceptable to the true lover.

3. The face of the Beloved The eye of love discerneth;  
The light of the fair's aspect, From pole to pole a star 'tis. <sup>1</sup>

4. Read from her face's Koran A verse ; for the solution  
Of all the knotty sayings, In the Keshsháf<sup>2</sup> that are, 'tis.

5. Unbending as the cypress Art thou with us, Beloved;  
How many an eye, from allwhere, Fixed on thy face, flint-heart, is?

6. O thou, whose food Heav'n's manna And equal's none, no likeness  
For thee, save in the ramparts, That Heav'n and Hell dispart, is. <sup>3</sup>

7. The likeness of the swallow, That boasts himself a Huma, <sup>4</sup>  
The foe that envies Hafiz His rare poetic art is.

## LI

1. For him who hath solitude chosen, Of pleasure and gain what need is?  
For who hath the street of the Loved One, Of meadow and plain what need is?

<sup>1</sup> The light of the Beloved's countenance is world-illuminating; but only the eye of love can discern it. "The world is the mirror of the beauty of our Beloved; For the face of the Beloved is in every atom"; says the Soufi poet Jami.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *Ez Zemksheri's* Commentary, before mentioned, on the Koran, which is considered, as is the right of a Commentary, to overpass the original in obscurity.

<sup>3</sup> *El Aaraf*, the partition, thinner than a sword-blade, which separates heaven from hell. The commentators give no satisfactory explanation of this couplet; but the only apparent reason for the choice of such an object of comparison for the Beloved would seem to be its *uniqueness*.

<sup>4</sup> "Huma"; a mythical bird, that has no feet and therefore never alights on the earth. It hurts no living thing and its shadow, falling on any one, is an augury of good fortune and (some say), of sovereignty.

2. O soul, <sup>1</sup> by the need which thou feelest Of God the most High, I conjure thee,  
Bethink thee a moment and question, For us, the love-slain, what need is.
3. Sore, sore is our need; but, for asking Of favours, no tongue can we muster:  
Indeed, in the Bountiful's presence, For asking in vain what need is?
4. No need is of talk or pretention, If 'tis at our life that thou aimest;  
Of plunder and pillage, when chattels Are thine and domain, what need is?
5. The luminous heart of the Friend is The world-showing cup of the legend;<sup>2</sup>  
What need, then, one's need of expounding? I say it again, what need is?
6. Time was when I wont to put up with The chiding and flouts of the sailors;  
But now that the pearls have been gotten, For sailing the main what need is? <sup>3</sup>
7. The life-giving lip of the Loved One Thy fated allowance foreknoweth;  
For wearisome asking and craving, O beggarly swain, what need is?
8. We're burning, o monarch of beauty! At least, for God's sake, we implore thee  
Thou ask, for the beggar, who pineth In passion and pain, what need is?
9. A vaunt and begone, o pretender! With thee I have nothing in common:  
When loved ones are present, of foemen, Affection who feign, what need is?
10. Come, Hafiz; a truce to this prating! For worth of itself is apparent:  
Indeed, of dispute and contention With rivals profane what need is?

<sup>1</sup> Addressed to the Beloved.

<sup>2</sup> The Beloved's heart is like the fabulous cup of the prehistoric King Jemshid, which is said to have shown him all things, past, present and future. The reader may be reminded that the Persians consider the heart the seat of reason, the liver being the seat of love.

<sup>3</sup> Love likened to a sea-voyage in quest of pearls.



1. Joy-bestowing is the garden And friends' company is pleasant;  
Fair befall the time of roses! Topers then to be is pleasant.
2. By the East wind every moment Scented are our souls: the fragrance  
Of the breath of the desireful Lover, <sup>1</sup> verily, is pleasant.
3. See, the rose, her veil unlifted, Maketh ready for departure!  
Bulbul, moan; for heartsick lovers' Sad complaining plea is pleasant.
4. To the Bird of Night <sup>2</sup> be guerdon For good news, in that "The wailing  
"Of the wakeful in the night-time To the Friend" quoth she "is pleasant."
5. From the tongue of the free lily <sup>3</sup> Came this saying to our hearing;  
"In this world of ours, the portion Of the burden-free is pleasant."
6. Though there be in this world's market But the name of heart-contentment,  
Yet the usance of the vagrant And the debauchee is pleasant.
7. Trust me, Hafiz, world-renouncement Is the way of heart-contentment;  
Never deem that world-possessors' Case (I counsel thee) is pleasant!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the wind, which is fabled by poets to be enamoured of the rose. *Hawadar*, desireful, means also breath-, air-, waft-having: note the word-play.

the nightingale.

<sup>2</sup> The white lily (*Lilium Candidum*) is called by the Persians "free", probably on account of its pure whiteness and stately and upright bearing. Soudi says that it is because it is at all seasons fresh and green and free from the winter's scathe and that, bearing no fruit, it is neither shaken nor stoned, like fructiferous plants; but this is an evident error, arising, in all probability, from the fact that the Persian name, *sousen*, of the lily is also that of the fir-tree, which latter really answers the above description, whilst the lily does not.

## LIII

1. Whose dwelling, Lord, by yonder heart-Enkindling taper's <sup>1</sup> lit?  
Our soul's afire! For God's sake, ask Whose soul's delight is it.
2. I wonder in whose arms she lies And who her housemates be,  
She who the edifice o'erthrown Hath of my faith and wit!
3. Whose soul's delight is yonder wine Of rubies of her lip?  
Unto whose cup for cupgiver Did Fortune her commit?
4. Each at her casteth spells of love; But to whose sorceries  
Her dainty heart inclining is, None knoweth anywhit.
5. O Lord, yon queenlike, mooncheeked maid, Yon Venus-fronted fair,  
Whose peerless pearl is she, whose gem Past value exquisite?
6. That fair whose ruby wine, undrunk, <sup>2</sup> Hath made me drunk and mad,  
For whom doth she the goblet fill? In whose assembly sit?
7. Ask ye, 'fore God, to whom the bliss Of the companionship  
Of yonder candle of delight Hath Destiny forewrit?
8. "Alack, for Hafiz' heart distraught," Quoth I, "withouten thee!"  
She answered, with a covert smile, "For whom distraught is it?" <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Apparently some girl with whom the poet had fallen in love at first sight, without knowing who she was or where she lived.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. The sight and thought of her ruby lip, though untasted, have intoxicated me.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. as who should say, "I am not responsible for its distraction; I have nothing to do with it".

1. Though of deserving, indeed, to vaunt me Unto the Friend unfit is,  
Dumb if the tongue be, of Arab learning Brimful the mouth and wit *ia*.

2. Peri cheek-hidden is she, yet demons Lurk in her roguish glances:  
Lo, for amazement reason consumeth! Yea, what a marvel *it* is! <sup>1</sup>

3. Nay, of the reason ask not why Fortune Ever the worthless fosters;  
Sure, for her favour absence of reason Reason enough, to wit, is.

4. In this world-meadow none ever plucketh Rose without thornprick; never  
Even the heav'n-lit lamp of Mohammed Of Bouleheb's sparks quit is. <sup>2</sup>

5. Hassan from Basreh, Suheib from Syria, Bilal from Abyssinia,  
And Abou Jehl from the land of Mecca; Stranger than this what writ is? <sup>3</sup>

6. Not at a wheatcorn college and hospice Set I; the bench of the tavern  
Is my saloon and the foot of the wine jar The summering-stead <sup>4</sup> where I sit is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The reason is astounded to see Peri and Div (demon) combined in the same person.

<sup>2</sup> "Bouleheb", properly *Abou Leheb*, Father (i. e. He) of the Blaze, to wit, Man of Hell; a nickname given by Mohammed to his uncle Abd-ul-Uzza, who refused to accept his revelation and opposed his mission by every means in his power. The word (*sherar*) here used for "sparks" means also "wickedness, malice".

<sup>3</sup> Hassan of Basreh, Suheib of Damascus and Bilal the Abyssinian (the latter the Prophet's famous negro crier) were three of Mohammed's most zealous adherents and were all foreigners, whilst Abou Jehl ("Father of ignorance or folly", a nickname bestowed by Mohammed on Amr ibn Hisham, one of his bitterest opponents,) was a compatriot and a native of the sacrosanct territory of Mecca.

<sup>4</sup> *Diambi*, an open-fronted sitting-room for fine weather.

7. E'en as the lustre and light of our eyes is The maid of the grape-vine's beauty;  
Now in the grape-veil, Now in the flagon's Face-veil of glass <sup>1</sup> it lit is.

8. Yea, from yon ruby giver of gladness <sup>2</sup> Seek thou the salve of thy suff'rance,  
That in Aleppo's flagons and China's Fair alike seen and fit is.

9. Parts by the thousand of wit and breeding Had I; and now I'm drunken,  
Whatso unmannerly from me proceedeth Blazon of lack of wit is. <sup>3</sup>

10. Hither the goblet! A constant helper Wine unto me, like Hafiz,  
In the dawn-weeping and midnight calling On heaven to sins remit, is.

## LV

1. More goodly than pleasure and mirth In garden and Spring what is?  
Where is the skinker? The cause Of his tarrying what is?

2. Each moment of gladness of Fate Vouchsafed to thee, reckon it gain;  
For to none is it given to know The end of the thing what is.

3. The bond of our life with a hair Is bounden: be wise, then, and care  
For thyself; for the use of concern For Time on the wing what is?

<sup>1</sup> "Grape-veil", the choroid membrane of the eye, so called by the Arabs. "Face-veil of glass", the vitreous humour of the eye. The word-play is patent. <sup>2</sup> Wine.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. If I behave not according to good breeding, it is not that I am not naturally a man of sense and conduct, but that love has intoxicated me and bereft me of reason.

4. The meaning of "Water of Life" And "Garden of Irem," <sup>1</sup> indeed,  
Save wine that is eath to digest And margent of spring, what is?

5. Since sober and drunk of one tribe Alike are, to whether's allure  
The heart shall we render? The choice, For our imitating, what is?

6. What knowledge hath heaven itself Of the secret behind the screen?  
Peace, prater! Advantage hard words At the porter <sup>2</sup> to fling what is?

7. In God if allowance be not For the errors and faults of the slave,  
The meaning of "Pardon and grace Of the Merciful King" what is?

8. The pietist Kauther <sup>3</sup> desires And Hafiz the winecup. The will  
Of the Maker, I wonder, indeed, 'Twixt this and that thing, what is? <sup>4</sup>

## LVI

1. My moon this week the city left; And in mine eyes a year 'tis;  
What wottest thou of severance, How hard a case and drear 'tis?

2. The apple of mine eye in her Bright cheek its own reflection  
Espieth, as a musky mole It were, so smooth and clear 'tis.

<sup>1</sup> Irem", the fabulous Paradise of Sheddad ibn Aad, supposed to be still in existence in the wilds of Arabia. See my "Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night", "The City of Irem", III, 334.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Heaven, treated as the mere doorkeeper of the Unseen, the blind servant of fatality.

<sup>3</sup> "Kauther", a stream or reservoir of nectar in Paradise.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. I wonder what is the real will of God in these matters and what is foul and fair in His sight. As we have no means of ascertaining the real nature of the Divine Will, better stick to the winecup and eschew hypocrisy.

5. The Atom Indivisible<sup>3</sup> Nowise henceforth I doubt of:  
Thy mouth best proof of what the wise Upon this point assert is.<sup>3</sup>

**7. The mountain-burden of thy loss How should poor Hafiz' body  
Support? For fragile as a rush, For love and sorrow sheer, 'tis.**

1. Though fraught is the breeze with the scent of the rose And the season of  
[joyance here is,  
Beware lest thou drink to the clang of the harp, For the Mohtesib severe is.

2. But if of heaven to thee vouchsafed Be flagon and Friend, with reason  
And circumspection I rede thee drink ; For Fortune a trouble-cheer is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. wretched, rejected lovers.      <sup>2</sup> One of the many chimerical objects of research of mediæval savants, before the modern recognition of the infinite divisibility of matter.      <sup>3</sup> i. e. thy mouth is so small, that it may be taken as a proof of the existence of an atom too small to be further divided.

3. The beaker of wine look thou conceal In the hanging sleeve of the patchcoat,  
For, like to the eye <sup>1</sup> of the flask, the time A shedder of blood, I fear, is. <sup>2</sup>

4. With the tears of the eye from our gaberdine Let's wash the stains of the  
For lo! this the season of soberness And abstinence austere is. [grapejuice,

5. Yon high-reared vault of the firmament Is but a sieve blood-scatt'ring;  
Perwiz's heart and Cyrus' crown The dropping of the Sphere is.

6. Look not for pleasance of life from that Inverted bowl's <sup>3</sup> revolving,  
For mixed with the dregs of yonder vat Its every whit of clear is. <sup>4</sup>

7. Irac and Fars with thy sweet verse Thou'st captivated, Hafiz:  
Come, for the turn now of Tebriz And time of Baghdad here is.

### LVIII

1. Wail, bulbul, if with me Thy heart to friendship fain is:  
Afflicted lovers both, Our business to complain is.

2. Whereas the fragrant breeze From the Friend's browlock wafteth,  
Of pods of Tartar musk Mention to make in vain is.

<sup>1</sup> The eye of the flask, i. e. its mouth, which drips with the blood of the grape.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. it is a cruel and oppressive time. This ghazel was apparently written during one of the periodical prohibitions of wine and persecutions of wine drinkers from time to time forced upon the government by the orthodox party.

<sup>3</sup> The Persians liken the vault of heaven to a bowl or basin inverted over the Earth.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Fortune allows no mortal to enjoy untroubled felicity. "Surgit amari aliquid . . .".

3. Bring wine, that we may dye Hypocrisy's patched garment;  
For, sober though our name, Drunk with conceit our brain is. <sup>1</sup>

4. The door of penitence They've shut not. Up! Repentance  
From loverhood, in time Of roses, sure, insane is.

5. The bondage of her tress To bear's no dullard's business;  
The knowing sharper's wont To fare beneath the chain is. <sup>2</sup>

6. A hidden charm it is Whence Love, indeed, ariseth,  
Whose name nor ruby lip Nor tresses' silken skein is.

7. True beauty's not in eye Or cheek or mole or ringlet;  
To charmerhood great store Of subtleties germane is.

8. Unto the devotee Of Truth the satin raiment  
Of those who're void of worth Not worth one half-a-grain is.

9. Thy threshold to attain Uneath is; to the heaven  
Of lordship the ascent In hardship and in pain is.

10. I saw in sleep, at dawn, A glimpse of her enjoyment.  
O noble dream, than wake Which goodlier amain is!

11. The Friend's oppression's come To the extreme: I fear me,  
Oppression's end the first Of anger and disdain is.

<sup>1</sup> A hit at the Soufis, whose name (signifying "wool-wearer") is a token of humility.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the Oriental custom of allowing convicted malefactors to go about in chains during the day-time, returning to prison at nightfall.



12. Hafiz, oppress thou not Her heart with thy complaining;  
For from oppression peace Eternal to abstain is. <sup>1</sup>

## LIX

1. Rail not at the toppers, zealot Clean-created, rind and core: <sup>2</sup>  
Well I wot, the sins of others Not against thee will They score.

2. Be I good or be I evil, Go, concern thee for thyself!  
For, in fine, what each man soweth, That he reapeth and no more.

3. Seek thou not to make me hopeless Of His wrath-forestalling grace! <sup>3</sup>  
How know'st thou what foul, what fair is, Once behind yon shrouded door?

4. Be they sober, be they drunken, All are seekers of the Friend;  
Every place the abode of Love is, Mosque or temple, sea or shore.

5. From the sanctuary of virtue Fallen not alone am I;  
From his hand my father Adam Paradise let go of yore.

6. Still the head of our submission To the tavern dust shall cleave.  
If thou take my sense not, prater, Beat thy head against the floor.

7. Fair are Paradise's gardens; Yet beware that by the shade  
Of the willow and the margins Of the meads thou set no store. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. if thou desire peace, oppress not (i. e. vex not) any, especially the Beloved.

<sup>2</sup> Ironical.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the saying of God, as stated in the Traditions of the Prophet to have been transmitted by Gabriel to Mohammed, "Verily, I [am] God; My mercy hath precedence over (or forestalleth) My wrath".

<sup>4</sup> Carpe diem; neglect not present pleasure, in reliance upon felicity to come.

8. Lean thou not upon endeavour; On the Primeternal Day,  
Know'st thou what the Pen Creative 'Gainst thy name wrote heretofore?

9. If in hand a cup, o Hafiz, In the hour of death, thou hold,  
Straight to Heaven, from the quarter Of the winehouse, shalt thou soar.

## LX

1. Now from the garden there breathe The breezes of Paradise,  
My portion be joy-giving wine And Friend with the Houris' eyes!

2. Why boasts not the beggar to day Of kingship, whose banqueting hall  
Is the marge of the field and whose tent The shade of the clouds of the skies?

3. The meadows are telling aloud The story of April and Spring:  
The man who buys payment to come And scorns present cash is unwise.<sup>1</sup>

4. With wine, then, come build up thy heart; For the course of this ruinous world  
To nought, except bricks of our clay To make, its endeavour applies.

5. Good faith from the foe <sup>2</sup>seek thou not; For never a twinkle he gets,  
The torch of the cloister to light At the lamp of the temple who tries.

6. If black be the book of my deeds, Ne'er blame me, poor sot that I am:  
Who knows in the lines of his skull What written of Destiny lies? <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. who renounces present ease in the hope of Paradise to come.  
world or Fortune.

<sup>2</sup> The  
<sup>3</sup> The Orientals believe that every man's destiny is  
written (if we could but read the character) in the sutures of his skull.

7. I rede thee, withhold not thy feet From Hafiz's funeral train;  
For, though he be sunken in sin, He fareth to Paradise.

## LXI

1. Go, o zealot! Never bid me Unto heaven; sooth to say,  
God of Paradise's people Made me not the Primal Day.

2. Not a wheatcorn from the harvest Of existence shall he reap  
Who, in this abode of frailty, Hath not sown in Truth's highway.

3. Thine be rosary and prayer-place, Pious works and use austere,  
Tavern mine and gong <sup>1</sup> and convent, Magian wine and Christian lay! <sup>2</sup>

4. Nay, forbid us not from drinking, Soiless <sup>3</sup> Soufi; for the Lord  
With sheer wine, in the Beginning, Mixed and kneaded this our clay.

5. No true Soufi, fit for heaven,'s He who hath not, like to me,  
Left his patchcoat in the tavern Pawned, his scot for wine to pay.

6. Ease of Houri's lips and Heaven's Pleasaunces is not for him  
Who the skirt of the Beloved Letteth from his hand away.

7. Hafiz, so God's grace and favour Overwatch and succour thee,  
Be thou quit of Hell's concernment And assured from Heaven aye. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Gong", the *Nacous* used by the Christians in the East, in lieu of bells.

<sup>2</sup> The Oriental debauchee of the Middle Ages appears to have had a great liking for the company of the young inmates of the Christian monasteries, male and female. For instances see my "Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night", *passim*.

<sup>3</sup> Ironical.

<sup>4</sup> The lover of the truth neither fears Hell nor desires Heaven; both for him are illusions of the World-Fiction (*Maya*).

## LXII

1. Breeze of the dawning, where's the Friend's Abiding-place, ah where?  
Where dwells that roguish lovers' bane, That moon of grace, ah where?
2. Dark is the night and far in front The Vale of Safety lies:  
Where's Sina's fire? The vision where Of Allah's face, ah where?<sup>1</sup>
3. Whoever comes into the world Th'impress of ruin bears;  
Ask in the tavern where's the man Of sober case, ah where?<sup>2</sup>
4. Glad-news-bringer is he who knows The sign: much mysteries  
There be; but where's th'adépt who can Their meaning trace, ah where?
5. Each hair of me to thee is bound By many a thousand ties;  
But where are we and where the dull Revilers base, ah where?<sup>3</sup>
6. The wit's distraught: where is that chain Of musk?<sup>4</sup> The heart hath ta'en  
The corner<sup>5</sup>: where's her brow, the heart's Withdrawing-place, ah where?

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Muslim story of God's appearance to Moses in the Wadi Eimen (Coranicé, *Tuwa*). Whilst the Hebrew prophet, having married Jethro's daughter, was returning to Egypt with his wife, the latter was taken with the pangs of labour in the desert of Sinai. The night was cold and they needed fire. Moses, looking towards the holy mountain, saw the light of the manifestation of God and accounting it a fire, bade his wife tarry, whilst he repaired thither and fetched kindling-stuff. (v. Koran XX, 8 &c.)

<sup>2</sup> i. e. in this world the winebibber is the only really sober and reasonable man.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. what affinity is there between us and them?

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the beloved's tress to bind our wit, which has gone mad, it is being the custom to chain up madmen.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. gone into retirement. *Gaushek*, corner, *syn. angle*; word used p. g., in allusion to form of eyebrow.

7. Roses and wine and minstrel all Are ready to our hand;  
But where's life's pleasantness, without The Friend's embrace, ah where?

8. I'm sick of mosque and dervish-cell: Where is the vintner's house?  
Where is the Friend, the lovely maid Of Christian race <sup>1</sup>, ah where?

9. Hafiz, fret not if Autumn's wind Ravage the meads of life;  
Where is the rose without a thorn Upon earth's face, ah where?

### LXIII

1. The curve, thy roguish brows, bow-wise, On Thy fore-head did cast,  
They in that shape, my hapless blood That they might shed, did cast.

2. When, warm with wine and all a-sweat, Thou wentest in the meads,  
Thy face's lustre <sup>2</sup> fire into The Ergh'wan red <sup>3</sup> did cast.

3. For one glance the narcissus cast In boastfulness, thine eye  
Into the world an hundred kinds Of strife and dread did cast. <sup>4</sup>

4. The jessamine, for shame that folk Compared her to thy face,  
Dust, by the hand of the East wind, Upon her head did cast. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See note 2 to Ode 61.

<sup>2</sup> *Lit.* "Water of thy face". "Water-of-the-face", as before remarked, is a Persian idiom for "lustre, honour". Word used p. g. with "fire".

<sup>3</sup> "To cast fire into anything" is to trouble, worry, disturb it. "Ergh'wan", i. e. Redbud.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. in wrath at the insolence of the narcissus in presuming to vie with it.

<sup>5</sup> In sign of repentance and self-abasement.

5. The rosebud me, last night, in doubt Of that thy rosy mouth,  
As by the meadows' banquet hall, Drunken, I sped, did cast. <sup>1</sup>

6. The violet its twisted locks was knotting up, when lo!  
The breeze the story of thy tress In the mid-bed did cast.

7. Me, for austereness ne'er who looked On minstrel or on wine,  
Now into both desire of fair Ones tavern-bred did cast.

8. The patchcoat now with ruby wine I wash; for never man  
Off the primæval lot, to him Of Fate foresaid, did cast.

9. Or ever yet the two worlds were, The use of friendship <sup>2</sup> was;  
'Tis not of late that Heaven Love's Foundation-stead did cast.

10. Drunk with thy downy cheek I am: Glory to God, what pen  
Thereon that charact'ry, that takes Both heart and head, did cast?

11. The world is grown to my desire, Since in the servitude  
Of the world's lord and master <sup>3</sup> me Time's circling tread did cast.

12. Belike good luck for Hafiz is In this calamity  
That Fate his lot with those that quaff The vinejuice red did cast.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. (according to Soudi) Seeing the rosebud, I said to myself, "I wonder, doth it resemble the beloved's mouth?" <sup>2</sup> *Sic*; but "Love" is meant. <sup>3</sup> According to Soudi, the Grand Vizier, Hafiz's patron, is here referred to.

## LXIV

1. Each pathway-farer, who unto The winehouse street his way knows,  
To knock at any other door, Indeed, a vain essay knows.
2. Yea, from the winecup's overflow The secrets of the cloister  
Each man, unto the tavern-door Whose feet have learned to stray, knows.
3. The crown of true debauchery Time giveth to him only  
Who in the Tartar-cap-shaped cup <sup>1</sup> The world-all to survey knows.
4. Seek not obedience from the mad, Like us; for sense and reason  
The Elder of our sect to be Transgression, sooth to say, knows.
5. Whoever from the skinker's down <sup>2</sup> Has read the two worlds' secret  
The myst'ries of Jem's cup from out The dust-marks of Love's Way knows. <sup>3</sup>
6. My heart no quarter for its life From the Friend's eye desireth,  
For it the usances of that Blackhearted <sup>3</sup> bird of prey knows.
7. For the oppression of my star Of birth, mine eyes, of dawntides,  
So weep that e'en the moon's self sees And Venus far away knows.
8. Happy his vision that in lip Of cup and skinker's visage  
The one night's crescent and the full Moon of the fourteenth day knows! <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The tall slender cup likened to the Tartar cap, which is the form of the Persian royal head-dress.

<sup>2</sup> *K'hedi*, syn. writing. "To him, whom Love hath initiated into the mysteries of life and death, those of the cup of Jemshid are a trifling matter, to be apprehended from the dust of the way". — *Soudi*. This does not seem a very satisfactory explanation of this obscure couplet; but it is not easy to suggest a better.

<sup>3</sup> Eye called "black-hearted", because of the black pupil.

<sup>4</sup> Cup-lip likened to crescent and skinker's face to full moon.

9. The case of Hafiz and the cup He plies by stealth, not only  
Police and Mohtesib, but eke The King, whom all obey, knows;

10. A King august of majesty, Who the nine vaults of heaven  
But as a model of the vault Of that his hall of sway knows.

## LXV

1. In the heart's fire my breast for love Of yonder fair consumeth;  
Such fire is in this room the house All everywhere consumeth. <sup>1</sup>

2. My body, for its severance From yonder charmer, melteth;  
My soul, at that her cheek's sun-heat, For love-despair consumeth.

3. Whoever on the ringlet-chains Hath looked of Peri-faces,  
His stricken heart for me, distraught With love and care, consumeth. <sup>2</sup>

4. See my heart's burning! At the fire Of these my tears, for pity  
And love of me, the candle's heart, Moth-like, o rare! consumeth.

5. Unstrange it is, indeed, that friends For me should heart-a-fire be;  
For, since I'm grown distraught, The heart in strangers there consumeth.

6. My gaberdine of piety The tavern-flood hath taken;  
My house of understanding, eke, The cellar's flare <sup>3</sup> consumeth.

<sup>1</sup> The heart (says Soudi) is the room and the bosom the house.  
hath known love knoweth what I suffer and pitieth me.

<sup>2</sup> Whoso  
<sup>3</sup> Wine.



7. My heart is broken, like the flask, Because I 've made renouncement;  
My liver, without wine and inn, Must-like, fore'er consumeth.<sup>1</sup>

8. The past forget thou and return; For see, mine eye<sup>2</sup> the patchcoat  
Hath doffed and in thankoffering For granted prayer, consumeth.

9. Hafiz, leave idle talk and drink Awhile; for lo! we sleep not  
Nights, what while the candle all In empty air consumeth.

## LXVI

1. The hidden secret of things The wise from the wine-cup's ray know;  
The jewel<sup>3</sup> of each man's soul By means of this ruby they know.

2. The worth of the book of the rose None knows but the bird of the morning;<sup>4</sup>  
Not all men who look on a leaf The meaning it would convey know.

3. The case of this world and of that To the world-knowing heart I propounded:  
And it, save the love of thee, all Did subject to passing away know.

4. By the spells of their looks those, who know The worth of the breath of the  
Of Araby, <sup>5</sup> rubies of stones To make and cornelians of clay know. <sup>6</sup> [breezes

<sup>1</sup> i. e. my heart and liver are a-fire for regret at having vowed to renounce wine.  
"Consumeth" in last line = "fermenteth like must or new wine."

<sup>2</sup> "Mine eye" is here (says Soudi) equivalent to "I myself"; "i. e. in thankoffering for reconciliation with thee, I have (or rather, will) put off the patchcoat and have burned (or will burn) it in token of renouncement of pietism and return to winebibbing.

<sup>3</sup> *syn. essence*: In vino veritas.

<sup>4</sup> The Nightingale.

<sup>5</sup> An allusion to the traditional saying of Mohammed, "Verily, I perceive the perfume of [God] the Compassionate from the direction of Yemen", explained by the commentators to refer

5. Past, past is the time when I recked Of the prate of the sons of the people;<sup>1</sup>  
And this for the secret of ease The Mohtesibs, even, they say, know.

6. O thou who the Lesson of Love Wouldst learn from the Record of Reason,  
I fear me this subtlety rare Thou canst not by thought-taking aye know.

7. Bring wine, for they vaunt themselves not Of the roses of this our world's  
[garden  
Who the wind of the Autumn's despite And the ravage of death and decay  
[know.

8. Unmeet the heart-ravisher<sup>2</sup> deems Repose for the nonce to vouchsafe us,  
Albeit too surely doth she Our sickness of heart for delay know.

9. These fair-ordered pearls, from his soul Which Hafiz hath wrought, for the  
[produce  
He doth of the fostering care Of the Asef and Sage of the Day know.<sup>3</sup>

to the Sherif Uweis el Kerani, who however was not a contemporary of the Prophet. He was one of the *Tabis* or Followers (i. e. those who had known and spoken with the Companions of Mohammed) and founded the first and strictest great order of Fakirs or religious ascetes. He was killed, fighting on the side of the Khalif Ali, at the battle of Siffin, in A. D. 657; and on account of his austere piety and devout practice of the tenets of Islam, it is pretended by the commentators that Mohammed meant to foretell his appearance in the Tradition above cited.

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of this couplet is that he who is cognizant of the mysteries of the invisible world, the initiated servant of the ideal, is able to work wonders by the mere act of his will; practically the same claim as that made by the Indian theosophists, expressed in orthodox theological phrase for obvious reason of expediency.

<sup>2</sup> "Sons of the people", i. e. the profane vulgar.

<sup>3</sup> The Beloved.

<sup>3</sup> The poet declares that he owes the beauty of his verse to the fostering care of his patron the Grand Vizier.

## LXVII

1. Thy beauty, in accord with grace, The world hath wholly taken;  
Yea, for by union and accord, The world may still be taken.
2. The envious taper would divulge The solitaires' secret;  
Thank God, the secret of its heart Hath on its tongue, see, taken. <sup>1</sup>
3. The rose of the Friend's scent and hue Would fain herself have vaunted;  
But in her mouth the East the breath Hath, jealous for thee, taken.
4. Of this consuming fire of love, That in my bosom lurketh,  
The sun is but a spark that hath On heaven's roof-tree taken.
5. At peace upon the bank I was, Like to the compass-circle;  
Until Time's vortex in the midst Hath, like the point, me taken.
6. Love of the bowl that day consumed The harvest of my being  
When, mirrored from the Skinker's cheek, Fire hath its ruby taken. <sup>2</sup>
7. Sleeve-shaking, <sup>3</sup> will I get me gone Unto the Magians' quarter,  
From all those ills that on Time's skirt Their hold have lately taken.
8. Drink, for the end of the world's case Who seeth, care off-shaking,  
Lightly in hand the heavy cup, Full measure, hath he taken. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The fire of the candle's heart hath taken hold upon its tongue, i. e. wick, and so prevented it from speaking and revealing the secret of the recluses. <sup>2</sup> i. e. it was love made me a toper.

<sup>3</sup> "Sleeve-shaking", i. e. dancing. It is well known that the people of the East dance with their arms and bodies, more than with their legs and feet.

<sup>4</sup> The sage, who hath become aware of the worthlessness and instability of the world, still consoleth himself with the winecup.

9. They<sup>1</sup> with the Redbud's life-blood have Upon the roseleaf written,  
 "All ripe of wit have wine in hand, Like th'anemone,<sup>2</sup> taken."
10. Give wine in cup of gold, for lo! The dawn-draught of the toppers,  
 King-like, with golden glittering sword, Hath all the world y-taken.<sup>3</sup>
11. Th' occasion use; for, since upon The world hath trouble fallen,  
 The sage, to 'scape from care, himself Hath to the cup betaken.
12. Hafiz, since water of delight Still trickleth from thy verses,  
 How can exception thereunto By enviers be taken?

## LXVIII

1. Cupbearer, come, for the Friend From her visage the veil hath taken ;  
New light the recluses' lamp, That like was to fail, hath taken.
2. Yon taper, whose light was grown dim, Its visage anew hath kindled ;<sup>4</sup>  
This year-stricken elder <sup>5</sup> new life And youthfulness hale hath taken.
3. Such blandishments practised the Friend, That piety swerved from the  
[pathway ;  
Such favour she showed, that affright The rivals who rail hath taken.

<sup>1</sup> Fate and Fortune Foreordained.      <sup>2</sup> The anemone of the Persian and Arab poets is the *Shecaia en Numan*, i. e. the anemone of the old Arab King En Numan or the blood-red anemone; hence the use of the flower as an object of comparison for wine.      <sup>3</sup> *Tigh*, "sword", *syn.* "brightness"; hence, "the wine of the dawn-draught hath illumined the world with its radiance."      <sup>4</sup> i. e. has become radiant.  
<sup>5</sup> app. himself.

4. Nay, prithee, a truce to this sweet, Heart-ravishing speech! One would say  
Thy pistachio in sugar its speech, To compass our bale, hath taken. <sup>1</sup>
5. Our weariful hearts were oppressed With a burden of care and affliction :  
A Jesus-breathed one <sup>2</sup> hath God sent Who away all our ail hath taken.
6. Each cypress-shaped fair, that whilere Of beauty o'er sun and moon boasted,  
To pursuit of another affair, Since thou ent'redst our pale, hath taken. <sup>3</sup>
7. Heav'ns cupolas seven are full Of the echoing sound of love's story ;  
And shame on the short-sighted man, Scant heed of the tale hath taken !
8. O Hafiz, whence learn'dst thou this spell, That, in jewels and gold thy verse  
The Friend as an amulet it 'Gainst sorrow and wail hath taken? [chasing,

LXIX

1. 'Twas a bulbul did a roseleaf, Sweet of hue and scent, hold  
In his bill and o'er that treasure Bitter-sweet lament hold.
2. "In the midst", quoth I, "Of union, Wherefore this complaining?"  
"Me," said he, "doth my love's beauty In this languishment hold."

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Thy mouth, likened, by a common figure of speech, to a pistachio-nut, (hence the "candied" metaphor) hath spoken on dulcet, blandishing wise, with intent to beguile us to our destruction.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. one gifted with Jesus's power of restoring

the dead to life; the Beloved.

<sup>3</sup> This couplet calls to mind the hero of the pleasing poet of the Bab Ballads, him I mean who "suddenly remembered He'd business at the Bank".

3. If the Friend with us abide not, Cause there's none for cavil.  
For in scorn doth she, the sovran, Beggars indigent hold. <sup>1</sup>

4. Happy he who with the fair ones Favour hath ! From-us-ward,  
On the Loved One's beauty taketh Prayer nor blandishment hold.

5. Strew we on that Painter's pencil Heart and soul, <sup>2</sup> who moulded  
All these wonders that the rondures Of the firmament hold!

6. Ill repute, if Love thou follow, Heed not: in the winehouse  
Sheikh Senáan <sup>3</sup> in pledge his patchcoat Let for liquor lent hold.

7. Fair befall that sweet Calénder, <sup>4</sup> who, in exile's stresses,  
Girdle-girt, did to the calling On th' Omnipotent hold!" <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. She being a queen, it is but natural and right that she should scorn beggars like myself.

<sup>2</sup> In token of honour and admiration.

<sup>3</sup> Sheikh Aboubekr Abdurrezzac es Senaani (*Ssen'aani*) was a native of Senaa (*Ssen'aa*) in Yemen, A. D. 743—827. The celebrated Persian poet Ferideddin Attar devotes more than four hundred couplets of his didactic poem *Mentic-et-Teir* (The Speech of Birds) to telling his story or rather legend in the most high-flown style, for which (to borrow a favourite phrase of Soudi's) may God forgive him! See *Mentic-et-Teir*, couplets 1159—1564; "Sheikh Senaan was the Elder (sage) of his time; In accomplishments, as to whatsoever I (can) say; he was foremost. He was Sheikh (teacher of the Law) in the Harem (Temple) of Mecca fifty years, With a discipleship of 400 (i.e. four hundred pupils), endowed with (all) perfection". The poet goes on to tell how the Sheikh fell in love with a Christian girl of Casarea and apostatizing for her sake, pawned his gaberдинe for liquor and kept swine. He was finally reconverted to Islam by the miraculous intervention of Mohammed himself, whose appearance is described by the mystic poet in the most approved "erotic" fashion, not forgetting the musky tress and the swimming gait.

<sup>4</sup> *Calénder*, a member of a dervish sect professing great things in the way of piety and austeritv, but generally considered *canaille* of the lowest order; the name is here used to signify an enthusiastic devotee.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. Sheikh Senaan himself, who is said,

8. Hafiz' eye, beneath yon Houri's Terrace, doth the usance  
Of the rivers Paradisal, Under gardens pent, hold. <sup>1</sup>

## LXX

1. Intent, save of oppression, Thou seest, the fair hath not;  
The pact she broke and pity On our despair hath not.

2. Lord, chide her not, albeit My heart, dove-like, she slew  
And of the Temple-pigeons Respect or care hath not. <sup>2</sup>

3. 'Twas Fate, not she, injustice That did me; else the Friend,  
Save in the way of kindness, Intent to fare hath not.

4. Withal, whoe'er abasement From her hath not endured  
Regard from any person Or any where hath not.

5. Bring thou of wine, cupbearer, And to the censor say,  
"Rail not, for such a goblet Jemshid, I swear, hath not".

even whilst wearing the girdle or zone, the sign of the Christian in the East, (i. e. the ropegirdle of the Franciscan monks or perhaps a reminiscence of the Sacred Thread of the Brahmins), to have never omitted the daily recital of the Muslim rosary, i. e. the Ninety-Nine names of God, and to have thus kept in touch with Islam.

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to a phrase in the Koranic description of Paradise, "Gardens, under them run rivers", K. II, 23. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that all sorts of mystic and pietistic meanings have been read by the commentators into Hafiz's mention of Sheikh Senaan; but, to the unprejudiced reader, it only amounts to the fact that Hafiz found it convenient, for obvious poetical reasons, to adopt the erring doctor as a saint of the topers' order.

<sup>2</sup> The poet likens his heart to the pigeons of the Temple precincts at Mecca, which it is forbidden to molest.

6. The wretch who hath not compassed Her threshold's sanctuary  
The desert passed, but entered In Mecca's air hath not.

7. Fair fall the tipsy toper Who *this* world and the next  
Giveth from hand and sorrow For whatsoe'er hath not!

8. Hafiz, the palm of versecraft Bear thou; for yonder foe  
Merit, or even knowledge Of what it were, hath not.

## LXXI

1. No day for me, without Thy cheek sunbright, abideth;  
And nought of life for me, Save darkling night, abideth.

2. For my much weeping, when We parted, in mine eyeballs  
(Far be it from thy cheek!) No whit of light abideth.

3. Thine image hath mine eye Departed, saying, "Pity  
"That such a nook as this Ruined outright abideth!"

4. Thine union from my head Held far the term appointed,<sup>1</sup>  
Which now, for lack of thee, Unfar from sight abideth.

5. Near (From thy door be far!) The hour when saith the watcher,  
"No whit of yon forlorn, Forsaken wight abideth."

6. What booteth that the Friend Should turn her steps to-me-ward,  
When in my body worn Nor life nor spright abideth.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the appointed time of death.



7. If, for thy loss, mine eyes Of water lack, then bid them  
Heart's blood weep; for, save this, Nor shift nor sleight abideth.

8. Patience my med'cine were, I know it, for thy sev'rance;  
But who shall patience use, In whom no might abideth?

9. Hafiz, for grief and tears, No dealing hath with laughter;  
To those that mourn, for mirth No appetite abideth.

## LXXII

1. For weeping, all immersed in blood The apple of mine eye is;  
See, now, I prithee, how the case With those for thee that sigh is.

2. In memory of thy ruby lip And drunken eye, wine-coloured,  
Heart's blood the ruby-coloured wine, From sorrow's cup I ply, is.

3. If from thy quarter's East the sun Of thy bright aspect riseth,  
The aspect of my fortune's star Auspicious made thereby is!

4. The story of Shirín's sweet lip The utt'rance of Ferhád <sup>1</sup> is;  
The curl of Leila's locks the place Where Mejnoun's heart doth lie is. <sup>2</sup>

5. Cheer thou my heart; for heartis cheer Is that thy cypress-stature;  
Speak, for delightful thine address And music thy reply is.

<sup>1</sup> The well-known lover of Shirin, the beautiful concubine of Khusrau Perwiz, who promised her to him, if he would cut a passage for a certain stream through a hill, but, by treacherously conveying to him false information of the death of his beloved, caused him commit suicide in despair, just as he had completed his task. <sup>2</sup> Leila and Mejnoun, the well known lovers of the legend.

6. Cupbearer, easance to my soul Bring with thy circling goblet;  
For my heart troubled for despite Of yon revolving sky <sup>1</sup> is.

7. From that sad hour when from my sight That lovely one departed,  
The rondure of my skirt for tears Like Oxus torrent-high is.

8. How should my woeful heart, forsooth, At will again be gladsome,  
Since it of those, to whom the Fates Freedom of will deny, is?

9. Hafiz, that, all beside himself, After the Friend pursueth,  
Like to a bankrupt wretch, who doth For Korah's treasures sigh, is.

## LXXIII

1. The apple of mine eye of nought Regardful but thy face is;  
My frenzied heart of nothing else Is mindful but thy graces.

2. Mine eye hath donned the pilgrim-wede, Thy sanctuary to compass; <sup>2</sup>  
Though of the wounded heart's blood it No moment pure of trace is. <sup>3</sup>

3. Blame not the bankrupt lover, who No current coin posseseth,  
If what he streweth at thy feet His heart's mere metal base is.

4. His hand and his alone shall win To that thy lofty cypress, <sup>4</sup>  
Whose magnanimity, in fine, Sufficient for the chase is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. of froward Fortune.

<sup>2</sup> The circuiting or compassing of the Kaabeh is the culminating rite of the Pilgrimage.

<sup>3</sup> Among the chief conditions of the donning of the pilgrim dress (*Ihram*, see previous note) is perfect purity, which would be nullified by a speck of blood.

<sup>4</sup> The beloved's shape; here (*met.*) herself.

5. Of Jesus's life-giving might To thee no word I'll utter,  
Since he in soul-augmenting was Less skilled than thine embrace is.
6. I that in passion's fire for thee Heave not a sigh, can any  
Say that my heart impatient, 'neath The brand of Time's disgrace, is?
7. Wild-fowl like, prisoned in a cage The Bird of Heaven's Lote-tree <sup>1</sup>  
Be, if he fly not down, in quest Of thee, from Heav'n's high places !
8. Quoth I, what time I, at the first, Espied thy mazy tresses,  
"No end to their entanglement, Whose hearts these chains enlace, is!"
9. The longing for thy bonds is not To Hafiz' heart peculiar:  
Where is the heart of man alive, Indeed, but in like case is?

## LXXIV

1. The sea of Love a sea is, Whereunto shore is not;  
There, saving soul-surrender, Resource in store is not.
2. Affright us not with Reason's Forbidments, but bring wine:  
With us in credit yonder Apparitor <sup>2</sup> is not.
3. Each moment that thou givest The heart to Love is good;  
Need, in good works, of praying, Direction for, is not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The Angel Gabriel.<sup>2</sup> i. e. Reason.

4. Ask thou thine eye who slew us. O soul of mine, the blame  
For this to lay at Heaven's Or Fortune's door is not. <sup>1</sup>

5. Thy face with pure eyes only, New-moon like, can one see:  
That full moon cheek's unveiling Each eye before is not.

6. Hold thou the way of toping For gain; for, like the track  
Of hidden treasure, patent To all this lore is not.

7. Unmoved of Hafiz' weeping Art thou : at that thy heart  
I marvel, which than granite Less hard of core is not.

## LXXV

1. Blest may the coming of the Feast, <sup>2</sup> Cupbearer, be for thee  
And may thy promises go not From memory for thee ! <sup>3</sup>

2. Greet ye the daughter of the vine And say, "Come forth ! For lo !  
"Our favour from duress hath wrought This setting-free for thee. <sup>4</sup>

3. "That thou thy heart, in all these days Of severance, from friends  
"Withheldst and that it suffered this, It wond'reth me for thee !

4. "Thank God that from this autumn wind <sup>5</sup> Unto thy garth of rose,  
"Jasmine and marjoram befell No injury for thee !

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the blame is thine eye's.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. The Festival of Shewwal.

<sup>3</sup> Apparently she had promised to visit the poet after the Fast-tide.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the endeavours of the toppers have resulted in the withdrawal of the interdict laid on wine-drinking.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the oppression of the interdict.

5. "Far be from thee the evil eye! Thy star renowned and luck  
"Inborn from that thine exile did Return decree for thee!"
6. "The coming of thy blessed feet Th' assembly's gladness is;  
"Be every heart the stead of woe That wills not glee for thee!"
7. Hafiz, this Noah's ark (the cup) Look thou from hand set not:  
Else will Time's deluge by the roots Pluck up Life's tree for thee. <sup>1</sup>

## LXXVI

1. A goodly saying have I heard, Of Canaan's patriarch grey <sup>2</sup> bespoken;  
"The pains which loss of friends entails Are not of those which may be spoken."
2. The tale of terrors of the Day Of Judgment, which the preacher telleth,  
Is but a figure, of the woes Of lovers' parting-day bespoken.
3. Whom shall I question of the Friend Departed? For whatever tidings  
The couriers of the East may bring All on distraction's way <sup>3</sup> be spoken.
4. "The ancient grief with year-old wine Repel; for this of heart's contentment  
The seed is." Of th' old Villager <sup>4</sup> 'Twas on this wise, they say, bespoken.
5. Alack, that loveless moon, that friend And enemy, "From friends and com-  
[rades",  
How lightly were these words of her, "Let us begone away", bespoken!

<sup>1</sup> This ode was apparently written in celebration of some relaxation of the edicts against wine.

<sup>2</sup> The Patriarch Jacob.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. confusedly, at random.

<sup>4</sup> Not explained by commentators; but *pir-i-dikcan*, the elder of the village or old villager, is an idiomatic expression for "old wine".

6. Henceforth, submission is my part; For lo! my heart, to pain grown wonted  
For thee, renouncement hath from hope Of remedy for aye bespoken.

7. "Bind thou not knots upon the wind, <sup>1</sup> Albeit to thy wish it bloweth!"  
Of the wind's self to Solomon Was this proverbial trait bespoken.

8. Go not, for Fortune's blandishments, From the right path, nor trust the story  
That this old hag her craft's forsworn, Of whomsoe'er it may be spoken.

9. Come and drink wine, for, yesternight, Of the old keeper of the winehouse,  
Was much of God's forgivingness To those who disobey bespoken.

10. Make thou no words of How or Why; With his whole soul the loyal servant  
Each word the Sultan says accepts, Without or yea or nay bespoken.

11. If any say that from the thought And love of thee returned hath Hafiz,  
Believe it not; for nought but lies And calumny have they bespoken.

## LXXVII

1. To the new blown rose the bulbul Spake this word at break of day,  
"Leave disdain, for, like thee, many Here have bloomed and passed away."

2. Laughingly the rose made answer, "Vexed we are not by the truth;  
"But hard words to the Beloved Never should the lover say."

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial phrase, meaning, "Rely not upon the fleeting world and faithless fortune".

3. Never was Love's fragrance wafted To his palate who his cheek  
On the threshold of the winehouse Never in the dust did lay.

4. Those who covet wine of rubies From the jewelled cup of Love,  
Many a pearl and many a jacinth With the eyelash pierce must they. <sup>1</sup>

5. In the rose-garden of Irem, Yesternight, in the soft air,  
When the spikenard's tress was ruffled By the breeze of coming day,

6. "Throne of Jem", I asked the greensward,<sup>2</sup> "Where's thy world-revealing  
[cup?]"<sup>3</sup>  
"Fortune slept, alack!" it answered, "And the rosetime might not stay."

7. Not the word of love, indeed, is That which cometh to the tongue : <sup>4</sup>  
Cupbearer, bring wine and grant us Truce from speech and answer, pray.

8. Hafiz' tears have cast discretion, Ay, and patience to the waves;  
What is he to do, who cannot Hide the fire of Love's dismay?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. must weep tears, both plain and bloody. <sup>2</sup> Greensward styled "throne of Jem" as being the seat of the rose, which is the Jemshid or monarch of flowers.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the full-blown rose itself. It will already have become abundantly evident to the reader that the Persian poets have not the English (Anglo-Norman) horror of mixed metaphors. Indeed, on the contrary, the latter and the kindred figure of enallage, in their wildest developments, appear to be often deliberately employed by them, as a desirable ornament. <sup>4</sup> i. e. Deeds, not words, are the fitting speech of love.

## LXXVIII

1. Gone my heart and faith are and the charmer, Her despite 'gainst me to  
show, ariseth :  
"Sit thou not by us," quoth she; "for safety Even now from thee to go ariseth."
2. Marry hast thou ever heard of mortal Who a moment happy at this banquet  
Sitteth but, at end of the assembly, In regret therefrom and woe ariseth?
3. See, the taper, if itself of likeness To that laughing cheek of thine it boasteth,  
Many a night and oft, before thy lovers, In atonement, Heart aglow, ariseth.
4. In the meadows, lo! the breeze of Springtime, From the soft embrace of rose  
[and cypress,  
Of its longing for thy cheek and stature, Tow'rds thy neighbourhood to blow,  
[ariseth.
5. Flushed with wine, upon thy way thou passest And from all th'angelic  
[world's recluses,  
Hark, the clamour of the Resurrection, At thy sight, from high and low, ariseth.
6. Lo, with shame before thy gait confounded, With its foot unto the earth  
[fast rooted,  
Where the haughty, headstrong cypress standeth, That in pride of shape and  
[show ariseth!
7. Harkye, Hafiz, cast away the patchcoat, An thou'dst save thy soul alive;  
[for, certes,  
Fire from out the cassock of dissembling And hypocrisy, we know, ariseth. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hypocrisy is for the Muslims the deadliest of sins, after the unspeakable crime of



## LXXIX

1. No man hath seen thy visage, Though many an one thy spy is: <sup>1</sup>  
For thee full many a bulbul, Though yet in bud, <sup>2</sup> a-sigh is.

2. If I unto thy quarter Repair, 'tis no such wonder;  
In this thy land full many A stranger, <sup>3</sup> such as I, is.

3. Though I from thee am distant, (Be none from thee removed!)  
The hope of thine attainment Still to my thought anigh is.

4. In Love there is no difference 'Twixt cloister-cell and tavern;  
The light of the Friend's visage In all parts, low and high, is.

5. Wherever they make goodly The practice of the convent,  
The Cross's name of glory And the monk's gong thereby is. <sup>4</sup>

6. Was ever lover's suff'rance Unnoted of the Loved One?  
O sir, without physician No pain beneath the sky is. <sup>5</sup>

7. Nay, all this lamentation Of Hafiz not for nought is;  
Rare cause and parlous reason, God wot, for his outcry is.

attributing partners to God. According to the Mohammedan casuists, pious humbugs are destined to Hawiyeh, the Seventh Hell or Bottomless Pit of Fire. Dante, it will be remembered, treats hypocrites with equal severity.

<sup>1</sup> Thou art the cynosure of all eyes.  
rose yet shrouded in the bud.

<sup>2</sup> Beloved's veiled face likened to a  
<sup>3</sup> i. e. a forlorn, exiled lover.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. religion is a matter of practices, not of names. Wherever Christianity is practised on true and goodly wise, there (and not elsewhere) is the Christian church; and so, by implication, with Islam and other religions. <sup>5</sup> Every disease hath its appointed remedy.

## LXXX

1. Lo, in thy tress ensnared my heart A-bleed, of its own self, is; <sup>1</sup>  
Come, slay it with a glance; for that The meed of its own self is. <sup>2</sup>
  2. If at thy hand our soul its wish Shall compass, give it quickly;  
For kindness still in place, when done, With speed, of its own self, is.
  3. Nay, by thy soul, sweet idol mine, My soul's wish (like the taper  
In the dark nights) effacement sheer, Indeed, of its own self is.
  4. When first thou thought'st to love, I bade Thee do it not, o bulbul;  
For yonder rose grown up from out The seed of its own self is. <sup>3</sup>
  5. The rose's fragrance needeth not The musk of Ind and China;  
For musk-pod holding in each fold Its wede, of its own self, is.
  6. To the ungenerous of the age Repair thou not for succour;  
Thy soul's salvation in the nook Decreed of its own self is. <sup>4</sup>
  7. Though Hafiz burn, yet, in the law Of Love and self-surrender,  
His soul still faithful to the pact And creed, of its own self, is.
- <sup>1</sup> i. e. my heart hath of its own proper motion cast itself into the snare of thy tress.  
<sup>2</sup> *Sic*, i. e. ipsum est meritum. <sup>3</sup> i. e. the beloved is self-willed and capricious,  
 like the wild rose, that groweth at random. <sup>4</sup> Lay not thyself under obligation to the mean, but seek thine own salvation in thyself.

## LXXXI

1. My heart's sad case to thee To say my soul's desire is;  
News of the heart that's gone Astray my soul's desire is.
2. Lo, now, the idle wish! To hide from spies and watchers  
That which the winds to all Bewray my soul's desire is.
3. A holy night and dear As that of Fore-appointment <sup>1</sup>  
With thee, my fair, to lie Till day my soul's desire is.
4. Alack, that pearl unique, So dainty and so lovesome,  
In the dark night to cleave In tway <sup>2</sup> my soul's desire is!
5. Lend me thine aid, o East, <sup>3</sup> To night, for in the dawning,  
To blossom forth, like rose On spray, my soul's desire is.
6. So honour I thereby May gain, with mine eyelashes  
The dust to sweep upon Thy way my soul's desire is.
7. Like Hafiz, <sup>4</sup> scurril songs To make, how much soever  
My censors thereagainst Inveigh, my soul's desire is. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. that commonly (in error) called the Night of Power.  
*amicæ forare gestio.*

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *Vaginant*  
<sup>3</sup> According to Soudi, "the East [Wind]" here means  
the Grace of God, Divine Favour.

<sup>4</sup> "Like Hafiz", a phrase constantly  
occurring in the last couplets of the Odes; it means, "as is the usage or wont of  
Hafiz, i. e. as is my wont". "Hafiz" here substituted for "myself", on account of the  
rule which prescribes the insertion of the poet's name in the last couplet of a ghazal.

<sup>5</sup> It will hardly be believed that the commentators insist upon interpreting even this  
unmistakably "scurril" song mystically. "May God forgive them"!

## LXXXII

1. O hoopoe of the East, <sup>1</sup> To Sheba's air <sup>2</sup> I send thee;  
Consider thou and look From whence to where I send thee.

2. Pity a bird like thee Should roost on sorrow's dust-heap!  
Hence to Faith's nesting place And Honour's lair <sup>3</sup> I send thee.

3. No stage in Love's way is Of nearness or of farness; <sup>4</sup>  
I see thee face to face And greeting fair I send thee. <sup>5</sup>

4. Morning and evening, by The North wind and the East wind,  
The wish's caravan, "Well mayst thou fare!" I send thee.

5. O absent from my sight, That in my heart abidest,  
I greet thee from afar And praise and prayer I send thee.

6. So that the hosts of grief Thy heart's dominions waste not,  
My soul, for provender 'Gainst cark and care, I send thee.

7. So that the minstrels known May make to thee my longing,  
Verses and ditties, set To many an air, I send thee.

8. Skinker, a voice from heav'n Gave me glad tidings, saying,  
"Be patient under pain: For solace rare I send thee."

<sup>1</sup> The East Wind likened to the hoopoe, which was the go-between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

<sup>2</sup> The abode of the Beloved.

<sup>3</sup> The abode

of the Beloved.

<sup>4</sup> There is no distance for the lover's imagination.

<sup>5</sup> Addressed to the absent Beloved.

9. In thine own countenance God's handiwork consider;  
A God-revealing glass, <sup>1</sup> — My heart laid bare —, I send thee.

10. Hafiz, the praise of thee Is our assembly's burden;  
Hasten, for horse to ride And wede to wear I send thee. <sup>2</sup>

## LXXXIII

1. O gone from sight, to God The keeping I commend of thee;  
My soul thou rack'st; yet dear To me's the thought, o friend, of thee.

2. What while the gravecloth's skirt I trail not underneath the dust,  
Believe me, from the skirt My hand shall never wend of thee.

3. The prayer-niche of thy brows Display, that in the dawn the hand  
Of prayer I may uplift <sup>3</sup> And to the neck append of thee.

4. Though to Harout it should In Babylon <sup>4</sup> behove me go,  
I'd work an hundred spells, To me the heart to bend of thee.

<sup>1</sup> Thy countenance, in which God reveals Himself by His handiwork, thou mayst see reflected in the mirror of my heart, which contains nothing but thine image; hence the lover's heart called a God-revealing mirror.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently spoken by one of the poet's patrons. <sup>3</sup> As an amulet. As is well known, an outstretched hand is one of the most common forms of amulet against the evil eye.

<sup>4</sup> Harout and Marout were two angels, who, being sent down to earth on a mission, yielded to the seductions of a beautiful woman and fell into mortal transgression; for which they were imprisoned by God, head downward and in chains, in a well at Babylon, where they are fabled to instruct mortals in magic. Hence Babylon is for the Muslims the metropolis of sorcery.

5. Nay, suffer, of thy grace, That, of the burning of my heart,  
 Pearls from mine eyes I still Upon the feet may spend of thee.

6. About me, with my tears, An hundred rivers have I made,  
 In hope the seed of love The stony heart may rend of thee.

7. It ' shed my blood and thus From parting's pangs delivered me;  
 So to the sworder-glance My thanks therefor I send of thee.

8. Before thy face I fain Would die. O faithless leach, at least,  
 Of the sick man enquire; For still this hope I tend of thee.

9. Wine, wench and wantonness, Hafiz, are none of thine affair:  
 Egad, I wash my hands (Excepting thou amend) of thee.

## LXXXIV

1. Lord, of thy favour, cause That my Loved One safe and hale  
 Return and deliver me From the clutches of blame and bale.

1. Bring, bring of the dust of the way Of the Friend departed hence,  
 So heal that I may withal My world-wearied eye of its ail.

3. That mole and that down and that tress, That cheek and that face and that  
 From all the six quarters at once, The path of my heart assail. [shape,

1 i. e. the beloved's glance.

4. To day, whilst I'm yet in thy hand, Some little compassion display!  
To morrow, when I shall be dust, Will tears or repentance avail?
5. O thou, that so learnedly prat'st Of Love, with expounding and proof,  
With thee we have nothing to do: Begone thou in peace with thy tale!
6. O dervish, lament nor complaint Of lovelings' oppression make thou;  
For these be a sort that are wont To take of their victims blood-mail.
7. Fire, fire, to the patchcoat come set; For the curve of the cupbearer's brow  
O'er prayer-niche and portico-arch Of mosque and Imám doth prevail.<sup>1</sup>
8. Since lovelings' injustices all Sheer favour and pleasantness are,  
Far be it from me, then, that I Thy cruelty e'er should bewail!
9. Nay, never is Hafiz at end With the tale of the chain of thy tress;  
For this, though prolonged till the Day Of the Rising, would nevermore fail.

## LXXXV

1. To yonder Friend heart-soothing Thanks with complaint I mell;  
If love's finesse thou wottest, List to the tale I tell.
2. All that I wrought of service Thank-and-reward-less passed;  
God, be none else allotted Lord so implacable!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Let us forswear pietism and hypocrisy; for the curve of the beloved's eye hath drawn all men to worship thereat and caused the regular places of worship to be deserted. *Imám*, the *foreman* or leader of a Muslim congregation at prayer, who acts as fogleman to the believers in the minute and complicated ritual of Muslim public worship.

3. To topers athirst none giveth A drop of water to drink ;  
'Twould seem that the lovers of merit Have bidden the realm farewell !

4. O heart, of the snare of her tresses Beware; for therein to be seen  
Are heads, for no fault dissevered, Of lovers uncountable.

5. Thine eye with its glances drinketh Our blood and thou sufferest it.  
O soul, 'tis not lawful to further The bloodshedder fierce and fell !

6. Amidward this night of blackness, Lost, lost, is the way of my wish :  
Arise, o thou star of guidance, And shine from thy secret cell !

7. Wherever I turn, there's nothing Increaseth on me save fear ;  
Oh, out on this way unending, This desert unsearchable !

8. No end unto this Love's highway May be conceived ; for lo !  
An hundred thousand stages, E'en in its first, befell.

9. My heart, o thou sun of the lovely, A-boil is. Suffer me,  
Though but for a breath, in the shadow Of thy protection dwell !

10. Mine honour though thou hast ravished, Thy door I'll not forsake.  
Friend's harshness than enemies' favour Is more acceptable.

11. Love to thine outcry only Cometh, though thou by heart  
The Koran in all the versions, Like Hafiz, know full well. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Love is the only remedy for thy woes; learning and piety will avail thee nothing. The seven authoritative Versions or Readings of the Koran are those of Abou Umr, Nafi, Ibn Kethir, Hemzeh, Ibn Aamir, Aasim and Kisai; and there are two Traditions as to the method of reading each, the whole being known as "the Fourteen Relations".



## LXXXVI

1. I'm drunken still with yonder Curled browlock's fragrant air of thine;  
 Confounded with the witchery Of that false eye I fare of thine.

2. Shall we a night, I wonder, After such patience, see, wherein  
 We may the vision's candle Light in that niche of prayer of thine?

3. The eyeball's middle blackness For this unto my heart is dear  
 That it for me the likeness Of yon swart mole doth wear of thine.

4. If thou the world be minded At once for ever to adorn,  
 The East wind bid a moment The veil from that face tear of thine;

5. And if the use of transience From out the world thou'dst cast, thy head  
 But shake, so souls by thousands May rain from every hair of thine.

6. Two helpless, errant wretches, The East wind and myself, we are;  
 I drunk with thine eye's sorcery, It with that browlock's air of thine. <sup>1</sup>

7. Hail, Hafiz's lofty spirit! Since of this world and that his eyes  
 Hold nought, the dust excepted Of yonder street, my fair, of thine! <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rhyme word of line 1 here repeated in original.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Bravo for Hafiz's magnanimity (high-mindedness), in that, of all the goods of this world and the next, he regardeth nothing but the dust of the Beloved's street!

## LXXXVII

1. Now praised be God That open the winehouse's door is,  
For thereto addressed The face of our wish evermore is!
2. All drunken with glee, In clamour and ferment the jars are ;  
The liquor therein Reality, not metaphor, is.
3. In *her*, <sup>1</sup> sooth to say, All drunkenness, swagger and pride is ;  
All weakness in *us*, Imploring and sufferance sore is.
4. A secret, that ne'er I've told nor will tell to the vulgar,  
I'll tell to the Friend ; For skilled she in mystery's lore is.
5. Her tress, curl on curl, T' unfold, in the way of abridgment,  
Impossible 'tis, For this is the longest of stories.
6. The cheek of Mehmoud With Ayaz's foot and the browlock  
Of Leila still linked With the burden of Mejnoun's heart's core is. <sup>2</sup>
7. Mine eye from the sight Of the world I have seeled, like the falcon,  
Since open it on The cheek of the maid I adore is.
8. Whoever himself To thy village's Kaabeh betaketh,  
For th'arch of thy brows, In the eye-point of prayer at thy door is. <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Beloved.                      <sup>2</sup> i. e. Love's pains and burdens are inseparable from its pleasures. Ayaz was the favourite slave of Sultan Mahmoud of Ghezni, the famous conqueror of India.

<sup>3</sup> The Beloved's abiding-place likened to the Holy House at Mecca, which is the "eye" or centre of the Kibleh or point of direction of Muslim prayer.

9. Companions, the case Of the fire in the heart of poor Hafiz  
Of the candle enquire,<sup>1</sup> That melting and burning e'ermore is.

## LXXXVIII

1. Sum and produce of this Workshop Of the Sphere, all this is nought ;  
Wine come bring ; for the world's business, Goods and gear, all this is nought.
2. Heart and soul ensue the honour Of the Loved One's company ;  
*That* is every thing ; without it, Life and cheer, all this is nought.
3. What, without heart's bloodshed, cometh To the hand good fortune is ;  
Heaven-won with toil and striving Were too dear ; all this is nought.
4. Be not thou for shade beholden To the Touba or the Lote ;  
Look but well, o cypress-shaped one ; 'Twill appear, all this is nought.
5. Take and use the five days' respite In this inn to thee vouchsafed ;  
Rest in peace, for time and season, Day and year, all this is nought.
6. Skinker, on the brink we tarry Of the sea of transience ;  
Seize th' occasion, lip-to-mouth like, While it's here ; all this is nought.
7. Of discredit reckon thou nothing And be gladsome as the rose ;  
For the fleeting world-all's puissance, Joy and fear, all this is nought.
8. Rest thou not assured, 'o zealot, 'Gainst the wiles of zeal :<sup>1</sup> beware !  
For from cell to Magians' convent, Far or near, all this is nought.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Be not deluded into false security by zeal.

<sup>2</sup> Difference of forms in religion is nothing, the intent is everything. A good Guebre or Christian is better than a hypocritical Muslim.

9. Need of proving and expounding What I suffer, I the lean  
Sorrow-stricken man, there is not; Nay, 'tis clear; all this is nought.

10. Hafiz' name the seal of honour Hath received; but loss and gain,  
Blame and honour, in the toper's Eye and ear, all this is nought. <sup>1</sup>

## LXXXIX

1. What kindness 'twas that, all at once, The droppings of thy quill  
Our dues of service have recalled Unto thy gracious will!

2. Greeting to me with the pen's point Thou sendest: may thy writ  
This workshop of vicissitudes (God grant!) for ever fill! <sup>2</sup>

3. I say not, 'twas in error thou Rememb'redst heart-lorn me;  
For error, reason reckoneth, There is not in thy quill. <sup>3</sup>

4. Scorn thou me not, if but in thanks For this especial grace,  
That constant Fortune holdeth thee In fame and honour still.

5. Come, with thy tress-tip so I may A compact make, that ne'er,  
Although it perish, from thy feet My head uplift I will.

6. Thy heart will only then become Aware of this our case,  
When tulips blossom from their dust Whom grief for thee did kill.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in the sight of the servants of the ideal, the censure and approval of the profane  
are as the other goods and ills of the world, i. e. nought.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Mayst thou

live for ever!

<sup>3</sup> Rhyme of line 1 repeated here in original.

7. To every rose the East wind tells The story of thy tress :  
How won the talebearer to thee, Despite the warder's skill ?
8. Vouchsafe to succour with a draught Thy lovers' thirsting souls,  
Since They <sup>1</sup> the cup of Jem for thee Brim up with Khizr's rill. <sup>2</sup>
9. My heart abideth at thy door : I prithee, hold it dear,  
Seeing that God hath holden thee Secure from pain and ill.
10. The world's a place of snares and yet Thou farest fast : have heed  
Lest in the road of nothingness The Fates thy dust should spill.
11. Fair fall thy days, o Jesus-breathed East wind ; for with new life  
Poor Hafiz' sorrow-smitten soul Thy fragrant breathings thrill.

## XC

1. Who, o celestial loveling, Thy face-veil's knot unties ?  
Who gives thee seed and water, O Bird of Paradise ?
2. For this thought heart-consuming, Whose bosom is the place  
And homestead of thy slumber, Sleep hath forsworn mine eyes.
3. All suddenly thou wentest From me, heart-wounded one :  
I wonder, in what quarter Thy place of slumber lies !
4. 'Tis plain, o fair, that lofty Thy dignity is grown,  
Since not a jot thou heark'nest To my complaining sighs.

<sup>1</sup> "They", i. e. Fate and Fortune Foreordained.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the water of life.

III

5. Thou ask'st not of the wretched : I fear me, no concern  
Of pardon or requital Thy spirit occupies. <sup>1</sup>

6. O palace, heart-enkindling, That art my love's abode,  
God grant thou be not ruined Of Time's calamities !

7. Far, in this waste, 's the well-spring ; Beware ! thy mazéd sight  
Lest, with the mocking mirage, The desert-ghoul surprise.

8. The shaft, that at my bosom Thou launched'st, went astray ;  
I wonder what thy malice will after this devise !

9. I wonder how the pathway Of eld thou'lt fare, o heart !  
God knoweth that youth's season Thou'st spent on idle wise.

10. Thine eye wine-selling <sup>2</sup> stoppeth The way on lovers' hearts ;  
Forsooth, 'tis mortal poison, The wine which it supplies.

11. Hafiz no slave that fleeth His lord is : show thou grace ;  
Come back, or e'er, of grieving For thy despite, he dies.

XCI

1. That fay-faced Turk, from-us-ward That yesternight away went,  
What fault saw she, I wonder, That she towards Cathay went ?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. thou reckest not of the final reckoning, when God shall requite all according to their deeds.      <sup>2</sup> Beloved's eye called "wine-selling", because of its intoxicating glances.

2. When that eye world-displaying From this our sight departed,  
Such things from out our vision, As speech can not convey, went.
3. Such smoke last night no candle From its heart's fire emitted  
As from our bosom's burning, For grief without allay, went.
4. Since from her cheek I parted, From mine eye's fount each moment  
A flood of tears, a deluge Of anguish and dismay, went.
5. To earth, when parting's sorrow Came, fell we and in anguish  
We linger, since the med'cine, That was our only stay, went.
6. "Yet", quoth the heart, "her union By prayer may be re-gotten".  
Long is it since my life-time In other than prayer's way went!
7. Why don the pilgrim-garment, Since Mecca is no longer?  
Why weary in "the Running", Since Sefa from Merwéh went? <sup>1</sup>
8. For pity, when he saw me, "Alack, that this thine ailment  
"Beyond the reach of healing," The leach last night did say, "went!"
9. Bestir thee of poor Hafiz To ask, ere "Yestereven",  
They say, "He forth this hostel Of ruin and decay went." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. why should I set out to visit the Loved One's quarter, since radiance and easance (*Ssefa*) from the village (*Merweh*) departed, i. e. since she hath departed thence? Sefa (*Ssefa*) and Merweh are two hills near Mecca, the running backward and forward seven times between which is one of the ceremonies of the Pilgrimage, intended to commemorate the wanderings of Hagar. <sup>2</sup> i. e. he hath departed this life.

## XCII

1. Place, save thy sill, for me beneath The firmament is not ;  
Except this doorway, for my head Shelter or tent is not.

2. If the foe <sup>1</sup> draw the sword on us, The shield away we cast,  
Since weapon in our hand, except Sighs and lament, is not.

3. Why from the vintner's quarter turn My face, since better path  
Or way in all the world than this, For my intent, is not ?

4. Into the harvest of my life If Time cast fire, say "Burn ;"  
For in mine eyes the whole thereof Worth one grass-bent is not.

5. Thrall to yon wanton straight-shaped maid's Narcissus-eye am I,  
Wherein regard for man, for wine Of self-content, is not. <sup>2</sup>

6. Since snares and toils, on every side, Spread in the path I see,  
Save by thy tress's shade, to me Asylum lent is not.

7. Go with drawn bridle-rein, <sup>3</sup> o queen Of beauty's realm ; for end  
Of road there's not where one who cries For solacement is not. <sup>4</sup>

8. Ensue not after cruelty And do what else thou wilt ;  
For otherwhat than this by sin In our Law <sup>5</sup> meant is not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the Beloved. <sup>2</sup> The Beloved's eye (commonly styled "drunken" by the poets) is so intoxicated with the wine of self-conceit that it hath no regard for any.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. slowly, to pay attention to thy lovers.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Every street-end and corner is thronged with thy victims.

<sup>5</sup> The Law of Love.



9. The eagle of oppression's spread His wings o'er all the land;  
Therein recluse's bow or shaft Of his lament is not. <sup>1</sup>

10. The treasure of poor Hafiz' heart Give not to tress or mole;  
For every blackmoor for such trust, Sure, competent is not.

## XCIII

X

1. Skinker, bring wine, for the month Of fasting and prayer hath past;  
Give me the bowl, for the time Of worship and care hath past.

2. To waste went the precious time. Come, quick let us pay the arrears  
Of an age, that sans flagon and cup And minstrel and fair hath past.

3. On fire of repentance how long, Thus, aloes-wood like, shall we burn?  
Give wine, for our life over long In idle despair hath past.

4. Come, make thou me drunk on such wise That for ecstasy I may ignore  
Who fareth the plain of the thought, Who whence and who where hath past.

5. On the stone bench of prayer for thy weal, Each morn and each eve of  
[our life,  
In the hope that a draught from thy cup May fall to our share, hath past.

6. To the heart of the soul, that was dead, Lo! life hath been added anew,  
Since a waft o'er its palate of smell From the scent of thy hair hath past.

<sup>1</sup> "The recluse's bow" is his body bowed in the act of prayer and the "arrow" his sighs; i. e. there are no pious folk in the land, whose prayers might avert the calamity of the time.

7. The bigots, misled by conceit, The road of salvation fare not;  
But the sot to the Garden of Peace,<sup>1</sup> By the pathway of prayer, hath past.

8. What heart's ready money I had On wine have I spent; 'twas base coin  
And therefore to uses unfit And fashions unfair hath past.

9. Admonish ye Hafiz no more; For never a lostling yet found  
The way of salvation, adown Whose gullet wine e'er hath past.

## XCIV

1. Since in my heart for her Abode concern hath taken,  
Like to her tress, my soul Blackness nocturn hath taken.

2. Life's water is her lip Like fire; and from its water  
There sprang a fire that on Our heart, in turn, hath taken.

3. The Huma<sup>2</sup> of my wish Long since for the enjoyment  
Of that thy shape with all Its heart to yearn hath taken.

4. Enamoured of her form And height august I'm fallen,  
For that the lover's need The height etern hath taken.

5. Since in her favour's shade Content we were, why is it  
That she her shade from us, I fain would learn, hath taken?

6. The morning breeze to day With ambergris is scented;  
Belike my friend the way Of mead and burn hath taken.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Paradise.

<sup>2</sup> *Huma*; see previous note.

7. In chains of shining pearls The ocean of my weeping  
The vessel of the world, From stem to stern, hath taken.

8. The speech of Hafiz, since, O cypress jasmine-bosomed,  
Thy shape it hath described, The earth to spurn hath taken.

## XCV

1. Queen of mine, thou go'st so goodly That for thee outright I die ;  
Turk of mine, thou swayest sweetly ; For thy shape and height I die.

2. "When," sayst thou, "wilt die before me ?" O my soul, what need of haste?  
Lo, thou ask'st and ere thine asking Ended is, forthright I die.

3. I'm a drunken, exiled lover : Where's the idol-cupbearer?  
Sway thy graceful stature hither, Till before thy sight I die.

4. Bid ye her, for whose estrangement 'Tis a lifetime that I'm sick,  
"Give a look, so of thy glances, Darkling as the night, I die."

5. "Pain," sayst thou, "my lip of ruby Giveth, ay, and medicine."  
Of thy pain and of thy med'cine, Turn by turn, poor wight, I die.

6. Gracefully thou goest swaying, Far from thee the evil eye !  
At thy feet may (this one fancy Have I in my spright) I die !

7. Though no room there be for Hafiz In thy favour's sanctuary,  
For thine every place, whose every Place is good and right, I die. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. I will be content with the humblest place in thy favour, if thou wilt deign to look upon me with kindness.

## XCVI

1. Long for her the fire of passion Burneth in this soul of ours,  
Through the yearnings that this wasted Heart do still control of ours.
2. In blood-water of the liver Mine eye-apple have they drowned;  
Hence the sun-fount of her cheek is In this breast in dole of ours. <sup>1</sup>
3. Khizr's water <sup>2</sup> but a trickle From that sugared ruby lip,  
And a reflex, from that moon-face, Is the round sun's bowl, of ours.
4. Since the verse "I breathed thereinto Of my breath" <sup>3</sup> I heard, 'tis plain  
To my mind that we of hers are And she part and whole of ours.
5. Apprehension of Love's myst'ries Is not giv'n to every heart;  
Nay, that high and subtle secrèt's Known but to this soul of ours. <sup>4</sup>
6. Prate no longer, o expounder Of the Faith; for lo! our faith  
In both worlds is the enjoyment Of that Loved One sole of ours. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pupil of the eye likened to the ruby, which (as before explained) the Persians believe to become red by exposure, on fresh liver, to the sun-rays. Hence, the poet says, "My eye-apple, being drowned in the blood of my liver", which, it must be remembered, is, for the Persians, the seat of love, "is rubified by the sun-fount (i. e. source of light) of thy radiant cheek, whose image is ever abiding in my bosom".

<sup>2</sup> "Khizr's water", i. e. the water of life.

<sup>3</sup> [Said the Lord] "I shaped it (the human form) and breathed thereinto of My breath (spirit)", Koran XV, 29. The poet means that, as all souls are made of the breath of God, his soul and that of the Beloved are necessarily one and the same.

<sup>4</sup> Rhyme-word of l. 1. here repeated in original.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. The love of the Beloved's our whole religion.

7. Hafiz, give God thanks for ever That, from the First Day, ordained  
Was yon fair this soul to mate with, Comfort and console of ours.

## XCVII

1. The image of thy face to us In every road way-mate is ;  
The bond of this our soul attent <sup>1</sup> The scent of thy tress-plait is.

2. In answer to the cavillers, Who Love forbid, the beauty  
Of thy fair face an argument, That suff'reth no debate, is.

3. Hark, how the apple of her chin Declareth, "Many a Joseph  
"Of Egypt fallen in our pit, Attracted by our bait, is."

4. If thy long tresses to attain To us be unvouchsaféd,  
The fault but that of our short hand <sup>2</sup> And of our sorry fate is.

5. Say unto him who keeps the door Of that thy privy-chamber,  
"Lo, such an one <sup>3</sup> of those that haunt The threshold of our gate is :

6. "Though in appearance from the sight Of us he be excluded,  
"He ever present to the eye Of this our mind sedate is.

7. "If Hafiz at the portal knock On beggar-fashion, open ;  
"For on our moonface, many a year, He longingly await is."

<sup>1</sup> *Agah*, conscious, attent, wary. The meaning of this epithet is not obvious.

<sup>2</sup> "Short hand", Persian idiom for "lack of power".

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the poet himself.

## XCVIII

1. If default from out thy musky Tress's hair hath past, 'tis past ;  
If from thy swart mole oppression To our share hath past, 'tis past.
2. If Love's levin burn the harvest Of the wool-wearer, 'tis burned ;  
If unright from King to beggar Poor and base hath past, 'tis past.
3. If a heart must bear a burden From the charmer's glance, 'tis borne ;  
'Twixt the soul and the Beloved Whatsoe'er hath past, 'tis past.
4. Thanks to talebearers and slanderers, Still reproach and blame arise ;  
But 'twixt friends if aught unseemly, Aught unfair, hath past, 'tis past.
5. In love's way forbid vexation Is of spirit. Bring thou wine ;  
Every trouble, like all gladness That whilere hath past, 'tis past.
6. To the game of Love long-suff'ring Appertaineth : heart, stand fast ;  
If chagrin or if oppression O'er thee there hath past, 'tis past.
7. Blame not Hafiz that the cloister He forsook. The freeman's foot  
Bind how wilt thou ? If it unto Anywhere hath past, 'tis past.

## XCIX

1. Each man of happy-sight, who would The way of heart's content fare,  
Doth to the tavern-nook, the house Of will and free intent, fare.

2. The pilgrim, with the half-maund cup, All mysteries resolveth  
Of the Unseen, that in the world, To vision evident, fare. <sup>1</sup>

3. Come and hear wisdom from my lips; For thence do words, still pregnant  
With profitable subtleties, By Gabriel's favour lent, fare. <sup>2</sup>

4. Nought but debauchery seek ye From me; for this same usance  
Doth with the star that ruled my birth Forever in consent fare. <sup>3</sup>

5. On the wrong hand thou rosest up <sup>3</sup> This morning : peradventure  
Did last night's tale of wine beyond Thy fitting complement fare. <sup>4</sup>

6. Except that leach, the Jesus-breathed, A miracle accomplish,  
Long since past visits did my case And past medicament fare.

7. A thousand thanks that Hafiz from The winchouse nook, yest'reven,  
Did to the coign of piety And faith obedient fare !

## C

1. Never once her lip of ruby Did we pree; and she is gone;  
Ne'er our fill her moon-like visage Did we see; — and she is gone.

2. 'Twas as weariness possessed her Of our company; for she  
Bound her burdens on, departed Hastily, — and she is gone.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the spiritual mysteries that exist in the Visible World.  
predestined to be a toper.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. I was  
<sup>3</sup> *Sic.* The meaning is the same as our similar phrase.

<sup>4</sup> Addressed to a caviller.

3. Fátihéh <sup>1</sup> and Charm of Yemen <sup>2</sup> Oft recited we and blew, <sup>3</sup>  
After we had said the chapter "Unity"; <sup>4</sup> — and she is gone.

4. "Never from thy wish's quarter," Coaxing, said she, "will I go."  
How we bought her false caresses Seen have ye; — and she is gone.

5. "Whoso seeketh mine enjoyment From himself," quoth she, "must part."  
Self from self, in hope of union, Did we free; — and she is gone.

6. In the meads of grace and beauty Went she proudly; but alack!  
In the rose-garth of her favours Walked not we; — and she is gone.

7. All night long, as Hafiz' wont is, I bewail me that to take  
Leave of her it was not granted Unto me; — and she is gone.

## CI

1. Alack, for the Loved One left us In sorrow and pain and went;  
Like smoke on the top of the furnace She caused us remain and went.

2. She gave not a cup to the cropsick Of Love's mirth-kindling wine,  
But caused us to taste of the bitter Of sev'rance's bane and went.

3. When once I was fallen her booty, Me wounded and sick at heart  
In the sea of chagrin she abandoned, Her steed gave the rein and went.

<sup>1</sup> First chapter of the Koran.

charm. Blowing is a part of the machinery of Eastern sorcery; the Koran speaks of witches as "blowers upon knots".

<sup>2</sup> A prayer of Mohammed's.

<sup>3</sup> As a

<sup>4</sup> The 112<sup>th</sup> Chapter of the Koran, used

as a charm.



4. "By practice", quoth I, "I may bring her In bonds." But at me she took  
[fright,  
Affrighted the steed of my fortune And broke through the chain and went.
5. When the blood of my heart in my bosom The place on it straitened found,  
By the road of the eye, Gulgoun-like, <sup>1</sup> It fled to the plain and went.
6. Since fortune of service accepted Was not to the slave vouchsafed,  
The threshold to kiss and obeisance To make he was fain and went.
7. The rose in the veil's secluded; The bird of the morning-tide  
Came late into Hafiz's garden And made his complain and went.

## CII

1. There's none who fallen victim Unto thy tress is not;  
Who is there in whose pathway Snare of duress is not?
2. 'Tis as thy face a mirror Were of the Light Divine;  
Ay is 't; and in this saying Two-facédness is not. <sup>2</sup>
3. The zealot bids me turn from Thy face: O rare! In him,  
Before thy face and heaven, Lo! shamefastness is not!

<sup>1</sup> *Gulgoun*, "Rose-colour", was the name of Khusrau Perwiz's horse. For a study of the curious colours which horses assume (by reason of close shaving of the hair and climatic influences) in the East, see Fromentin, "Un Été dans le Sahara". The lover's bloody tears are likened to Gulgoun for obvious reasons. <sup>2</sup> i. e. this is sincerely said; there is no doubt about it; the word "*rous*" "two-facédness" also = "face", simply; it is here used with a secondary meaning of "There is no dissembling in that (the Beloved's) face".

4. Weep, candle of the morning, For my case and thine own;  
For thine or mine this hidden Fire of distress is not. <sup>1</sup>

5. God witness is (and witness Sufficient God is) that  
My tear than the blood-shedding Of martyrs less is not. <sup>2</sup>

6. Thine eye would the narcissus Fain ape; but in its head  
And eye, poor wretch, or knowledge Or lightsomeness is not.

7. Busk not thy locks, 'fore heaven; For ours a night, when we  
Not with the East wind battle For that thy tress, is not.

8. I, when she went, "Thy promise Keep, idol", said; and she  
"Thou dot'st; such thing, at present, <sup>3</sup> As faithfulness is not".

9. Since from the corner-sitters <sup>4</sup> Thine eye the heart doth steal,  
Sure, in thy train to follow For us excess is not.

10. Come back, for in the banquet Of friends, without thy face,  
O heart-enkindling candle, Light or liesse is not.

11. What if the Magian Elder My teacher be? There's ne'er  
A head where some God's secret, For more or less, is not.

12. To say, in the sun's presence, "I am the fount of light",  
For little stars befitting, The wise confess, is not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. "It is not only *thy* lot or *my* lot to burn; it is common to both of us".

<sup>2</sup> i. e. It is as great a sin to shed my tears as to shed the blood of martyrs.

"In this age"; used p. g.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. The pious recluses.

<sup>3</sup> syn.

13. Fair fame by stranger-tending<sup>1</sup> Is gotten: soul, 'twould seem  
The usance in thy city Of gentillesse is not.<sup>1</sup>

14. Needs must the lover suffer The shafts of censure: shield  
For champion 'gainst the arrows Of Fate and stress is not.

15. Lo, in the zealot's cloister, As in the Soufi's cell,  
Except thine eyebrows' angle, A prayer-recess is not.

16. O thou, whose hand in Hafiz' Heart's blood is dipped, in thee,  
'Twould seem, against God's Koran Fear to trangress is not.

## CIII

1. Eye there is not from thy face's Radiance full of light that is not;  
To thy threshold's dust beholden, Yea, there is no sight that is not.<sup>1</sup>

2. Lookers on thy face all mortals Are that are possessed of vision;  
There's no head fulfilled with longing For thy browlocks bright that is not.

3. If, of sorrow for thee, crimson Forth my tears come, 'tis no wonder:  
There's no talebearer confounded At his own unright that is not.<sup>2</sup>

4. Nay, mine eyes, that are beholden To thy threshold's dust for tutty,  
There's no doorway-dust beholden To them day and night that is not.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Addressed to the Beloved.  
the Beloved is the salve of the lover's eye.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. for collyrium. The threshold-dust of

<sup>3</sup> The tears disclose our love and  
blush (i. e. are dyed with blood) for consciousness of their own ill-doing.

<sup>3</sup> i. e.  
for watering with their tears.

5. So no grain of dust may settle From the breeze upon thy raiment,  
There's no passage-way a torrent With my tears at height that is not !

6. To the tenderlings forbidden Is Love's travel ; yea, forbidden ;  
In that way's least step no peril Is to left and right that is not.

7. So of thy locks' scent they prate not Every where, there's not a morning  
There, betwixt me and the breezes, Wrangling and despite that is not.

8. 'Tis not meet that secrets issue Forth the veil ; although there's nothing  
In th' assembly of the topers Proved and known outright that is not.

9. Of my luckless star I plain me, Since, myself excepted, sharer  
In the blessings from thy quarter Flowing there's no wight that is not.

10. Of its shame before the sweetness Of thy lip, o fount of honey,  
There's no sugar into syrup Melted at thy sight that is not.

11. Not I only, heart-bereft one, For thy sake am bloody-livered ;  
There 's no heart, for thy sweet sorrow, Marry, in like plight that is not.

12. Nay, the lion, in the desert Of thy love, a fox becometh ;  
Out upon this way, where peril Is there nor affright that is not !

13. This much trace of my existence Still is mine, that it existeth ;  
Else therein no sign of sickness Is nor lack of might that is not.

14. Save this only point that Hafiz Still with thee is discontented,  
In thy person, there's no merit, Ay, and no delight, that is not.

## CIV

1. In the Magian Elder's favour Life and joyance without spare is;  
In the winehouse-garden water, Yea, and wonder-goodly air is. <sup>1</sup>
2. It behoveth all the gen'rous At his feet to lay their foreheads;  
Further comment on this subject, Of good breeding, to forbear is.
3. All the tale of Heaven's splendour And the High-built House <sup>2</sup> a figure  
For the glory of the dwelling Of the grape-vine's daughter rare is.
4. After ruby wine our gen'rous Spirit seeketh, whilst the miser,  
Striving after gold and silver, In the quest of wealth fore'er is.
5. In the Prime, o'er each man's forehead Passed the Pen of Fate in silence;  
This the cause of mosque and josshouse, Hell the foul and Heav'n the fair, is.
6. Unvouchsafed, without the serpent, Is the treasure. <sup>3</sup> Leave thy prating;  
Boulehéb's despite with Ahmed's <sup>4</sup> Luck foreordered still to pair is.
7. True, a pure and perfect jewel Honour is; but thou, endeavour  
For good works; for in high lineage And descent no honour there is.

<sup>1</sup> "Water-and-air" id. = climate. "Water" here may also mean "Wine" and "air" "desire, love".

<sup>2</sup> According to Muslim legend, there once stood, on the site of Mecca, a temple of red cornelian. At the time of the Deluge, it was uplifted to the Seventh Heaven, where it now hangs, under the style of the Inhabited (or High-built) House, immediately over Mecca. Abraham is said to have built the Kaabeh in its likeness.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. There is no good without its drawbacks. Serpents, as well as treasures, are found in ruined places.

<sup>4</sup> "Ahmed", a form of "Mohammed"; see previous note as to *Bouleheb*.

8. In the quest of love and passion Day and night, for ever striving,  
Hafiz' heart, by heaven's favour, In this self-same way <sup>1</sup> a-fare is.

## CV

1. The curve of thy tress Of faith and unfaith the snare is;  
And this but a jot Of the wildering craft of thy hair is.

2. Thy loveliness, sure, The miracle is of all beauty;  
The tale of thy glance Sheer magic and sorcery bare is.

3. Thy lips still renew The miracles wroughten of Jesus;  
The tale of thy locks The Rope of the Steadfast, <sup>2</sup> I swear, is.

4. On yonder black eye Be blessings an hundred! In slaying  
Of lovers for it A sorcerer passing compare is.

5. This star-lore of Love, Wherein is the uppermost heaven  
As nethermost earth, <sup>3</sup> A marvellous lore and a rare is!

6. Think not that by death The speaker of ill <sup>4</sup> his soul saveth;  
With "Two August Scribes" <sup>5</sup> His account in the end of th' affair is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in the way of good works mentioned in Couplet 7.      <sup>2</sup> "The Rope of the Steadfast". "The Steadfast" is one of the names of God. Mohammed (Koran III, 98) exhorts mankind to take fast hold of God's rope, (i. e. His revelation through himself), whereby He may hoist them up to heaven; so Beloved's tress compared to God's rope, as able to lift lovers to Paradise.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the highest is as the lowest.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the slanderer.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. The Recording Angels, of whom two are appointed to chronicle every man's actions.

7. The soul from thine eye, The wanton, can any deliver,  
That ambushed in wait, With the bow of the eyebrow, fore'er is?

8. From the craft of her tress, O Hafiz, sit not in assurance;  
Thy heart it hath ta'en And thy faith now intent to ensnare is.

9. In Time unbegun, A draught from Love's goblet drank Hafiz;  
His drunkenness all And his toping unending from there is.

10. With constancy, heart, Like Hafiz, bear thou her caprices;  
The lovelings 'caprice, Like themselves, ever lovesome and fair is.

#### CVI

1. Gone the Fast and come the Feast is And all hearts to joy awake;  
In the vat the wine astir is: Cup in hand behoveth take.

2. Past the time is of the dull-wit Traffickers in piety,  
Come the season for the topers To rejoice and merrimake.

3. Howsoe'er the zealot censure Him like me who drinketh wine,  
This no sin and no default is For the toper and the rake.

4. Better winebibbers, unsullied With dissembling and deceit,  
Be than hypocrites professing Piety for profit's sake.

5. No dissembling mates, no topers Hypocritical are we;  
Him who knoweth hearts to witness Of this case of ours we take.

6. God's commandments we accomplish And to no one ill we do ;  
And of what they say's unlawful, "It is lawful", ne'er we spake.

7. Wine the life-blood of the grape is, Not *your* blood. What matter, then,  
With a cup or two if haply Thou and I our thirst should slake ?

8. No such sin is this that any May thereby be damnified :  
Fault if't be, a faultless mortal When did the Creator make ?

9. Leave the prate of "How and Wherefore", Hafiz ; drink a draught of wine :  
What availeth "How and Wherefore" God's Foreordinance to break ?

## CVII

1. My heart of the world is weary And all that is therein ;  
There's nought in my mind save the Loved One, Of all the things that bin.

2. To me if a waft from the rosebed Of union with thee arrive,  
My heart, like the bud, for joyance, Abideth not in its skin. <sup>1</sup>

3. Th'exhorting of me, the madman, Distraught in the way of Love,  
Were nigh to the tale of the idiot And pitcher and stone akin. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sic.*

<sup>2</sup> The Cadi Hemideddin Omar of Belkh (author of the *Mecamat* or Sessions, a Persian commentary on the Koran) sent Anweri the poet a pitcher of grape-syrup, by a halfwitted man, and gave the latter a letter to take with it. The messenger, by the way, let the pitcher strike against a stone and broke it; then, continuing his journey, he delivered the letter to Anweri, together with the neck and handle of the pitcher. Anweri read the letter and asked for the grape-syrup; whereupon said the natural, "A stone took it from me". "Then, why", "enquired Anweri,



4. Go say to the bigot, sitting In solitude, "Blame us not  
"If we've for our prayer-niche taken The curve of that eyebrow thin".

5. 'Twixt Kaabeh and Idol-temple No difference is: the Friend  
Is present in every quarter, wherever the sight may win.

6. Caléndership's not in shaving Of eyebrows and beard and hair;  
In hair-by-hair doing of duty It is and avoidance of sin.

7. Like Hafiz, the true Calénder Is he who renounceth self;  
A trifle it is to part with The hair of the head and chin. <sup>1</sup>

### CVIII

1. In view of the shape of the Friend, Of the cypress to speak were ill; <sup>1</sup>  
For the cypress erect from her shape Its loftiness borroweth still.

2. I picture me not her shape As that of the cypress, since  
The cypress, though lofty it be, Grows wild in the meads at its will. <sup>2</sup>

3. The image still dwells in mine eye Of her cypress-like shape, because  
The place of the cypress straight Was aye on the marge of the rill. <sup>3</sup>

"hast thou brought me these?" pointing to the neck and handle of the pitcher. "To bear witness to the truth of my story", replied the other. The application of the story to the poet's case is not clear.

<sup>1</sup> The Calenders' (see previous note) distinguish themselves from other mendicant orders by shaving their heads and faces, eyebrows included.

<sup>2</sup> Whilst the Beloved, on the contrary, has been tenderly and carefully nurtured in the house.

<sup>3</sup> Lover's tearful eye likened to a rill.

4. The East of her tress and her down And her mole tells many a tale  
To musk; whence comes it that musk Sweet savours doth so distil.

5. A line on her radiant face There is; but the new-risen moon  
Or the curve of her brow if it be, To tell overpasseth our skill.

6. That man to the crook of the mall Of her tresses his head, like the ball,  
Who giveth, a thousand dear lives, In ransom for him, would I spill!

7. The wish of the heart an thou seek, Thy need of her mouth do thou ask;  
Ensue not, like Hafiz, her eye, That seeks but to trouble and kill.

## CIX

1. Say not, when the word of the wise Thou hearest, "The saying unfit is":  
My fair, thou'rt no kenner of speech; The fault in thine own lack of wit is.

2. The head of me boweth not down To *this* world nor yet to the other;  
No, (blessed be Heaven!) for all The tumult and coil that in it is.

3. Meknoweth not who is within This bosom of mine, the heart-wounded;  
For I, I am silent and it In clamour and cry infinite is.

4. My heart is come forth of the veil Of patience: ho! where is the minstrel?  
Come, sing to me quick, for my case Is lightened and eased by thy ditties.

5. I never had heed to the goods Of this weariful world; for its fairness  
From that thy bright cheek, in mine eyes, All borrowed and drawn every whit is.

6. These hundred nights past I've not slept, For an image that haunteth my  
[fancy;  
Cropsick am I: where is the house Where the remedy, — wine, to wit, — is?
7. Since thus with the blood of my heart Berayed are the cell and the cloister,  
With wine if ye wash me, the right In your hand (who can else but admit?) is.
8. In the Magians' convent, God wot, They hold me in honour and worship  
For this, that a fire in my heart, That dieth not ever, alit is.
9. What instrument was it, indeed, That yesternight sounded the minstrel,  
So life from me lapsed and my brain Still full of the sound of the fyttle is?
10. Of the love of thee unto mine ear They yesternight made proclamation;  
The plain of my heart, for desire, Of the sound of the cry yet unquit is.
11. Since first unto Hafiz there came The sound of the voice of the Loved One,  
For yearning, the mount of his heart Yet full of the echo of it is.

## CX

1. For our pain no cure, ywis, is. Help! Oh help!  
For our woes no end in bliss is. Help! Oh help!
2. Faith and heart they've ta'en and threaten Now the soul:  
'Gainst these cruel cockatrices, Help! Oh help!
3. Help, against the heart-enslavers Pitiless,  
Souls who seek in price of kisses! Help! Oh help!

4. See, our blood they drink, these stony-Hearted trulls!  
Muslims, say, what cure for this is? Help! Oh help!

5. Help the wretched, day of union! Save them from  
Parting's long dark night's abysses! Help! Oh help!

6. Every time and tide betideth Some new pain  
From that heartless fair's caprices. Help! Oh help!

7. Day and night, I fare distracted, Weep and burn,  
As the wont of me, Hafiz, is. Help! Oh help!

## CXI

1. Behoving 'tis that charmers all To thee should homage pay,  
Crown-like, o'er all the lovelings' heads Of earth that holdest sway.

2. Thy tipsy eyes a trouble are Unto all Turkestán;  
Yea, tribute to thy tresses' plaits Give India and Cathay.

3. The blackness of thy dusky tress Than midnight blacker is;  
The whiteness of thy face more bright Than is the cheek of day.

4. For this my sickness, whence, indeed, Whence shall I healing find,  
Except the anguish of my heart Enforce from thee allay?

5. To Khizr's water thy strait mouth Continuance gives; thy lip,  
Like sugar candy, bears the vogue From Egypt's sweets<sup>1</sup> away.

<sup>1</sup> Egypt appears to have been celebrated for its refined sugar and sweetmeats.

6. Why breakest thou, o soul of mine, For stony-heartedness,  
This heart of ours, that's frail as glass For weakness and dismay?

7. Thy shape's a cypress, waist a hair And bosom ivory;  
Thy down is Khizr and thy lip Life's water doth purvey.

8. Strange that in Hafiz' head hath fall'n Love for a queen like thee!  
Oh would that in thy threshold's dust A menial slave he lay!

## CXII

1. If in thy canon the shedding The blood of the lover is right,  
Good to us also seemeth That which is good in thy sight.

2. The black of thy tress declareth Of Him who appointed the dark <sup>1</sup>  
And He who hath sundered the morning <sup>2</sup> Is shown of thy face's white.

3. From mine eyes to my lap a river Of tears, so deep that there  
No sailor to swim availeth, Is running fore'er at height.

4. Thy lips, like the water of Khizr, The food of the soul contain  
And in them the savour of wine is For earthly appetite.

5. From the grip of the noose of thy tresses Deliverance findeth none;  
None 'scapeth the bow of thine eyebrow And shaft of thine eye of light.

<sup>1</sup> "And He (God) appointed the darknesses and the light"; Koran, VI, 1.

<sup>2</sup> [God] the Sunderer (or Cleaver open) of the Morning"; Koran, VI, 96.

6. Seek not at our hand repentance And grace and good works. Who looks  
To lovers and sots and madmen For virtue and life contrite ?

7. For an hundred of lovers' devices, Thy ruby lip giveth no kiss ;  
Nor its wish can my heart of it compass, A thousand implorings despite.

8. Be ever the prayer for thy welfare The usance of Hafiz's tongue,  
What while, in succession, there follow Each other the day and the night !

## CXIII

1. Behold the new moon of Muhérrem ! <sup>1</sup> Quick, call for the goblet of wine.  
'Tis the month of assurance and safety, The first of the year benign.

2. Anent this base world and its fortunes, Go, let not the beggar strive :  
The ball of success to the Sultan, O light of mine eyes, resign !

3. Behoveth the time of enjoyment To cherish ; for swift of flight  
It is, like the Day of the Handsel <sup>2</sup> And Night of Appointment Divine. <sup>3</sup>

4. Bring wine ; for his day (and his only) In pleasance and good will pass  
Who maketh the Cup of the Morning The lamp of the day in his eyne.

5. What fitting devotion can ever From me fuddle-headed proceed,  
Who know not the Cry of the Even From "Cleaver of Morn," in fine ? <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Muhérrem is the first month of the Muslim year and in it war is unlawful.

<sup>2</sup> "Day of the Handsel", 20<sup>th</sup> Ramazan, date of surrender of Mecca to Mohammed.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. "Night of Power".

<sup>4</sup> i. e. who know not the difference between the calls to evening and to morning prayer.

6. Of thine affair, heart, thou art heedless; And since thou hast lost the key,  
I fear me that none, at thy calling, Will open the door of Love's shrine. <sup>1</sup>

7. A night to day waken, like Hafiz, In hope of attainment; belike  
The rose of thy fortune shall blossom, By th' Opener's <sup>2</sup> favour, and shine.

8. 'Tis Shah Shejáa's time <sup>3</sup> and the season Of wisdom and equity;  
Be easance of heart and spirit, Both morning and evening, thine!

## CXIV

1. My heart, for desire of the visage so fair Of Ferrúkh, <sup>4</sup>  
Is tangled and mazed like the mazy hair Of Ferrukh.

2. There's no one excepting the Indian it be of her tress, <sup>5</sup>  
Who's blest with the sight of the beauty so rare Of Ferrukh.

3. O happy that fair-fortuned blackmoor, for that it  
The waymate and housemate is fore'er Of Ferrukh!

4. The proud garden cypress a-quake like the willow becomes,  
At sight of the heart-luring stature and air Of Ferrukh.

<sup>1</sup> The key to Love's shrine is the due service of the beloved.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. God's.

<sup>3</sup> Shah Shejaa, Sultan of Fars, (A. D. 1359—1384) was a bon vivant and a debonair prince, who favoured poets and singers and allowed the drinking of wine. The name "Shējāa" is an iambic dissyllable and is also written "*Shujaa*". I have adopted Brockhaus's vocalization.

<sup>4</sup> Apparently the name of the poet's mistress, although Soudi seems (from his referring to the object of this ode as Ferrukh *Agā*) to think the person eulogized an eunuch. He however gives no manner of reason for this supposition.

<sup>5</sup> Tress called "Indian" because of its blackness.

5. Give, cupbearer, wine of the Redbud's hue, so we  
A toast to the witoing narcissus may bear Of Ferrukh.

6. My shape, for chagrin, is bended in twain like the bow,  
Is bowed like the brows, for sorrow and care, Of Ferrukh.

7. The fragrance of Tartary musk is put to shame  
By the waft of the ambergris-scented hair Of Ferrukh.

8. Yea, whithersoever men's hearts incline and tend,  
*My* heart in the traces still doth fare Of Ferrukh.

9. The servant am I of his magnanimity,  
Like Hafiz, who's bound in the tresses' snare Of Ferrukh.

## CXV

1. Sawest thou, o heart, the havoc That Love's pain hath wrought?  
What, departing, she with lovers, True in vain, hath wrought?

2. That ensorcelling narcissus, <sup>1</sup> What a game 't hath played!  
And that tipsy one <sup>1</sup> to sober Folk what bane hath wrought!

3. As the afterglow <sup>2</sup> my tears are For her lovelessness.  
See, what devastation Fortune Inhumane hath wrought!

4. Flashed from Leila's camp a levin In the dawn: alack  
For what it with Mejnoun's harvest, Sorrow-slain, hath wrought!

<sup>1</sup> The beloved's eye.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. ruddy (with blood).



5. Wine ! None knoweth what the Limner Of th' Invisible,  
In the compass of the ages' Wax and wane, hath wrought.

6. Nay, this mystery none knoweth, What behind the screen  
He, who limned and fashioned yonder Azure plain, <sup>1</sup> hath wrought.

7. Thought of love the fire of sorrow Lit in Hafiz' heart:  
See with comrade what old comrade <sup>2</sup> Once again hath wrought!

## CXVI.

1. The bulbul at dawn To the wind of the East his lament made  
Of the havoc with him That the face of the rose and her scent made.

2. My heart all a-bleed With the bloom of that face Love hath rendered  
And this my sad breast With the thorn of that rosebed all rent made.

3. The servant am I Of that lovesome one's soul, who good actions  
Her practice, without Dissembling or fraud or ostent, made.

4. O sweet to her be That breeze of the dawn-tides, which ever  
Hath solace for those, Who waken till night is forspent, made!

5. Of strangers no more I'll plain; for, — however they caused me  
Annoy, — on like wise That Friend me to rue, of intent, made.

6. If aught of the king I hoped, 'twas a fault; from the charmer  
The faith which I sought Oppression in her the event made.

<sup>1</sup> The heavens.  
long been the poet's familiar.

<sup>2</sup> The "old comrade" here referred to is Love, which had

7. On every side aye Have bulbuls enamoured lamented,  
Whilst merry at will The wind of the East thereanent made ;

8. Still drew back the veil Of the rose and the vest of the rosebud  
Unbuttoned and loosed And the hyacinth's tresses y-sprent made.

9. Go bear the glad news To the winesellers' quarter that Hafiz  
Of abstinence vain And fraud hath resolve to repent made.

CXVII <sup>1</sup>

1. 'Twas a bulbul drank his heart's blood And a rose his own made ;  
Jealous fortune's blast with hundred Thorns his heart to groan made.

2. Sugar hoping, joyed a parrot : but perdition's torrent  
Hope's charáctery, effacing, As't had ne'er been known made.

3. Still remembered be that solace Of mine eyes, my heart's fruit !  
Easy fled he and uneasy This my lot, when flown, made.

4. Cameleer, my load is fallen : Help me ! For the journey  
With this litter, I, relying On thy grace alone, made.

5. Scorn my dropping eyes and dusty Face not ; for its pleasaunce  
Of this straw-and-mud hath yonder Heaven's azure zone made. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to Soudi, this ode was written on the death of the poet's only son.

<sup>2</sup> Heaven, says Soudi, here = God ; i. e. God delights in our frail human body, vile mortal clay though it be.

6. Woe that, for the eye invidious Of the moon of heaven,  
Hath my bow-browed moon his dwelling 'Neath the graveyard stone made!

7. Hafiz, thou forgot'st to castle <sup>1</sup> And th'occasion past is.  
Yet what help? Me Fortune's juggle Heedless of mine own made. <sup>2</sup>

## CXVIII

1. Come, for Heav'n's Turk a raid upon The Fast-tide's tray hath made; <sup>3</sup>  
The Feast's new moon the sign to pass The wine-cup gay hath made.

2. Guerdon for fast and pilgrimage He only garnereth  
Who visitation oft unto Love's winehouse-clay hath made.

3. Our true, our native dwelling place The tavern-corner is;  
God guerdon him with good who this Abode (I pray) hath made!

4. Fair fall his prayers and suppliance, Who, thorough grief and pain,  
With the eye's water and heart's blood, His soil away hath made! <sup>4</sup>

5. Look in the Friend's face: to this eye Be grateful; for what use  
Of sight it maketh, it with true Discernment aye hath made.

<sup>1</sup> Figure taken from game of chess; i. e. (according to Soudi) thou neglectedst to marry thy son, so that thou mightest have had grandchildren to console thyself withal for his loss.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Malignant Fortune's delusion made me overlook my own interest in this.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to the old custom of setting out, on certain days, a tray (i. e. table) of food, for the Turkish body-guard of the Sultans of Baghdad to fall upon and scramble for, as a reminder and symbol of their origin and ancient custom of making their livelihood by pillage.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. weeping and contrition are the best ablution before prayer.

6. What is the price of ruby wine ? The jewel of the wit.  
 Drink, for he gaineth by this trade Who the essay hath made.
7. Out on the city elder, whose Askance narcissus-eye  
 Of those who drain the goblet's dregs Its mock to day hath made !
8. Prayer in the prayer-niche of thy brows He-only offereth  
 Who with blood-water of the heart His soil away hath made. <sup>1</sup>
9. If the assembly of th' Imám Should question, "Shift to day  
 "For fulling [of his clothes] with wine 'The Soufi'", say, "hath made." <sup>2</sup>
10. The tale of love from Hafiz hear, Not from the 'monisher,  
 For all th' expounding art whereof The wight display hath made.

## CXIX

1. The sage with the shining water of wine His purification maketh,  
 What while of the winehouse, at break of day, He visitation maketh.
2. When hidden becometh the golden bowl Of the sun, the skinker's eyebrow,  
 That moon of the Festival, sign for the cup's Free circulation maketh. <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A variant, with the same rhyme-word, of Couplet 4. <sup>2</sup> The commentators give no explanation of this curious couplet, but the meaning appears to be that, if the orthodox and zelators ask what is become of Hafiz, they are to be boldly told that he hath set apart to-day for the cleansing of himself, by means of winebibbing, from the stains of hypocrisy and fraud, with which he had become polluted during his membership of the Soufi order.

<sup>3</sup> The skinker's eyebrow likened to the new moon of Shewwal, the appearance of which is the signal for the ending of the Ramazan Fast and the beginning of the succeeding Festival.

3. My heart from the curl of her tress, at the cost Of the soul, confusion buyeth:  
I know not what profit it seeth, that it This speculation maketh.

4. Lo, even his rev'rence the Lord Imám, Him of long prayers who vaunteth,  
God wot, of his gown, in the blood of the maid Of the vine, lustration maketh.<sup>1</sup>

5. Nay, come to the winehouse and see how near My station there to the  
Albe us the zealot a butt for scorn And vilification maketh.<sup>2</sup> [throne is,

6. The sign of the covenant of love From Hafiz' soul seek ever,<sup>3</sup>  
Though sorrow for thee<sup>4</sup> of the house of the heart Sore spoliation maketh.

## CXX

1. My way, like the breeze, To the Loved One's abode I will make;  
My soul musky-breathed With the dust of her road I will make.

2. All honour and fame, That by learning and faith I have won,  
As dust in the path Of that lovely one strowed I will make.

3. To waste, without wine And beloved, life lapseth amain;  
Henceforward away With idleness' load I will make.

<sup>1</sup> The usual quip at the pietists, accusing them of secret winedrinking.

<sup>2</sup> i. e., we are held in honour among toppers and true lovers, though the pietists scoff at us.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Hafiz may always be relied upon to keep his trothplight, how much soever he may suffer at the Beloved's hands.

<sup>4</sup> "Thee", i. e. the Beloved.

4. Where's the wind of the East? For my soul, blood-besteeped like the rose,  
On the scent of her locks, As strewage, bestowed I will make. <sup>1</sup>

5. As the lamp of the morn <sup>2</sup> It is manifest grown unto me  
That away with my life For her love, on this mode, I will make.

6. For the sake of thine eye, My self I'll lay waste and the base  
Of the covenant old Withal firm and broad I will make.

7. Dissembling and fraud Give, Hafiz, not gladness of heart:  
The pathway of Love And toping my road I will make.

## CXXI

1. Now that the rose in the meads To life is returned from the dead,  
The violet prone at her feet Layeth in homage its head. <sup>3</sup>

2. The cup of the morning quaff To the clamour of tabret and harp;  
Yea, kiss thou the cup-bearer's chin, To the warble of rebeck and reed.

3. Sit never in rose-time without Beloved and ghittern and wine,  
For a week, like the season of life, Is the time of the roses red.

4. The earth, with the zodiac-signs Of the flow'rets, is grown as bright,  
By the happy auspice of Spring, As the firmament overhead.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. If the East wind (the messenger of the desireful lover) will bring me the scent of her locks, I will give it my soul in exchange.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the sun.

<sup>3</sup> The violet, which has of course a pensile habit, mostly (says Soudi) grows about the skirts of the rose.

5. Arise; in the garden renew The rites of the Magians' creed,  
Now Nimrod his fire once more Hath lit in the tulip-bed.<sup>1</sup>

6. At the hand of a lovely maid, A soft-cheeked one, Jesus-breathed,  
Drink wine and of Aad and Themoud Be never a word more said!<sup>2</sup>

7. As the Garden Etern<sup>3</sup> is the world In the season of lily and rose:  
But alack! what availeth? Therein<sup>4</sup> Was never abiding-stead.

8. Since, Solomon-like, on the air A rider the rose is grown,<sup>5</sup>  
At dawn, from the throat of the bird When David's ditties are sped,<sup>6</sup>

9. Brim, brim thou the cup! To the health Of the Asef of this our age,  
The Vizier Imádeddín, The blood of the grape be shed!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Now that the tulip-bed is all aglow with fire-red blossom (likened to the fire into which Nimrod is fabled by the Muslims to have cast Abraham and which became a rose-garden under the latter's feet, it is time to renew the rites of Zoroaster and to drink wine, that liquid fire.

<sup>2</sup> "Aad and Themoud", two tribes mentioned in the Koran (VII, 63); i. e. *carpe diem*; concern yourselves not with the past.

<sup>3</sup> "The Garden Etern", one of the Eight Paradises.

<sup>4</sup> "Therein", i. e. in the world.

<sup>5</sup> The rose, as it sways to and fro in the breeze, likened to Solomon, as he rode upon the wind.

<sup>6</sup> David is for the Mohammedans the type of the musician, as Joseph that of manly beauty. Says the historian Tabari, "God sent David the Psalms and gave him a goodly voice, so that he sang them to such fine airs and on such fair wise that none ever heard the like; and when he went about to chant the praises of the Most High, the birds of heaven came and settling about his head, hearkened to him. Moreover, the mountains joined their voices to his, as is said in the Koran, 'We enforced the mountains to celebrate Our praises with him night and morning,' (*Koran* XXXVIII, 17)." The whole story is, of course a fanciful enlargement upon the fact that David was the responsible editor of a number of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" by various writers, (many of which belonged to the ritual of other and older religions,) published under his name.

10. Come, Hafiz, from life in his time <sup>1</sup> Eternal felicity seek.  
The shade of his grace o'er us For ever and aye be spread!

11. Bring wine; for Hafiz's trust On the mercy of God most High,  
Forgiver of sins, is still And will be established.

## CXXII

1. The Soufi his snare set and open His trick-box anew hath made;  
Ay, ready to bubble the heavens, That juggler of blue, hath made.

2. But the cup-and-ball player of Fortune Will e'en break the egg in his cap, <sup>2</sup>  
Who bold sleight of hand with the folk Of the secret <sup>3</sup> to do hath made.

3. Come, cupbearer, prithee give wine; The Soufis' fair loving is come  
And of beauty and grace, the coquette, Display in our view hath made.

4. O whence is this minstrel, himself Who addressed to the mode of Irac  
And then by the road of Hijáz <sup>4</sup> His home return who hath made? <sup>5</sup>

5. Come quick, o my heart! Let us go: Let us flee to the refuge of God  
From the mischief which he of short sleeves And long hand thereto <sup>6</sup> hath  
[made!

<sup>1</sup> "His time", i. e. that of the aforesaid Vizier.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. flout him and put him to shame; alluding to a trick commonly played by jugglers on simple fellows, on whose head they set an egg, then, putting on the cap and giving it a smart blow, break the egg and make the yolk run down the victim's face, for the sake of raising a laugh among the spectators.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Men of insight and knowledge.

<sup>4</sup> The mode of Irac is a cheerful and that of Hijaz a plaintive one. *Rak*, mode, measure, syn. "road".

<sup>5</sup> i. e. who began in one mode and after modulated into another.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. the Soufi, whom Hafiz constantly represents as a hypocritical oppressor and evil-doer, masking his villainies under a show of extreme piety.



6. Dissembling use not; for the game Of Love if one play not aright,  
In the face of his heart Love the door Of meaning shut-to hath made.

7. That day when the forefront of Truth Shall manifest be, put to shame  
Shall he be who his feet in the path Of pretence to ensue hath made.

8. Where goest thou, partridge <sup>1</sup> so fair? Stay; be not deluded, because  
The hypocrite-cat a pretence Of devoutness untrue hath made. <sup>2</sup>

9. Nay, Hafiz, the toppers blame not; For God in Eternity's prime  
Of pious hypocrisy quit The winebibbing crew hath made.

## CXXIII

1. For Jem's cup our heart requirement Of us many a year made  
And for what itself possesseth Suit to strangers sheer made ;

2. For a pearl that in no oyster Is of Place-and-Being,  
Of the lostlings of the seaboard Quest from far and near made.

3. Yesternight, my crux I carried To the Magian Elder,  
Who by insight the solution Of th' enigma clear made.

4. Smiling-faced and blithe I found him, In his hand the winecup,  
Wherein he an hundred visions Mirrored to appear made.

<sup>1</sup> It is common with Persian poets to liken the Beloved's gait to that of the partridge.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the popular fable of the cat, which, by feigning piety and absorption in devout exercises, lured a partridge into her snare and devoured it. In this couplet the poet means to warn young people against the tricks of the cunning and lascivious Soufis.

5. "When gave God this cup world-showing Unto thee?" I asked him.  
 "That same day whereon", he answered, "He the azure sphere made.

6. "Yonder friend, who made the gibbet Glorious, his crime was  
 "That he patent heaven's secrets To the general ear made. <sup>1</sup>

7. "Heart-bereft one, in all cases, God was ever with him ;  
 "But he saw Him not and distant Him, when he was here, made.

<sup>1</sup> According to the commentators, the person here referred to was Sheikh Abou Mugheth El Husein Ibn Mensour, an ascetic, who was put to death (A.D. 919) by the Khalif Muctedir, on account of his practice of crying aloud, in the streets of Baghdad, "I am the Truth", i. e. "I am God". (This, at least, is the Soufi account; but the more probable explanation is that the person in question suffered for some political offence, the East and (*pace* the Bean-bag party) especially the Muslim East, being the land of religious toleration, where the most outrageous sectarian extravagations are winked at, as long as they are not used (as with the *Bâbis* and the modern so-called Eastern Christian) as a cover for intrigues à la Russe against the reigning power.) He appears to have been known as El Hellaj, the cotton dresser, probably from the name of his trade, and was regarded by the Soufis as almost divine, although they declare that he was allowed by God to suffer death, because he revealed the Divine secret of the unity of the devotee with the Deity. His disciples expected him to live again after forty days and Hafiz, adopting the Soufi opinion in this particular, alleges the very gibbet on which he suffered to have been glorified by his touch. The expression "I am the Truth", (*Ana el Hkecc*), his use of which is asserted to have been punished by the Muslim bigots, as a blasphemous pretention to Divinity, is purely Soufistic and signifies that he felt himself, as a consequence of long practice of mystic contemplation and asceticism (Indian *Yoga*) absorbed into the Divine Unity. As says another Soufi, "I am God and God is I". Cf. Angelus Silesius ("Without me, God could not exist for a moment") and other European mystics, such as Böhme, Eckhard, Ruysbroek, etc. The three following couplets of the taverner's speech do not seem to apply to El Hellaj and I am therefore inclined to doubt whether the commentators are correct in supposing him to be the person referred to; but there is no indication in the original which warrants me in suggesting any more definite explanation.

8. "All that juggling show, that Reason Here against Love maketh,  
"Erst, before the hand of Moses And his staff, Samīr made." <sup>1</sup>

9. "If the Holy Spirit's favour Once more deigned assistance,  
"Others yet would make the marvels Jesu's self whileare made."

10. "For what purpose are the idol's Chain-like locks?" I asked him.  
"Hafiz' frenzied heart to fetter Were they," quoth the seer, "made."

CXXIV <sup>2</sup>

1. Renouncement, o friend, of seclusion The maid of the vine hath made;  
With the Mohtesib's leave, her traffic She lawful, in fine, hath made.

2. From curtain <sup>3</sup> to banquet she cometh. Come, wipe ye her sweat off, that she  
May tell us why she with this absence The comrades to pine hath made.

3. Behoveth with union's fetters To prison the tipsy fair,  
Who all this long show of estrangement And coyness malign hath made.

4. The gift for glad news give! Love's minstrel Once more, heart, the wine-  
[bibbers' lilt  
Hath sounded and eke for cropsickness The remedy,— wine,— hath made.

<sup>1</sup> *Samir* or *Samiri*, a *Samaritan* juggler, who vied with Moses as a conjurer and to whom the Muslims attribute the making of the Golden Calf. As a matter of fact, he was a purely mythical personage, a creature of Mohammed's imagination.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently written on occasion of some relaxation of the laws against wine-drinking.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. from behind the curtain of seclusion.

5. No wonder the rose of my nature Bloomed out at her waft: the bird  
Of night o'er the damask rose-leaves Right merry long syne hath made.

6. Seven waters and fires by the hundred Avail not to do out the stain  
Which on the patchcoat of the Soufi The blood of the vine hath made.

7. O Hafiz, leave humbleness never; For th' envier offering still  
Of honour, wealth, heart, religion At vainglory's shrine hath made.

## CXXV

1. Thyself with the secret of Jemshid's cup Acquainted ill thou canst make,  
The salve of thine eye with the threshold dust Of the tavern until thou canst  
[make.]

2. Sit not without winecup and song; for 'neath The vault of the sky, away  
With grief from the heart, with the gurgle of wine And the minstrel's trill,  
[thou canst make.]

3. The rose of thy wish shall put aside Her face-veil and bloom, what time  
Thyself, like the zephyr of dawn, attent On her service still thou canst make.

4. Be ever alert in the way of love: Press forward, stage by stage.  
Great gain shall be thine if the journey to end, Betide there what will, thou  
[canst make.]

5. Nay, come, for possessed of delight and ease And life well-ordered thyself,  
By the blessings and bounties, that from the folk Of vision distil, thou canst  
[make.]

6. Nor face-veil nor screen hath the loveliness Of the Friend: if the dust of  
[the way  
Thou lay with thy tears, then blest with her sight Thine eyes, to thy fill, thou  
[canst make.
7. O thou, that withoutside the house of the flesh Ne'er settest thy foot to depart,  
How deemst thou, thy way to the stead of the truth, O'er desert and hill, thou  
[canst make?
8. In mendicanthood at the winehouse's door A marvellous alchemy is:  
This craft an thou practise, to very gold The dust of its sill thou canst make.
9. O heart, if cognition thou once attain Of the light of austerity,  
Lo, laughing, renouncement of head and life, Like candle and quill, thou  
[canst make.
10. But, whilst thou ensuest the cup of wine And the ruby lips of the fair,  
Deem, deem not withal that shift aught else To do that may skill thou canst  
[make.
11. If, Hafiz, thou hearken and lend thine ear To this my royal rede,  
The king's highroad of the way of Love Thy footpath still thou canst make.

## CXXVI

1. Hand from skirt no more I'll sever Of yon cypress tall and straight, <sup>1</sup>  
Root and stem, that hath up-torn me With her proudly swaying gait.
2. There's no need of wine and minstrel. Lift thy face-veil, so the fire  
Of thy cheek to dancing bring me, Rue-seed like on chafing-plate. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The beloved.

<sup>2</sup> Wild rue-seed is used for fumigation against the evil eye and when strewn upon a hot plate, would shrivel and crack and seem to dance; hence the comparison.

3. Save their faces, on the horsehoofs Of my fair who rub their cheeks,  
None is meet to be the mirror Of the face of happy Fate.
4. Come what may, I've told the secret Of my sorrow for thy sake.  
What's to do? I'm out of patience. How much longer shall I wait?
5. Slay not that my musk-deer fawning, Hunter! Prithee, have thou shame  
Of her night-black eye nor bind her With thy lasso long and strait.
6. I, a grain of dust, that cannot Lift my head from off this sill,  
How shall I avail for kissing Yonder lofty palace-gate.
7. Hafiz' fresh and heart-alluring Songs when in Khujénd they hear,  
Though Kemál's <sup>1</sup> it were, none other Worth the utterance they rate.
8. From those musky ringlets, Hafiz, Take thou not thy heart; God wot,  
For a madman, to be fettered Ever was the better state.
9. Hafiz' heart hath no inclining, Save unto that tress of thine.  
Out upon it! Bonds an hundred Have not made it more sedate.

## CXXVII

1. Set the hand within that loveling's Tress of double ply one cannot;  
On thy promise and the wind-wafts Of the East rely one cannot.

<sup>1</sup> Kemal-ed-din Khujendi, a celebrated contemporary poet and a native of Khujend (Khiva).

2. What endeavour is and effort I in quest of thee have shown thee;  
This much is, that Fate and Fortune Foreordained awry one cannot.
3. Loose the Loved One's skirt, — that, boughten With an hundred hearts'  
[blood, fallen  
In our hand is, — 'spite the railers' Cavil and outcrý, — one cannot.
4. Since with aught that's head-and-foot less The Beloved hath no kinship,  
That her cheek compare and liken To the moon on high one cannot.
5. When my cypress-statured loveling Comes to dancing, where's the value  
Of the soul's wede, since before her Rend and cast it by one cannot? <sup>1</sup>
6. Nay, what say I? For thy nature Is so dainty and so subtle  
That to thee prefer the humblest Prayer or softest sigh one cannot.
7. Only to the pure of vision Visible the Loved One's cheek is;  
For, if pure be not the mirror, Aught therein descry one cannot.
8. Slain am I with jealous rancour For that all the world doth love thee:  
Yet with all God's creatures battle Day and night aby one cannot.
9. Love's enigmas are not holden In the bounds of mortal knowledge;  
Nay, its tangles with this errant Brain and thought untie one cannot.
10. Marry, for the heart of Hafiz, There's no prayer-niche but thine eyebrow;  
Save it be to thee, devotion, In our order, ply one cannot.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the habit, in vogue among the excitable Orientals, of rending the garments, as a token of ecstasy or admiration.

## CXXVIII

1. She bore away my heart And hid from me her face made :  
Was e'er such sport with man, In any time or place, made?
2. When loneliness, at dawn, Threatened my life, her image  
Me whole, with kindnesses Past count and many a grace, made.
3. Why, like the tulip, should I not be bleeding-hearted,  
Since her narcissus-eye Hath us in rueful case made?
4. If remedy thou have, East wind, now is its season;  
For love and pain resolve My life have to efface made.
5. On such wise have they burned Me, taper-like, that o'er me  
The cup wept and the lyre Lament for my misgrace made.
6. What shall I say? With this Mine anguish life-consuming,  
My leach design upon My sorry soul and base made.
7. How shall it unto friends Be told that the Beloved  
Did this or that amiss And this speech out of place made!<sup>1</sup>
8. No foe with Hafiz' soul Might ever make such havoc  
As have you bow-browed fair's Bright eye and beauteous face made.

<sup>1</sup> The laws of Love forbid complaint to others of the Beloved's cruelty.



## CXXIX

1. Be she mem'ried, who at parting Sign for us of mem'ry made not,  
Though our hearts grief-laden lighter With a farewell word she made not!
2. Yonder child of youthful <sup>1</sup> Fortune, Other slaves when she enfranchised, <sup>2</sup>  
Why, I know not, she this bondman Old (myself, to wit,) free made not.
3. Come, in tears of blood the paper Garment <sup>3</sup> let us wash, since heaven  
To the standard-foot of justice <sup>4</sup> Able to attain me made not.
4. In the hope there may some echo Reach thy hearing, such a clamour  
In this mountain my heart maketh As Ferhád's <sup>5</sup> self surely made not. <sup>6</sup>
5. Nay, the courier of the East wind From thy gait might learn his business:  
Wind itself a nimbler ever Than this motion of thee made not.
6. Since thy shadow thou withdrewest From the meads, the meadow-warbler  
Hath its nest within the curling Tresses of the box-tree made not.

<sup>1</sup> Youthful (i. e. favouring) Fortune. Cf. "Fortune favours the young." — Napoleon I.

<sup>2</sup> It was the custom, among the old Persians, to enfranchise a slave or do some other (canonically) acceptable good work, before starting on a journey or undertaking any considerable business, and thus secure the Divine blessing upon the enterprise.

<sup>3</sup> The ancient Persians, when they wished to complain of oppression, used to don a garment of paper and to burn the latter in the presence of the king or other man in authority, in token of appeal against injustice.

<sup>4</sup> The Kings of the East of old gave audience and rendered justice at the foot of a standard planted behind the throne.

<sup>5</sup> "Ferhad", the luckless lover of Shirin, see previous note.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. when he heard the false announcement of his mistress's death.

7. Ne'er th' achievement of his wishes Hath Fate's pen to him forewritten  
Who confession of thy beauty Giv'n of God Almighty made not.

8. Minstrel, change the mode; the measure Of Irac strike up, for thither  
Went the Loved One and remembrance Of her lovers lorn she made not.

9. As the verses of Iraki<sup>1</sup> Are the melodies of Hafiz;  
Who e'er heard these heart-enkindling Ditties and lament he made not?

## CXXX

1. She went and aware of her going Her lovers distraught made not  
And sign, that of city-companions Or waymates she thought, made not.

2. 'Twas either my sorry fortune, That swerved from the path of Love,  
Or she by the road of usance Her way, as she ought, made not.

3. I was standing await, like the taper, To pour out my soul at her feet;  
But the Loved One, withal, by us passage, Like breezes dawn-brought, made  
[not.

4. Quoth I, "Peradventure with weeping Her heart I may melt;" but my tears  
On her, like to raindrops on marble, Impression in aught made not.

<sup>1</sup> "Iraki"; Fekhreiddin Ibrahim ibn Shehriyar, a famous erotic poet of Hemdan in Irac, whence his ekename "Iraki", "Native of Irac". He died in A. D. 1289, a hundred years before Hafiz, and although a famous theologian and one of the chief lights of the Soufi order, was (says Soudi) an extremely debauched and dissipated man, with an especial inclination to boys. "His erotic nature (says Soudi) he showed freely in his verse; hence its heart-enkindling and passionate character".

5. My heart, wing and pinion, is broken With grief; yet the smart of my pain  
Away from my head with love's passion, Though idle and naught, made not.

6. Whoever hath looked on thy visage Still kisseth mine eye in approof,  
Because it its choice without insight, In that which it wrought, made not.

7. This tongue-slitten reed-pen of Hafiz, Until it had lost its head,  
Thy mystery known in th'assembly, Whoever besought, made not.

## CXXXI

1. My face in her way I laid, Who passage thereby made not;  
Much favour I hoped; but me glad A glance of her eye made not.

2. O Lord, do thou have in Thy guard That reckless young loving; since she  
Provision to ward off the shaft Of th' anchorite's sigh made not.

3. The flood of our tears from her heart Hath rancour and malice not borne:  
Impression upon the hard rock The rains of the sky made not.

4. I purposed to die at her feet, Like the taper; but she, like the breeze  
Of the dawning, her passage, whereas In dust we did lie, made not.

5. Who ever, though hardest of heart And witless, o soul, <sup>1</sup> himself  
A target and butt, for the shafts Of thy glances to ply, made not?

<sup>1</sup> Addressed to the Beloved.

6. Fish and bird, yesternight, for the noise Of my groaning and wailing, slept  
But a sign of uprising from sleep Yon wanton of eye made not. <sup>1</sup> [not;

7. None, Hafiz, thy honey-sweet speech Yet heard, so bewitching it is,  
That shift to commit it to heart, Or ever it fly, made not?

CXXXII

1. Preachers, who in niche and pulpit All this great display do practise,  
In seclusion other business And on other way do practise.

2. Yea, my soul is all amazement At these brazenfaced exhorters  
To repentance, who so little What themselves they say do practise.

3. I've a difficulty; put it To the sage of the assembly;  
Why these urgers to repentance No repentance aye do practise?

4. Thou would'st say that they believe not In the dreadful Day of Judgment,  
Since this fraud and this deception In God's business they do practise.

5. Back, Lord, in their proper stable Set these upstarts, who, by reason  
Of some boughten Turk muledriver, All these airs to-day do practise. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. all living things were stirred to pity by my lament, except the Beloved, who slept through it all, unheeding.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. who glory in having a *white* groom; as white slaves are only possessed by the rich and great, most people contenting themselves with black ones, such as Abyssinians, Nubians &c. The "upstarts" referred to may be either the preachers aforesaid or certain vulgar *nouveaux riches*, who had made themselves obnoxious to the poet. By praying for their return to their stables, he suggests that they are brute beasts, not fit to commerce with human beings.

6. At the portal of Love's winehouse, Angels, say, "To God be glory!"  
For that therewithin the leav'ning They of Adam's clay do practise. <sup>1</sup>

7. Often as her boundless beauty Lovers slayeth, other legions,  
From th' Invisible, head-raising Unto Love straightway do practise.

8. I'm the servant of the Elder Of the tavern, whose disciples,  
For sheer wishlessness, contemning Of the world's array do practise.

9. Ho, thou beggar of the cloister, Up! For, in the Magians' convent,  
With a water <sup>2</sup> they the making Hearts both rich and gay do practise.

10. Make thou clear the house of idols For the abode of the Beloved;  
For with heart and soul these harpies <sup>3</sup> Havoc and affray do practise.

11. Came a clamour in the dawning From the topmost heav'n. Quoth reason,  
"Angels 'tis that getting Hafiz' Verse by heart, thou'dst say, do practise."

CXXXIII <sup>4</sup>

1. Hark to the harp and the ghittern, What notification they make;  
"In secret drink wine, lest in public Of thee reprobation they make."

2. The honour of Love and the glory Of lovers they ravish away;  
Youth sorry with chiding and manhood With vilification they make.

<sup>1</sup> According to Soudi, this couplet alludes to [a Tradition of the Prophet], "[Quoth God the most High,] I leavened", syn. fermented, imbibed with wine, "the clay of Adam forty mornings" (cf. "I created man of clay", Koran XXXVIII, 71). "They", i. e. "Fate and Fortune Foreordained". <sup>2</sup> i. e. wine. <sup>3</sup> "These harpies";

i. e. the preachers aforesaid or the idols mentioned in the preceding line.

<sup>4</sup> Apparently composed in a time of persecution of winedrinkers.

3. Quoth they, "Speak ye not of Love's myst'ries Nor hearken to speech  
thereof."

Nay, marry, it is a hard saying, Whereof promulgation they make!

4. Withoutside the door of the Loved One, We're gulled with an hundred  
[deceits:  
I wonder, behind the dark curtain, What rare machination They make!

5. They harass the Magian Elder, These pestilent devotees:  
Of the life of the Sage of the tavern Lo! what tribulation they make!

6. An hundredfold fashions of honour With half of a glance may be bought;  
But alack for the fair! To this traffic But small application they make.

7. Some folk, for the Loved One's attainment, In stress and endeavour con-  
For others, their hope and reliance On Foreordination they make. [fide;

8. I rede thee, no trust in th' endurance Of Fortune unstable put thou;  
For Time and the world are the workshops Where change and mutation They  
[make.

9. There's nought here to get but base coinage, And yet fools conceit them  
[that still  
The philosopher's stone in this hostel Of woe and vexation They make!

10. Drink wine, then ; for, Elder and Hafiz <sup>1</sup> And Mufti and Mohtesib all,  
If thou look at it closely, a practice Of falsification they make. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Hafiz" here has its technical meaning of a student of the Koran, one who knows it by heart; the title is given to theological students who have passed certain standards of the collegiate course.

<sup>2</sup> "They", in Couplets 1, 2, 3 and 5, refers to the railing pietists and in Couplets 4, 8 and 9, to the Fates.

## CXXXIV

1. Those with the glance Who gold of the dust they espy make <sup>1</sup>,  
Ah, might they us blest With a look from the tail of the eye make!
2. From leaches self-styled My pain better hide: They shall haply  
With balm from the stores Of the Viewless me whole by and by make.
3. Since welfare etern In debauchery's not nor devotion,  
'Twere best our affair That we over to God the most High make.
4. Since never the veil From cheek the Beloved One draweth,  
A diff'rent conceit, Each man for himself, thereof why make? <sup>2</sup>
5. To day, in the veil <sup>3</sup>, Much knav'ry betideth. I wonder  
What excuse will the folk, What time the veil's rended in twy, <sup>4</sup> make?
6. Marvel not if the tale Of the heart, on fair fashion expounded  
By people of heart, Very stones to lament and to cry make.
7. Be not without heed; God wot, in Love's auction-mart, sages  
Their usance with none But known ones to sell and to buy make.
8. Drink wine, for defaults An hundred from sight hid are better  
Than one act of faith, Which folk with dissembling a lie make. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Sages, men of insight, initiates into the Divine mysteries. <sup>2</sup> "The Beloved" here apparently = God. The couplet means, "Since it is impossible to know God, why fret oneself with vain conjecture?"

<sup>3</sup> i. e., in this darkling world.

<sup>4</sup> i. e., in the next world, when all things are brought to light.

<sup>5</sup> Winedrinking and the like are venial sins, to be atoned in this world by repentance; but hypocrisy is a mortal sin, which will be punished in the next world.

9. A shirt, whence there came The fragrance of Joseph to-me-ward,  
His brethren's despite A surcoat thereof will, fear I, make. <sup>1</sup>
10. The winehouse toward Fare thou, so the host of thy lovers  
Their prayers for thy weal May, whenas thou passest thereon, make.
11. To enviers unknown, Call me to thyself; for the gen'rous  
Their kindnesses oft A secret from all but the sky make.
12. Ne'er, Hafiz, to man Vouchsafed was abidal of union:  
Kings little account Of beggars before them that lie make. <sup>2</sup>

## CXXXV

1. Fair ones, thus if use of charming Still they make,  
Breaches in the faith of zealots Will they make.
2. Whereso that narcissus bloometh, Rose-checked ones  
Eyes narcissus-holders, will they, Nill they, make. <sup>3</sup>
3. When the angels hear my loving Fall to song,  
Answer, clapping hands, from Heaven's Hill they make.

<sup>1</sup> i. e., will read it from top to bottom. "Joseph" = Beloved. The commentators give no explanation of this couplet; but the meaning appears to be that the poet's rivals and ill-wishers and his mistress's watchers and spies had frustrated him of the enjoyment of her favours.

<sup>2</sup> The first part of this ode appears to be genuinely mystic; whilst the remainder is in the poet's usual erotic vein.

<sup>3</sup> The Beloved's person here likened to the narcissus-plant. "Other fair ones, when they see our charmer, will make her narcissus-like person the cynosure of their eyes".



4. Fortune's sun its face will show thee, If thy heart's  
Mirror shining as the morning's Sill They make. <sup>1</sup>

5. Over their own selves have lovers No command;  
Whatsoe'er thou biddest, that their Will they make.

6. See, all blood-besmeared's the apple Of mine eye :  
Where is it of man this usance Ill they make ?

7. Strike, o cypress-statured youngling, Strike a ball,  
Ere thy stature as the mall-stick's Bill They make. <sup>2</sup>

8. With mine eye's tear-torrent likened, But a drop  
Were the tales that of the Deluge Still they make.

9. Show thy festal cheek to lovers And of life  
Off'ring shall (and thus their pledges Fill) they make. <sup>3</sup>

10. Like th' initiates, heart, in anguish Blithesome be :  
Merry, even on estrangement's Grill, they make. <sup>4</sup>

11. Midnight lamentation, Hafiz, Leave thou not,  
Difficulties to thee easy Till They make.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. if the Fates make thy heart pure and clear, fit for the reflection of the sun of fortune.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. before thy back become bowed with age, like the crook of the mall, strive for the attainment of happiness; seize the time of opportunity. Carpe diem.

<sup>3</sup> An appeal to the Beloved to make lovers' lives a festival with the radiance of her unveiled cheek.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the wise are not disheartened by ill fortune, because they know that neither ill nor good is abiding.

## CXXXVI

1. "Thy mouth and thy lip", I asked her, "Me blest when will they make?"  
"Thy bidding in all," she answered, "Shift to fulfil they make."
2. "Thy lips for a kiss the tribute Of Egypt seek," said I.  
Quoth she, "At that rate who purchase, No bargain ill they make."
3. "To the point of thy mouth <sup>1</sup> who findeth The way?" quoth I; and she,  
"That known to the subtlety-kenners, Not those lack-skill, They make."
4. Quoth I, "Be no server of idols; Abide thou with God", <sup>2</sup> and she,  
"Their wont this and that in Love's quarter, The good and the ill, they make."
5. Quoth I, "Lo, the air of the winehouse Doth grief from the heart away;"  
And she, "Happy folk, <sup>3</sup> if one bosom With gladness to thrill they make!"
6. Quoth I, "Wine and patchcoat <sup>4</sup> the canon Allows not"; and she, "In the sect  
"Of the Magians, of one and the other Their habitude still they make."
7. Quoth I, "From the sweet-lipped ones' ruby What profit the old?" And she,  
"The old young again with the sugar Their kisses distil they make."
8. Quoth I, "To the nuptial chamber When cometh the lord?" And she,  
"Twill not be, the Moon in conjunction With Jupiter till They make." <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Beloved's mouth likened, for minuteness, to the imaginary point.

God and oppress not the faithful.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the wine-sellers.

combination of devotion and winebibbing.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the wine-sellers. <sup>4</sup> i. e. the combination of devotion and winebibbing.

<sup>5</sup> According to Souidi, the marriage of the Vizier Kiwameddin is here alluded to, the bride being likened to the moon and

9. Quoth I, "It is Hafiz's practice To pray for thy weal." And she,  
 "This prayer, mid the angels that people Heav'n's sevenfold hill, they make."<sup>1</sup>

## CXXXVII

1. Crowned kings the bondmen of thy drowsed Narcissus-eyne are still ;  
 The sober drunken with thy lip Of ruby's wine are still.

2. Pass, like the East wind, by the beds Of violets and see  
 How, for thy tress's tyranny, All in repine are still.

3. Of thee the East wind and of me The tears are talebearers ;  
 Else lover and beloved both Secret, in fine, are still.

4. Not only I to that rose-cheek Sing songs ; on every side  
 Thousands of bulbuls praisers of Those charms of thine are still.

5. Look, from beneath thy double tress, Whenas thou passest by,  
 What restless ones, to right and left, Line upon line, are still.

6. Our lot foredoomed is Paradise ; Begone, self-righteous one !<sup>2</sup>  
 Sinners deserving of God's grace And ruth Divine are still.

himself to Jupiter. But I incline rather to believe that by "Lord" the Beloved is meant and that Hafiz means to enquire when she will grant him her favours; to which she replies, in the next couplet, that it will not be till Fortune is especially friendly to him, i. e. till the conjunction of Jupiter and the moon, which (the latter being in Orion) is considered a very auspicious aspect.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. "the angels in heaven also make a practice of offering up prayers for my well-being; argal, (by implication) I have no need of thy prayers".

<sup>2</sup> Lit. "God-knower", i. e. one who claims to be in Heaven's confidence, like ex-President Krüger, the late Mrs Plimsoll and a certain contemporary prince.

7. Go to the tavern; dye thy face With Redbud-coloured wine;  
Not to the cloister, for those there Of heart malign are still.
8. O Khizr of auspicious foot, Take thou my hand; for I  
Afoot go and a-horseback all Yon way-mates mine are still. <sup>1</sup>
9. Never from yonder shining tress Be Hafiz freed! For free  
Those only are who bounden in Thy ringlet's twine are still.
10. Lo, from the writing on the face Of Hafiz may be known  
That those who dwell at the Friend's door Mad, <sup>2</sup> by this sign, are still.

## CXXXVIII

1. When jasmine-breathed ones lay them down To rest, they lay the dust of  
[grieving;  
When Peri-visaged ones wage war, For lovers' hearts they're peace-berea-  
[ving.
2. Hearts with oppression's saddle-girth <sup>3</sup> They bind, when up they bind  
[their tresses;  
Souls from their amber-scented locks They shake abroad in the unweaving.
3. When in a life-time they a breath With us have sat, they must be going;  
Yea, they rise up and go, the seeds Of yearning in the spirit leaving.

<sup>1</sup> O Beloved, succour me; for I am poor and helpless, whilst the rest of thy lovers have wealth and power.

<sup>2</sup> *Lit.* "Dust-dwellers", a term applied to the idiots and ecstasies who couch on the dustheaps without the city-walls. The word is used as a trope for madmen and is here applied (p. g.) to frenzied lovers who grovel (metaphorically) in the dust of the Beloved's door.

<sup>3</sup> Saddle-strap used in war and the chase for binding captives and game.

4. Tears ruby-red, whenas they laugh, They cause from out mine eye to shower;  
The hidden secret of my love By this my pallid face perceiving.
5. The cheek they turn not from their love Who wake a-nights, whenas they  
The sorrows of the anchorites, An if they wot thereof, relieving. [know it,
6. He, who conceiveth med'cining Of lovers' pains an easy matter  
Is, for the folk who know the case, An ignoramus past conceiving.
7. They get their wish who like Mensour,<sup>1</sup> On gibbet die; for those who're  
In bonds of healing of Love's pain<sup>2</sup> Fall ever short of its achieving. [bounden
8. When to this presence longing ones Make supplication, they disdain them:  
When to this door they Hafiz call, They drive him forth, to die of grieving.

## CXXXIX

1. Wine without mixture and skinker gent The twin snares of the Way are,  
To the springes whereof the wise of the world Delivered for a prey are.
2. Though lover and drunkard and debauchee And black of book<sup>3</sup> myself am,  
Thank God that our friends of the city free From sin (or so they say) are!
3. Thy foot in the tavern set not thou, Except in the way of breeding,  
For the folk of its doorway confidants Of the king whom all obey<sup>4</sup> are.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. El Hellaj, see note 1 to Ode 123.      <sup>2</sup> i. e. they who are hampered in Love's quest by the desire of obtaining relief from its pains, those lovers who are not self-forgetting.

<sup>3</sup> "Black of book", said of a great sinner, the chronicle of whose misdeeds is supposed to blacken the record kept in heaven of his actions.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. (according to Souidi) the Beloved; but rather (*me judice*) Love itself.

4. No fashion fit for wayfarer Or dervish is oppression;  
Bring wine, for no Sons of the Path, in truth, The zealots of the day are.
5. Do no oppression, for shattered is The glory of heart-bewitchers,  
When bondmen flee from before their face And servants gone astray are.
6. View not the beggars of Love with scorn; For know thou that these people  
Monarchs uncrowned and kings without Girdle and bright array are.
7. Beware of the wind of pride; for, when It blows, the fair unminded,  
For crops of devotion a thousand, half A barley corn to pay are.
8. The slave of the high intent am I Of topers of one colour  
And not of the crew who blue of gown And black of heart and way<sup>1</sup> are.
9. August is the majesty of Love: Pluck up a spirit, Hafiz;  
For lovers to them but those admit Who pure of all affray are.

## CXL

1. What is it that this drunkenness On me of mine hath brought?  
Who was the skinker and whence is't That he this wine hath brought?
2. What mode was it the minstrel, skilled In music, played, wherein  
He to mine ear, midmost the song, That voice of thine hath brought?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Soufis. Blue is the favourite colour of the Muslim devotee, as recalling that of the heavens. "Topers of one colour" are sincere, undissembling men, those whose words are not of one colour (syn. "kind, sort"), and their actions of another.

3. The Hoopoe of King Solomon For us the East wind is,  
That news from Sheba's rosegardens, To us that pine, hath brought.
4. Take thou the winecup in thy hand And seek the open fields;  
For the sweet bird its dulcet pipe, At Summer's sign, hath brought.
5. Welcome the coming of the rose And jasmine! Come's the glad  
Sweet violet; and happy cheer The eglantine hath brought.
6. Heart, like the rosebud, moan thou not Of straitened case; for, see,  
Its heart-dilating airs the breeze Of morn benign hath brought.
7. The skinker's glance the remedy Is of our heart's unease :  
Lift up thy head; the leach is come And medicine hath brought.
8. The Magian Elder's slave am I: Rail not at me, o Sheikh;  
For that, which thou didst promise, he To pass, in fine, hath brought. <sup>1</sup>
9. The sacrifice, indeed, am I Of that rapacity,  
Which to lay hands on abject me Yon Turk of mine <sup>2</sup> hath brought.
10. The heav'ns obedient service do To Hafiz, now that Fate  
Him to the shelter of thy door, That Fortune's shrine, hath brought.

## CXLI

1. No account of thee thou writest, Past although is many a day :  
Where's a trusty one who tidings Shall of us to thee convey ?

<sup>1</sup> *Thou* dost but promise us heaven in the world to come; *he* giveth us present Paradise.  
<sup>2</sup> The Beloved.

2. To the lofty goal we aim at Nevermore may we attain,  
Save thy favouring kindness meet us Many paces on the way.
3. Now the wine is in the flagon And the rose hath cast its veil,  
Seize the moment of enjoyment, Drain the winecup, whilst ye may.
4. Sugar-candy, blent with roses, Is no balsam for our heart;  
Give us kisses mixed with chiding; Bitter still with sweet allay.
5. Go from us in peace, o zealot, Lest, forsooth, the company  
Of so many scurril toppers Lead thee from the path astray.
6. Long enough at wine thou'st chidden; Of its virtues also tell:  
Cast thou not the words of wisdom Off, for aught the dullards say.
7. Ho, ye beggars of the wineshop, Have a care ye rest no hope  
On yon dunderheaded cattle; God's your only friend and stay.
8. Oh, how well the Magian Elder To his toppers said, "The case  
"Of the heart consumed with passion To the raw ones ne'er bewray!"
9. For thy sun-bright cheek with longing Hafiz burns. O happy fair,  
Cast a glance on those who languish In the deserts of dismay!

## CXLII

1. The universe from end to end, One moment's care unworth it is;  
Our patchcoat sell for wine; for, sure, Better to fare unworth it is.



2. The Loved One's quarter bindeth us: But otherwise what booteth Fars?  
For lo! the whole wide world, this stress We suffer there unworth it is. <sup>1</sup>
3. Since in the vintner's street will none Accept it for a cup of wine,  
A fine prayer-rug, if one poor cup Of wine soe'er unworth it is!
4. The watchers chide me, saying, "Turn Thy face away from yonder door."  
What ails my head, that of the door-Dust of the fair unworth it is?
5. This cassock wash of covetise; For in the single-hearts' bazaar,  
Whate'er the patchcoat be, one cup Of red wine rare unworth it is.
6. Light, at the first, in hope of gain, Meseemed the stresses of the sea.  
I erred; for, for a hundred pearls This flood to dare, unworth it is.
7. The splendour of the royal crown, Wherein life's danger is involved,  
Heart-luring is; but it, at risk Of life, to wear, unworth it is.
8. Thy face 'twere better that thou hide From longing lovers, for, despite  
The joys of conquering the world, The army's care unworth it is.
9. Like Hafiz, seek content and turn From this vile world; for one sole grain  
Of obligation to the base, All gold whate'er unworth it is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. "the presence of the Loved One binds me to Fars; otherwise the whole world would not repay me for the slights and sufferings I endure at the hands of its people", a complaint of his fellow-countrymen of Shiraz frequently repeated by the poet.

## CXLIII

1. Except the love of moonfaced maids, This heart of mine a way takes not;  
I counsel this and that; but it Advice, say what I may, takes not.

2. For Heaven's sake, admonisher, Bespeak me of the skinker's down;  
For goodlier effect on me Whatever thou canst say takes not.

3. The wineflask hid with me I bear And folk suppose it is the Book: <sup>1</sup>  
Strange if the fire of this my fraud <sup>2</sup> The Book itself some day takes not!

4. This particoloured gaberdine Some day I sure shall burn; since it  
The Elder of the Winesellers For one poor cup in pay takes not.

5. Yon toper-monisher, who wars With God's foreordinance <sup>3</sup>, I see  
His heart sore straitened; 'Tis, belike, That he the goblet gay takes not.

6. 'Tis for this cause the pure of heart In ruby wine delight, that aught,  
Except the truth, impress upon This gem of purest ray takes not. <sup>4</sup>

7. Midmost my tears I smile, for that My tongue in this assembly is  
Afire, the candle like, and yet On others, wellaway, takes not. <sup>5</sup>

8. Thou bidst me from her face avert Mine eyes, for all its goodliness;  
Go, for thine idle prate effect On me, for yea or nay, takes not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The Koran.

<sup>2</sup> Fire always connected with hypocrisy by Muslims, that meant being hell-fire, to which the hypocrite is infallibly doomed.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. who

rails at our toping, which was fore-ordained to us by God.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. in vino veritas.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. my speech takes no effect on the Beloved.

9. The question is of this our need And of the Friend's disdain: what good  
In incantation, <sup>1</sup> friend, effect Which on the charmer aye takes not?

10. I glory in thy tipsy eye: How happily my heart it took!  
Wild birds on goodlier than this wise Fowler or bird of prey takes not.

11. Pity, 'fore God, o lovely one! Behold, the dervish <sup>2</sup> of thy street  
Knows not another door than thine And other than thy way takes not.

12. Kindnesses, many an one, have I Had of the Magian Elder, who  
The usance of hypocrisy For one sole cup in pay takes not.

13. For this one day, Sikender-like, This mirror <sup>3</sup> will I take in hand,  
Whether its fire upon me takes Or (be that as it may) takes not.

14. For these his verses fresh and sweet, I wonder that the king of kings  
Hafiz, from head to foot, in chains Of gold without allay takes not. <sup>4</sup>

#### CXLIV

1. A fair I have, who round the rose A screen of hyacinths <sup>5</sup> arow hath;  
A warrant for the Redbud's blood The Springtide, in her cheek a-blow, hath.

2. See, by the dust of that her down The sun-spring of her cheek is shadowed:  
Lord, grant her life etern; for she Eternal loveliness, I trow, hath.

<sup>1</sup> Hafiz jocularly assumes the grumblings and mutterings of the zealot to be charms and incantations and asks what is the use of these, the Beloved being herself too great a sorcerer to be affected by such devices.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the forlorn lover, Hafiz himself.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the wine-cup; allusion to Alexander's magic mirror; see previous note.

<sup>4</sup> Apparently a complaint of the royal neglect.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. The hyacinthine locks.

3. From whatsoever side I look, There from her eye is no escaping;  
For from its coign it lieth wait And arrow evermore in bow hath.
4. 'Fore Heaven, ruler of the feast, Do justice thou for me upon her;  
For wine with others hath she drunk And headache now with me, heigho! hath.
5. When first a lover I became, I said, "I've won the pearl desired."  
Alack, what fell, blood-shedding waves This sea of Love, I did not know, hath!
6. Assure thou me against the fear Of sev'rance, if thou hope that heaven  
Will save thee harmless from the eye Of whoso will to work thee woe hath.
7. Bereave mine eye not of the sight Of that thy shape's heart-taking cypress;  
Nay, plant it by this fountain-head,<sup>1</sup> Which running water still a-flow hath.
8. If with thy girth thou wilt me bind, For God's sake, take me quick; for  
Delay hath perils, ay, and harm For the pursuer, evenso, hath. [surely
9. When the rose smileth in thy face, Into her snare fall not, o bulbul;  
There's no relying on the rose, Though the world's beauty she to show hath.
10. Pour thou a draught upon the dust And note the story of the mighty;  
For many a tale the earth to tell Of Keikobád and Keikhusró hath.
11. When from her tresses' snare she shook The dust of hearts and souls of  
lovers,  
The blabbing East wind she enjoined Her secret keep from friend and foe hath.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. His own tear-brimmed eye.

12. What hath befallen in this way, That every man of wit and insight  
Here in this doorway, as I see, His head upon the sill bowed low hath?

13. How for my case can I account, That yonder city-troubling sharper <sup>1</sup>  
With bitterness hath Hafiz slain, Yet sugar in her mouth e'ermost hath?

CXLV <sup>2</sup>

1. A heart, that is secret-discovering And Jemshid's cup of might hath,  
No great concern for a signet-ring, A moment lost from sight, <sup>3</sup> hath.

2. To Solomon's sealring give thou news Of glad and happy issue,  
For the great Name <sup>4</sup> cut off therefrom The hand of Satan's spite hath. <sup>5</sup>

3. On down and mole of beggars base Bestow not the heart's treasure;  
Nay, give it in hand to a kinglike one, That it in honour right hath.

4. Not every tree endureth 'gainst The tyranny of winter;  
The slave of the cypress stout am I, That stableness of spright hath.

5. My heart, that of independence erst Boasted, an hundred traffics  
Now, for thy tress-scent, with the winds That blow at morning-light, hath.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the beloved.

<sup>2</sup> According to Soudi, the two first couplets of this ode allude to the case of Shah Mensour (ob. A. D. 1393), who was expelled by the Turcomans from Shiraz, but afterwards levied an army and overcoming the enemy, reseatd himself on the throne of Fars.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the well-known story of the Div who stole Solomon's seal-ring and became for a while King in his stead. Shah Mensour likened to Solomon and the Turcomans to the Div.

<sup>4</sup> The secret name of God, which whoever knows hath command over all creation; said to have been graven on Solomon's ring.

6. The season of mirth is come, when each, Like to the drowsed narcissus,  
Six testers layeth at foot of the cup, <sup>1</sup> If so much coin the wight hath.

7. From whom shall I seek the heart's desire? Since there's no charmer living  
That usance of generosity And vision clear and bright hath.

8. Gold, like the rose, from the price of wine Withhold not now, or ever  
The sense of the general thee in doubt Of many a foul unright hath. <sup>2</sup>

9. Nay, fable not of the World Unseen; There's none its secret knoweth.  
What sage access to this sanctuary, That's sealed from mortal sight, hath?

10. From Hafiz' monkish gaberdine What profit may be gotten?  
We the Eternal seek and he In idols his delight hath. <sup>3</sup>

## CXLVI

1. Whoever observance and faith With the people of faith keepeth,  
Him God the most High, at all times, From sorrow and scaith keepeth.

<sup>1</sup> The petals of the narcissus, surrounding the corona, likened to silver coins. "To lay money at the foot of the cup" is to devote one's substance to buying wine and mirth.

<sup>2</sup> The red rose, on account of its gold-coloured stamens, is said to have gold in its mouth and to bear the wine cup in hand, when it opens out into full blossom; hence says the poet, "Like the rose, be not chary of spending thy substance on wine in the rose-time, lest the people suspect thee of all manner hidden vices".

<sup>3</sup> "Hafiz" must apparently be taken here in its technical sense of "he who knows the Koran by heart", i. e. the professional theologian. Gloss of couplet, "we lovers and toppers seek the Eternal God; but he (the theologian) delighteth only in idols, i. e. in false doctrine and hypocrisy".

2. Wilt have not the Loved One break Love's compact, the end of the twine  
Keep thou and she also her end, 'Gainst whatso affray'th, keepeth.

3. I tell not the case of the Friend, Except to her worshipful self;  
The comrade still secret the tale Of what his mate saith keepeth.

4. When "Keep thou in safety my heart From mischief", I bid her, quoth she,  
"Nay, what can the slave? 'Tis God (Not whoso obey'th) keepeth." <sup>1</sup>

5. My heart and my life and my good The sacrifice be of the fair  
Who the due and observance of love And friendship and faith keepeth! <sup>2</sup>

6. My heart in her tress an thou see, O wind of the East, prithee bid  
It bide in contentment, whilst it The place where it stay'th keepeth.

7. O heart, <sup>3</sup> live thou still on such wise That if thy foot falter, thee aye  
An angel, with both hands upreared, As he doth who pray'th, keepeth.

8. O warriors and champions, have heed And keep ye good watch o'er the lord <sup>4</sup>  
Who you as his own proper soul, In whatso he may'th, keepeth.

9. Lo, where is the dust of thy way, Which Hafiz, in token and sign  
Of the fragrance to him which the breath Of the East wind convey'th,  
[keepeth?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. "do not ask that of me, but of God; I am but a slave commanded, who doth as God willeth".

<sup>2</sup> Rhyme-word of l. 1 repeated.

<sup>3</sup> Addressed to the

Beloved.

<sup>4</sup> "Lord", i. e., the Grand Vizier.

## CXLVII

1. No true loveling's she who only Waist and hair possesseth :  
Be her slave alone who "Thatness" To her share possesseth. <sup>1</sup>
2. Lovesome though the Houris' usance And the Peris' fashion,  
That alone is grace and beauty Which my fair possesseth.
3. Prithee, smiling rose, the wellspring Of mine eye come visit,  
Which, in hope of thee, fresh water Running e'er possesseth.
4. Lo, the curve of that thine eyebrow, In the bowman's practice,  
Greater skill than any archer Whatsoe'er possesseth. <sup>2</sup>
5. Heart-impressing grown my verse is, Since thou didst accept it:  
Yea, love's speech a power of impress Passing rare possesseth.
6. None for sure Love's secret knoweth; Yet each man, according  
To his insight, some conception Of th' affair possesseth. <sup>3</sup>
7. Look of miracles thou prate not To the tavern-haunters;  
Every word its place and season, When and where, possesseth. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Beauty consists not in one or two bodily attributes, but in general charm and individuality. The Turkish poet Nejati says: "That which is desired in the charmer is Thatness (charm), not the body; Exhilaration is the aim in wine, not the cup".

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Old English ballad; "Come, Robin, lend to me thy bow".

<sup>3</sup> None is really initiate into Love's mysteries; but none will confess ignorance thereof.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. talk not theology to debauchees.



8. No wise bird will ever carol In a Springtide's meadows  
Which in rear thereof an Autumn Of despair possesseth.

9. Who shall bear the ball of beauty Off from thee? Not even  
The sun's self the will and spirit This to dare possesseth.

10. Bid pretenders quips and quillets Riddle not with Hafiz:  
Our quill also tongue and speechcraft, Be ye ware, possesseth. <sup>1</sup>

### CXLVIII

1. The blood of the heart from the eye All over our face passeth;  
Beholdest thou not from the eye Thereo'er what ill case passeth? <sup>2</sup>

2. A wish and a longing we hold Concealed in our innermost heart;  
Because of which longing, our heart On the wind-blasts of space passeth. <sup>3</sup>

3. In the dust of the path of the Friend Our face have we laid: and indeed,  
'Tis fitting if over our cheeks She swimming apace passeth.

4. A torrent's the tears of mine eye: O'er what man soever they pass,  
Albeit his heart were of stone, His heart from its place passeth. <sup>4</sup>

5. Contention I have day and night With the water that floodeth mine eyes,  
That still tow'rd the end of her street, Ensuing her trace, passeth.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. let them not prate to Hafiz of matters which he understands far better than they. <sup>2</sup> The eye, in this second line, according to Soudi, is "the evil eye".

<sup>3</sup> i. e. goeth to destruction, perdition.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Whoever seeth my weeping is moved to pity of me; his heart is carried away thereby.

6. The sun of the Orient himself For jealousy rendeth his wede,  
When that love-fost'ring moonface of mine In her garment of grace passeth.

7. Hafiz still in the winehouse's street, In candour and oneness of heart,  
From sense, like the Soufis wool-clad And the cell-keeping race, passeth. <sup>1</sup>

### CXLIX

1. When hand to her tress I clap, away She in heat goeth;  
And if concord I seek, in chiding's way Her conceit goeth.

2. With the curve of her crescent-moon-like brow, She cutteth the way  
On the helpless onlookers and into the veil Of retreat goeth. <sup>2</sup>

3. O' winedinking nights, she ruineth me With wakefulness;  
And by day, if my story I tell, to sleep The cheat goeth. <sup>3</sup>

4. Full, full is the pathway of Love, o heart, Of trouble and strife;  
Yea, still shall he tremble who in this way O'erfleet goeth.

5. When the wind of conceit in the bubble's head Befalleth, alack!  
Its lordship <sup>4</sup> forthright, for desire of wine, To defeat goeth.

6. Boast beauty and lovesomeness not, o heart, When old thou'rt grown;  
For this same traffic <sup>5</sup> except with youth Unmeet goeth.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Hafiz taketh leave of his senses for ecstasy, as the Soufis and other religious orders (such as the dancing dervishes) feign to do in the mystic dance etc.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. she confoundeth lovers by raising her veil, so as to allow them a glimpse of her eyebrows, and immediately re-veileth herself. <sup>3</sup> Brief, she doth all by contraries.

<sup>4</sup> as if, riding upon wine, it lorded over it.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. usage of boasting.

7. When the scroll of the sable hair for once Is folded up,  
The white ne'er, out though an hundred times Plucked be't, goeth. <sup>1</sup>
8. Sell not for the kingship thy beggarhood At the Loved One's door.  
Who forth of this door-shade into the sun's Full heat goeth ?
9. Thou callest me, "Covenant-breaker ;" yet, Thyself, I fear,  
On the Day of Uprising, the same address To greet goeth. <sup>2</sup>
10. Thy hindrance thyself in the way of Love Thou art, Hafiz ;  
O happy whoso in this way, sans let For his feet, goeth !

## CL

1. Once on a time, a heart, o Muslims, mine was,  
Wherewith I spoke, if trouble or repine was.
2. A feeling heart and helpful friend, that ever  
For men of heart a shelter and a shrine was.
3. A mate expert and skilled, in every trouble,  
It unto me, distraught of Fate malign, was.
4. When, for the Eye <sup>3</sup>, I fell into a whirlpool,  
Hope, by its aid, of winning forth the brine was.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. when once the hair begins to lose its blackness, no plucking out of white hairs will restore the original colour.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. on the Day of Resurrection, when They summon every one by his name and quality, I fear me They will call upon thee by the name of "Covenant-breaker".

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the Evil Eye.

5. 'Twas in thy street I lost it, o Beloved!  
What a skirt-seizing <sup>1</sup> place that street of thine was!
6. Tears in its quest, like pearls, I spent; but fruitless  
To get it back my effort all, in fine, was.
7. Never was worth untainted of rejection.  
What beggar's case more abject aye than mine was?
8. Have pity on a wretch, who sage and honoured  
Whilom, or e'er he drank of passion's wine, was.
9. My verses are the joy of all assemblies,  
Since in sweet speech my teacher Love benign was.
10. Say no more, "Hafiz is a man of judgment".  
He still a dunce (we've seen it with our eyne) was.

## CLI

1. When my Beloved the cup in hand taketh,  
The market of lovely ones slack demand taketh. <sup>1</sup>
2. I, like a fish, in the ocean am fallen,  
Till me with the hook yonder Friend to land taketh. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. ensnaring.<sup>2</sup> i. e. She throweth all other fair ones into disrepute.<sup>3</sup> i. e. I am drowned in the sea of my tears, till she draw me to land with the hook of her tress.

3. Every one saith, who her tipsy eye seeth,  
 "Where is a shrieve, that this fair firebrand taketh?"

4. Lo, at her feet in lament am I fallen,  
 Till the Beloved me by the hand taketh.

5. Happy his heart who, like Hafiz, a goblet  
 Of wine of the Prime Fore-eternal's brand taketh! <sup>1</sup>

## CLII

1. In whatso love-questing, wherein, Excepting fireflaught, there is not,  
 For amaze, if a harvest consume, Sure reason in aught there is not. <sup>2</sup>

2. A bird, to whose heart it ne'er fell With sorrow to make acquaintance,  
 A branch on the tree of his life, With leaves of mirth fraught, there is not.

3. No help in Love's workshop there is For infidelity's presence: <sup>3</sup>  
 What fuel is there for Hell-fire, If Boulehéb <sup>4</sup> naught there is not?

4. In the soul-sellers' canon good works In toping consist and good breeding;  
 There lineage is not esteemed And reckoning sought there is not.

5. In a company, whereas the sun Is reckoned no more than an atom,  
 To greden one self by the Law Of courtesy taught there is not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. who hath drunken of the wine of Infinity, who is a predestined servant of the Ideal.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. when in love there is nothing but lightning, i. e. a transitory and idle fire of lust, it is no wonder if the quest end in disappointment and disaster.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. all things entail their contraries.

<sup>4</sup> See previous note.

6. Drink wine; for if life without end To find in this perishing world is,  
A means, save the wine of Bihisht, <sup>1</sup> Whereby it is wrought, there is not.

7. The Loved One's possession, for one Strait-handed <sup>2</sup> as thou art, my Hafiz,  
Shall only betide when a day, To night which is brought, there is not. <sup>3</sup>

## CLIII

1. When the skinker wine in winecup With this air y-casteth,  
Sages all into wine-drinking's Open snare he casteth.

2. When the mole-bait 'neath her tress-hook Thus the loving streweth,  
In the net she many a prudent Bird and wary casteth.

3. Goodly is that drunkard's portion, Who ignoreth whether  
Head or turban in the pathway Of the fair he casteth.

4. Yonder zealot, rawness-seeking, In denial bidding,  
Waxeth cooked, on raw wine glances Whensoe'er he casteth. <sup>4</sup>

5. Skill <sup>5</sup> by day seek; for, who drinketh Wine by day, the mirror  
Of the heart in rust of darkness And despair he casteth.

<sup>1</sup> *Bihisht*, (syn. heaven), a village near Shiraz, where a particularly strong and heady wine is grown. <sup>2</sup> i. e. poor. <sup>3</sup> When a day comes which is unsuc-

ceeded by night, i. e. at the Greek Calends, never. <sup>4</sup> A couplet turning on the various meanings of *kham*, raw; i. e. "The pietist, who followeth after vanity and still denieth love and blameth lovers and topers, becometh matured (i. e. cured of his rawness, doltish ignorance) as soon as he taketh to drinking raw (i. e. unalloyed) wine". <sup>5</sup> "Skill", here (according to Soudi) = knowledge, wisdom; i. e. occupy

thyslf by day with the acquisition of knowledge and wisdom and drink not.

6. Dawn-bright wine to drink the season Is it when the night-tide  
Evening's veil about the heavens' Sanctuary casteth.

7. Drink not with the city-censor; For thy wine he drinketh,  
Ay, and stones into the winecup Then and there he casteth. <sup>1</sup>

8. Lift thy head from the sun's crownal, If thy lot, o Hafiz,  
On that moon-faced one thy fortune Tutelary casteth.

## CLIV

1. Good news, o my heart, for once more The zephyr of Spring hath returned!  
The hoopoe from Sheba's domain, glad tidings to bring, hath returned!

2. Forth, forth, o thou bird of the dawn, With the ditties of David of old,  
For the Solomon-rose to the meads, On the breezes a-wing, hath returned. <sup>2</sup>

3. The tulip hath scented the waft Of wine from the breath of the morn;  
Heart-wounded she was <sup>3</sup>, but, in hope Of medicining, hath returned.

4. O where is a sage that is ware Of the tongue of the lily, that he  
May ask why it went and again To the bank of the spring hath returned.

5. Mine eyes in that caravan's track Shed tears without ceasing, until  
To the ear of my heart the sweet sound Of its camel-bells' ring hath returned. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. "for he will drink at thine expense and after break thy drinking gear and thine instruments of mirth and music and enforce upon thee the penalties of the law against winebibbing". — *Soudi*.

<sup>2</sup> The rose, which seems to be borne on the Spring breezes, likened to Solomon, who rode on the wind.

<sup>3</sup> The tulip is styled by the poets "heart-scarred, wounded or branded", on account of the black streaks in its cup.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. I wept from the time of the Beloved's departure till I heard the sound of the caravan-bells which announced her return.

6. Yea, Fortune God-given with us Hath bounteously dealt; since to us  
Yon stone-hearted fair, for the love Of the Merciful King, hath returned.

7. Though Hafiz first opened the door Of offence and his covenant broke,  
See her bounty, who now to our door With a peace-offering, hath returned.

## CLV

1. The rose, sans the cheek of the Friend, is not goodly;  
Sans wine, the Spring season to spend is not goodly.

2. Without yonder tulip-cheeked loveling, the air  
Of the garden or eke the field-end is not goodly.

3. The sugar-lipped, rose-limbed Beloved, without  
Or kiss or embracement, to tend is not goodly.

4. Rose-rapture or cypress's dancing, <sup>1</sup> — except  
The nightingale's note with them blend, — is not goodly.

5. Excepting the semblant it be of the fair,  
Each <sup>2</sup> figure that Reason hath penned is not goodly.

6. Sweet wine is and garden and rose; and yet each,  
Withouten the face of the Friend, is not goodly. <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Cypress's dancing", i. e. the swaying motion of the cypress's boughs in the breeze.

<sup>2</sup> Rhyme-word of C. 1 here repeated in original.

<sup>3</sup> The lack in English of an equivalent of the Scotch (Old North English) *az*, "any", opposite of "none", is badly felt in passages such as this.



7. O Hafiz, that base-metal coinage, thy soul,  
As strewage on her to expend is not goodly.

## CLVI

1. Yest'reven, the wind brought news Of the Loved One from oversea :  
I also, I gave my heart To the breeze; <sup>1</sup> let what will be !

2. My case to such straits is come That the gleaming lightning's flash  
A confidant is each night And each morrow the wind for me.

3. My faithless heart, in the plait Of thy browlocks caged, saith ne'er,  
"The old accustomed abode Be holden in memory !"

4. The worth of the counsel of friends And dear ones <sup>2</sup> I know to day.  
O Lord, may our counsellors' hearts Be gladdened, I pray, of Thee !

5. My heart with remembrance of thee A-bleed is, whene'er in the meads  
The fold of the rosebud's vest Undone of the wind I see.

6. The peak of thy royal cap Comes still to my mind, when the wind  
The crown on the daffodil's head Doth set, as the bride of the lea. <sup>3</sup>

7. My weakling existence from hand Was gone ; but the wind new life  
Brought back to my soul in the dawn With thy tresses' fragrancy.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. as a gift for good tidings.  
for fear of the consequences.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. who counselled me to avoid love,  
<sup>3</sup> Eastern brides are crowned.

8. O Hafiz, thy constant soul Shall bring thee to thy desire :  
All souls be the sacrifice Of the man of constancy !

## CLVII

1. O monarch, a ball in the crook of thy mall The firmament round for thee be !  
The compass of being and time and space An exercise-ground for thee be !

2. All quarters holdeth thy good report ; All climes of the world hath conquered  
The fame of thy goodness : a guardian true For ever its sound for thee be !

3. The tress of the Lady of Victory still To thy horsetail ensigns cleaveth ;  
The eye of success <sup>1</sup> to all thy steps A lover bound for thee be !

4. O thou, the praise of whose pomp it is That Mercury <sup>2</sup> still enditeth,  
The slave of the royal privy seal All-wit profound for thee be !

5. Thy shape like the cypress put to shame The glory of the Touba ! <sup>3</sup>  
The envy of heaven the courts, that ring Thy palace round, for thee be !

6. May beasts not only and plants and stones To thee obeisance proffer !  
Nay, still at command in the world of command <sup>4</sup> Whatso is found for thee be !

7. Sick Hafiz, in all sincerity, Thine eulogist become is ;  
Thy favour the leach of him, whose voice Doth praise resound for thee, be ! <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Syn.* "success itself", "the essence of success".  
is the scribe of heaven.  
world, the world to which God said, "Be !" — and it was.  
largesse.

<sup>3</sup> See previous note.

<sup>2</sup> Mercury, for the Muslims,  
<sup>3</sup> i. e. the created  
<sup>5</sup> A broad hint at

## CLVIII

1. The tale of cypress, tulip, rose By mead and rill betideth,  
Skinker; and with the washers three <sup>1</sup>, this story still betideth. <sup>2</sup>
2. Drink wine, for lo! The meads' new bride <sup>3</sup> Hath reached the bounds of  
No need the business of the time Of tiring's skill betideth. <sup>4</sup> [beauty;
3. See, sugar-chewers now become The parrots all of Hind are,  
Since Farsi sugar in Bengal From Hafiz' quill betideth. <sup>5</sup>
4. This one night's child <sup>6</sup> a twelvemonth's road Hath gone <sup>7</sup>; see how, in travel  
Of verse, the rolling up of Time And Space to nil betideth.
5. See yonder eye ensorcelling, The devotee-beguiler;  
The caravan of magic from Its window-sill betideth. <sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The washers three"; three cups of wine drunk immediately after food and held by Eastern doctors a sovereign remedy against indigestion and ill humours, as *washing* away impurities.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning here is that Spring is the season of wine-bibbing.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the new flowerage and leafage, Spring vegetation generally.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the beauty of the time of Spring is self-sufficient and needeth no tiring, busking and painting, as with other brides.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. all the poets of India produce

dulcet Persian verses, in imitation of the sweet songs of Hafiz, since the latter have made their way to Bengal.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. "This one night's child", i. e. poem produced in one night.

<sup>7</sup> "A twelvemonth's road", i. e. to Bengal. Hafiz sent an eulogistic poem to Ghiyatheddin Purbi, (A.D. 1367—1373) King of Bengal, who in return invited him to visit his court and promised him a pension. The poet is said to have accordingly set out for Bengal, but, on arriving at the nearest sea-port, was so alarmed at the idea of the sea-voyage before him that he abandoned his intention and returned home.

<sup>8</sup> The Beloved's eye declared to be the source and starting-point of all magic.

6. Asweat she <sup>1</sup> goes with swaying gait, And on the jasmine's visage,  
For shame before her face, such sweat As dew distil betideth.
7. Astray, for the world's blandishments, Go not; for from this beldam,  
Whether she sit or go, there's nought But fraud and ill betideth.
8. Samiri like <sup>2</sup>, who, spying gold, <sup>3</sup> Left Moses of his folly  
And followed after calves, be not, Or evil still betideth. <sup>4</sup>
9. From the king's rosegardens the breeze Of the Spring season wafteth  
And on the tulip wine of dew, Its cup to fill, betideth.
10. Of longing for Ghiyatheddin His court, Keep thou not silence,  
Hafiz; for, by complaint, to thee Thy need and will betideth. <sup>5</sup>

## CLIX

1. A purpose I have, By which, if aright cometh  
The thing I design, The end of despite cometh.
2. The stage of the heart No meeting-place is of opponents:  
When Div goeth forth, Then angel sun-bright cometh. <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "She", i. e. the beloved.      <sup>2</sup> "Samiri"; the Samaritan enchanter and rival of Moses, to whom Mohammedan fable attributes the making of the Golden Calf.

<sup>3</sup> "He looked upon (i. e. was tempted by) gold" Koran, XX, 87.      <sup>4</sup> i. e. be not like Samiri, who forsook the road of righteousness, i. e. the service of the Ideal, and followed after the goods of the transitory world.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. by the exercise of thy poetical faculty in expressing thy needs to the King of Bengal, thou wilt obtain from him the accomplishment of thy desires.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. Opposites cannot coexist in the heart; before the angel of love and righteousness can enter, it must be purged of the Div of selfishness and impurity.

3. The commerce of kings Is the gloom of the long nights of winter;  
Ask light of the sun <sup>1</sup>; May be it (the light) cometh.
4. At the door of the great Of the world, lacking kindness and bounty,  
How long wilt thou wait Till yon man of might cometh?
5. Leave beggarship not Nor quest, till the treasure thou find  
Of a wayfarer's grace, Who belike in thy sight cometh. <sup>2</sup>
6. The good and the bad Each showeth his ware: who, I wonder,  
To favour and who To shame and to slight cometh? <sup>3</sup>
7. O bulbul love-lorn, Despair not of life; for the garden  
Once more waxeth green, The rose bloom-bedight cometh. <sup>4</sup>
8. In this our mean world Small wonder if Hafiz be heedless;  
An inn 'tis, wherefrom, Sense-ravished, each wight cometh. <sup>5</sup>

## CLX

1. Thy loveliness the sun of every eye be!  
Fairer thy face than beauty's self to spy be!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. seek cheer from the sun of the wine-cup. <sup>2</sup> i. e. suffer thyself not to be lured by the delusions of the world from the quest of the true Beloved (the service of the ideal), which is only to be achieved in poverty and solitude, detachment from matters mundane. The "wayfarer" may here be either the Beloved or some experienced man who will guide the seeker to his desire.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Devotee and toper, each claims to be in the right way; I wonder which of them will find acceptance and which rejection in the sight of God.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Spring will yet return. <sup>5</sup> The

World likened to a tavern, where every one is bemused with the wine of its illusions.

2. Under that falcon-feathered Huma's pinions,  
Thy tress, may all kings' hearts beneath the sky be !

3. May he, who is not captive of thy tresses,  
Like them, embroiled and tangled all awry be !

4. His heart, who is not of thy face enamoured,  
Drowned in his liver's blood still doomed to lie be !

5. O idol, when thy glances scatter arrows,  
Their target may my wounded heart and I be !

6. And when thy honeyed ruby giveth kisses,  
The palate of my soul made sweet thereby be !

7. Each breath new love for thee in me awaketh :  
New beauties thine with all the hours that hie be !

8. Thy sight with all his soul desireth Hafiz :  
Bent on the longing lovers' case thine eye be !

## CLXI

1. May thy beauty on the wax for aye be !  
Tulip-hued that cheek of thine alway be !

2. May the image of thy love, that harb'reth  
In my head, increasing day by day be !

3. May the stature of Creation's charmers  
Bent in homage to *thy* stature's sway be! <sup>1</sup>
4. Every cypress, in the meads that springeth,  
Bowed before thy shape erect as A <sup>2</sup> be!
5. May the eye that's not by thee distracted  
Still to seas of tears and blood a prey be!
6. Skilled thine eye in every sort of witch'ry,  
That may serve for leading hearts astray, be!
7. Wheresoe'er a heart for thee is troubled,  
May it without patience, ease or stay be!
8. O that far thy lip, which Hafiz' soul is,  
From the lip of the unworthy may be!

## CLXII

1. Thy body of the leaches' care For aye in need be not!  
Thy tender being ever harmed Of Fate's misdeed be not!
2. Upon thy weal dependeth that Of all this world of ours;  
God grant that sufferance to thee Of chance decreed be not!
3. Beauty of form and soul ensue The blessing of thy health:  
Thine inward sad and grief-obscured Thine outward wede be not!

<sup>1</sup> *Lit.*, "be as [the letter] *noun*", which is a semicircle, enclosing a diacritical point.  
<sup>2</sup> i. e. *elif*, which is a perpendicular stroke.

4. When Autumn cometh to despoil Life's fields, God grant its scathe  
Wreaked on that lofty cypress-tree, Queen of the mead, be not !

5. Whereas thy beauty flowereth In splendour, possible  
For hate or spite to enter in, With word or deed, be not !

6. May all, upon thy moonlike face Who look with evil eye,  
Upon the fire of sorrow aught But wild rue-seed be not ! <sup>1</sup>

7. Of Hafiz' sugar-scatt'ring speech Seek healing for thine ill,  
So that of rosewater for cure Or syrups need be not !

## CLXIII

1. The winecup in hand whoso doth hold,  
The emp'ry of Jem e'ermo' doth hold.

2. In the winehouse the fountain of Khizr <sup>2</sup> seek ;  
Its water the winecup a-flow doth hold.

3. The end of life's thread to the cup make fast ;  
For ordinance life therefro' doth hold. <sup>3</sup>

4. Zealots and piety ; we and wine :  
For whether the Friend, I'd know, doth hold ?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. may all thine ill-willers writhe ever (like rue-seed on the chafing-plate) upon  
the fire of sorrow !      <sup>2</sup> i. e. the fountain of eternal life.      <sup>3</sup> i. e. life

is ordered and made fair by wine.



5. Skinker, excepting thy lip, there's nought  
Of worth that this world below doth hold.

6. The drowsed narcissus from thy fair eye  
Its borrowed graces and show doth hold.

7. The praise of thy cheek and thy tress my heart  
At dawn-white and evenglow doth hold.

8. Full salt-rights over the wounded breast  
Thy lip of ruby, heigho! doth hold. <sup>1</sup>

9. O soul, in the chin-pit, thy beauty slaves,  
Like Hafiz, hundreds arow doth hold.

## CLXIV

1. Whoe'er the beauty of the down On the Friend's cheek in sight hath  
The goal of vision and of wit, Certes, attained the wight hath.

2. Pen-like, upon her royal writ <sup>2</sup> The head of our obeisance  
We've laid, albeit she with sword To take it off the right hath. <sup>3</sup>

3. To thine enjoyment he alone Findeth accéss, each moment  
Who, candle-like, another head, For that thy sword to smite, hath.

<sup>1</sup> For an explanation of "salt-rights" see previous note. <sup>2</sup> *Perwaneh*, mandate, patent of admission (to the Beloved's presence), syn. "moth", hence used p. g. An allusion is also intended to the Beloved's down, the name of which (*khedf*) means also "writing".

<sup>3</sup> The simile of the reed-pen is carried throughout; i. e. the Beloved hath the right and power to cut off the lover's head, as one decapitates a reed for the purpose of making it into a pen.

4. Unto the kissing of thy foot That man alone attaineth  
Who, like the threshold, at thy door His head still day and night hath.
5. One day thy watcher at my breast Hath launched an arrow, seeing  
The might of grief for thee my heart Defenceless made outright hath.
6. Of barren pietism sick Am I: bring wine unmingled;  
For lo! its scent the power to hold My brain still fresh and bright hath.
7. If nought but this <sup>1</sup> wine profit thee, Is't not enough, a moment,  
That it from reason's fasheries To set thee free the might hath?
8. He, who ne'er yet without the door Of piety foot planted,  
Now, to the winehouse-quarter bound, Himself for travel dight hath.
9. The brand of passion to the dust Will bear heart-broken Hafiz,  
Which on his liver, wellaway! Wild tulip-like, <sup>2</sup> the wight hath.

## CLXV

1. She, whose hyacinthine ringlet Civet in despite still holdeth, <sup>3</sup>  
Coquetry with heart-bereft ones, Ay, and sore unright still holdeth.
2. By the victims of her beauty, Like the wind, alack! she passeth;  
What 's to do? For she our life is And to haste of flight still holdeth. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "This," i. e. deliverance from the annoy of reason.  
in the tulip's cup likened to brand or cautery-marks on its heart.  
scent of thy locks filleth civet with envious despite.  
by swiftly as life itself.

<sup>2</sup> The black marks  
<sup>3</sup> i. e., the  
<sup>4</sup> i. e. the Beloved passeth

3. Since Life's water 'tis that welletth From the lip of the Beloved,  
Khizr's fountain but a mirage, Plain it is to sight, still holdeth.
4. Her sun-seeming moon, that glitt'reth Through the curtain of her tresses,  
Is a very sun, a cloud-screen That before its light still holdeth.
5. Lo, mine eye with tears a torrent From each coign hath set a-running,  
Wherewithal thy mirrored cypress-Shape it fresh and bright still holdeth.
6. On unrighteous wise (the wantons!) Have thy glances shed my heart's blood:  
Well and good! Their every motion What is just and right still holdeth.
7. Of my heart thine eye, that toper Warm with wine, my liver seeketh; <sup>1</sup>  
Drunken Turk! Meseemeth longing For roast meat the wight still holdeth.
8. My sick soul of thee to question Dareth not. O happy lover  
Who an answer from the Loved One, Ere he speak or write, still holdeth!
9. When a look at heart-lorn Hafiz Will thine eye vouchsafe, that toper  
Which in every coign a victim, Ruined of its might, still holdeth?

## CLXVI

1. The messenger with the glad news From Asef<sup>2</sup> last night is arrived,  
That from Solomon's <sup>3</sup> presence the sign Of leave for delight is arrived. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. seeketh my liver, (which is the seat of love,) to devour it.  
i. e. the Grand Vizier Hajji Kiwameddin Hassan.

<sup>2</sup> "Asef",

<sup>3</sup> Solomon; Shah Shejaa.

<sup>4</sup> Shah Shejaa, on his accession, being a bon vivant and a lover of mirth and music, repealed the laws against wine and merrymaking.

2. The dust of our being make thou Into clay with the tears of the eye;  
For the season, the ruinous house Of the heart to redight, is arrived.
3. Come, cover thou up my reproach, O gaberdine liquor-bereyed;  
For to visit me yonder Belov'd, With skirt of pure white, is arrived.
4. The tales without end that folk tell Of the beauty and grace of the Friend  
Of thousands one syllable are That to utt'rance outright is arrived!
5. The rank of each fair one to-day's Grown patent, since unto the place  
Of honour yon moon, that illumines The feast with her light, is arrived.<sup>1</sup>
6. To Solomon's throne-top, whose crown Is the place of ascent of the sun,  
Behold, with what courage an ant, Abjection despite, is arrived!<sup>2</sup>
7. Safe guard thy religion, o heart, From her wanton, ensorcelling eye;  
For, on rapine and plunder intent, That bow-drawing wight is arrived.
8. O Hafiz, with poortith bereyed Thou art: ask largesse of the King,  
For that soul of largesse to make clean From poverty's blight is arrived.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Other fair ones are relegated to their proper place in public estimation, when our beloved one showeth herself.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the story of the queen-ant, which is fabled to have climbed to the top of Solomon's throne and begged him to prevent his troops from trampling her subjects. Beloved here likened to Solomon and lover to ant. "The place of ascent of the sun" is the Fourth Heaven, the abode of Jesus, and the whole couplet is meant as an incitement to resolution, according to Soudi, who quotes, in illustration, the two following Arabic proverbs; "Man flieth (or soareth) with his resolution [like as the bird with its wing]", (*Meidani* 2954) and "Man's resolution uprooteth mountains", (*Meidani* 3178).

<sup>3</sup> Shah Shejaa is said to have been a man of great liberality and a bountiful patron of poets and learned men. He showed Hafiz especial favour and his vizier was the poet's consistent friend and disciple.

9. The Sultan's assembly's a sea Of grace ; the occasion come seize ;  
Quick, loss-stricken one ! For the hour Of traffic <sup>1</sup> in sight is arrived.

## CLXVII

1. To me the East wind yesternight The tidings rare hath brought  
That tow'rd an end its face the day Of grief and care hath brought.

2. Unto the minstrels of the draught Of dawn our raiment torn  
We'll give as gift for the glad news The morning-air hath brought.

3. Come, come ; for thee into the world, Houri of Paradise, <sup>2</sup>  
For the sheer sake of thy slave's heart, Rizwan <sup>3</sup> from there hath brought.

4. The wind-waft of thy tress is grown My Khizr <sup>4</sup> in Love's way ;  
O what a way-mate unto me My fortune fair hath brought !

5. How many a moan my heart hath sent Up to the tented moon,  
When it that moon-cheek to my thought, Haloed with hair, hath brought !

6. Strive ye the heart of dervishes To win ; for this felt cap,  
Many's the breach on kingly crowns That it whilere hath brought ! <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Now is the time to exert thyself and profit by the opportunity.  
Beloved.

<sup>2</sup> "Rizwan" ; the gatekeeper of Paradise.

<sup>3</sup> To the

<sup>4</sup> Khizr was

fabled to befriend and guide strayed wayfarers.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. conciliate men of piety and learning ; for their prayers are effectual, both for blessing and banning. "Felt cap" here a figure for the dervish order, the members of which wear a high pointed cap of felt. "Dervishes" here probably = men of learning and poets, servants of the Ideal, such as Hafiz himself, who gives an instance of their power in the following couplet.

7. Mensóur's <sup>1</sup> insignia to the sky Hath Hafiz raised, since Fate  
Unto the King of Kings' high court Him to repair hath brought.

## CLXVIII

1. He who did of rose and wild rose On-thy cheek the hue bestow,  
Ease and patience, an He will it, Can on me, that rue, bestow;

2. And His bounty, who the usance Of oppression taught thy locks,  
Can on me, the sorrow-stricken, Justice for my due bestow.

3. From Ferhád my hope I severed From the time when on Shirín's  
Lip the bridle of his frenzied Heart he did, I knew, bestow. <sup>2</sup>

4. If the golden treasure fail us, We've the corner of content;  
He, who gave kings *that*, on beggars Did this latter, too, bestow.

5. Yea, a goodly bride the world is In appearance; but their lives  
Must on her, to wedding-dower, Those her smiles that woo bestow.

6. Hence my heart to skirt of cypress And to marge of rill shall cleave,  
More by sign the East glad tidings Doth of Springtide new bestow.

7. In the grip of Time's affliction Hafiz' heart is all a-bleed:  
Great Kiwam-ed-dín, requital For the lack of you bestow! <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shah Mensour, the fifth Muzefferi prince of Fars. The mention of this king, who did not accede to the throne till A. D. 1388, shows that Hafiz survived till after that date.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. I renounced hope of Ferhad, when he became a lover.

<sup>3</sup> A complaint of the absence or estrangement of his patron, the Grand Vizier.

## CLXIX

1. If after her I follow, On me she troubles reareth;  
And if I sit from seeking, To rancour straight she veereth:
2. And if I for loveliking, Like highway-dust, a moment,  
Fall at her feet, she fleeth Like wind and disappeareth.
3. If half a kiss I covet, With mockeries an hundred,  
From out that sugared casket, Her mouth, at me she fleereth.
4. Love's desert, hill and valley, The snare-place of mischance is:  
Where is the lion-hearted, Whom no mischance affeareth?
5. The guile in that narcissus<sup>1</sup> Of thine I see: O many's  
The face's sheen its treason With highway-dust besmeareth!
6. When "Why", of her I question, "With so-and-so dost mingle?"  
She doth so that mine eyeballs With bloody tears she bleareth.
7. Pray thou for life and patience; For Fortune's wheel, the juggler,  
Tricks by the thousand, stranger Than this thou seest, upreareth.<sup>2</sup>
8. Come, lay thy forehead, Hafiz, Upon submission's threshold;  
For, an thou wrangle, Fortune In wrangling persevereth.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Narcissus", i. e. eye.<sup>2</sup> Sic. = playeth.<sup>3</sup> i. e. nothing is so calculated to disarm Fortune as submission.

## CLXX

1. The soul to life inclining, Without the Loved One's grace, hath not:  
Who hath not *this, that*, certes, In any time or place hath not.

2. A trace of yon heart-seizer In none alive have I beheld; <sup>1</sup>  
'Tis or that I no insight Or else that she a trace hath not.

3. The station of contentment Unmeet it were from hand to give;  
Light down, o camel-driver; For end this way of chase <sup>2</sup> hath not.

4. Each dewdrop on this highway's An hundred seas of fire. Alack  
That answer or solution Th'enigma of Love's case hath not!

5. But little pleasance, certes, Hath life without the one belov'd;  
Yea, living aught of savour, Without the Friend's embrace, hath not.

6. The usances of topping Learn from the Mohtesib, o heart:  
He 's drunken; but misdoubtance Of him the populace hath not. <sup>3</sup>

7. Though thy spy be the candle, Look thou from it thy secrets hide;  
For on its tongue a bridle That head-lopped scant-o'-grace hath not.

8. He, whom thou callest "master," <sup>4</sup> An if thou look, a craftsman is  
In very deed; but verses, [Like mine,] that flow apace, hath not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. I can see none like her.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the way of the quest of love.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. None suspecteth him of winebibbing.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Some contemporary poet,

who had apparently been compared with Hafiz.



9. The crook-back harp to joyance Inviteth thee: its bidding hark;  
The elder's <sup>1</sup> rede save profit For those of human race hath not.

10. The tale of Korah's treasure, That Time gave to the wind, tell ye  
The rosebud, so she hidden Her gold in hoarding base hath not. <sup>2</sup>

11. In this our world no mortal A servant such as Hafiz hath;  
Since any one a monarch, So fair as Thou of face, hath not.

## CLXXI

1. Lo, the shining moon thy face's Argent sheen hath not  
And the rose, by thee, the grass's Lustre e'en hath not.

2. In the corner of thine eyebrow Is my soul's abode;  
Goodlier dwelling than this corner King or queen hath not.

3. What will my heart's smoke, <sup>3</sup> I wonder, Do with that thy cheek?  
Since the mirror power to suffer Sighs, I ween, hath not. <sup>4</sup>

4. Not I only the oppression Suffer of thy tress;  
Who is't that of yonder blackmoor Branded been hath not?

5. Yonder eye of thine, my fairest, That black-hearted one,  
Least regard for friend or comrade, That I've seen, hath not.

<sup>1</sup> Harp called "elder", because of its crooked back, as bowed with age. <sup>2</sup> Bid the rosebud not hoard her beauties, but blossom and give them freely to the world; a hint to the Beloved. The rose's gold is the stamens in her corolla. <sup>3</sup> Sighs are called the heart's smoke. <sup>4</sup> Girl's cheek likened to metal mirror, which would be rusted by sighs.

6. Quick, the heavy <sup>1</sup> pottle bring me, Youngling of the inn;  
Here's a sheikh's good health, who cloister, Fat or lean, hath not! <sup>2</sup>

7. Drink thy blood, friend, and sit silent; For that tender heart  
Strength to bear the justice-seeker's Wailing keen hath not.

8. See the face of the narcissus, Blooming in thy sight!  
Nay, regard for breeding yohder Shameless quean <sup>3</sup> hath not.

9. With the blood of his own liver Bid him wash his sleeve  
Who of áccess to this threshold Way or mean hath not.

10. Blame not Hafiz, if prostration He to thee perform;  
For Love's infidel, o idol, Aught of sin hath not. <sup>4</sup>

## CLXXII

1. Our Book, <sup>5</sup> for this many a year, In pawn for the vinejuice red is;  
Yea, still from our lore and prayer The sheen of the winehouse shed is.

2. The Sheikh of the Magians' grace To us poor sots consider;  
Whatever we do in the eye Of his favour goodlihead is.

<sup>1</sup> Heavy, i. e. full of wine.                      <sup>2</sup> Alluding (says Soudi) to Hafiz's old teacher, Sheikh Mohammed Attar, who kept no cloister, but lived by his trade of a druggist or grocer (*Attar*); but the Sheikh (Elder) of the Magians, i. e. the tavern-keeper, is more probably meant.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the narcissus, which has the impudence to flower in thy presence.

<sup>4</sup> A pun is here intended; Hafiz says, in effect, "the *Kafir*, i. e. concealer (syn. "heretic, infidel") of love commits no sin; for to conceal love is praiseworthy".

<sup>5</sup> The Koran?

3. With wine let us all to-wash The writ of the understanding ;  
For spite against those that know In heaven, I've seen, inbred is.

4. My heart, like the compasses, In all directions turneth ;  
And yet in that round the foot Of the dizzard fast in stead is. <sup>1</sup>

5. The minstrel such strains did sing Of passion and of anguish  
That even the sage's eye With ruddy tears be-bled is.

6. In gladness I've blossomed out, Rose-like on the bank of the streamlet,  
Because that her shade, that straight, Slim cypress, <sup>2</sup> o'er my head is.

7. THAT <sup>3</sup> from the fair, o heart, Seek, if thou know what's goodly ;  
For so said one in lore Of insight who well read is.

8. My elder, Sheikh Gulréng, <sup>4</sup> Anent yon blue-gowned gentry <sup>5</sup>  
Misspeech and blame forbade ; Else much there to be said is.

9. Hafiz's gilt base coin To him <sup>6</sup> is never proffered ;  
For 'ware of hidden faults The mate at board and bed is. <sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Yet is it still centred fast in the love of the beloved.  
shadow of the Beloved's favour.

<sup>2</sup> Because I am in the  
<sup>3</sup> i. e. the subtle inexpressible charm, the Spanish  
*Sal*, the French "je ne sais quoi".

<sup>4</sup> "Sheikh Gulreng", the title in religion of  
Hafiz's teacher, Sheikh Mohammed Attar, before named.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the Soufis.  
<sup>6</sup> i. e. Sheikh Gulreng.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. Those who have lived with a man know all his  
secret defects.

## CLXXIII

1. All the talk with us yest'reven Of those ringlets rare of thine was;  
Till the heart of night, the question Of that tangling hair of thine was.
2. Yea, his heart, though all a-bleeding For the arrows of thy lashes,  
Once more longing for the bow-horns Of that eyebrow-pair of thine was.
3. God be gracious to the East wind, That of thee to us brought tidings!  
Else, on none we lit who coming From that quarter there of thine was.
4. Ere thou wast, the world knew nothing Of Love's mischief and its stresses;  
Nay, the world's first strife-exciter That bewitching air of thine was.
5. Of the people of salvation Even I was, the distracted,  
Till I taken in that blackmoor Browlock's highway-snare of thine was.
6. Loose the fast'ning of thy tunic, So my heart may be expanded;  
For whatso I've found of solace From that side, fore'er, of thine was.
7. By thy faith, I do adjure thee, Pass thou by the tomb of Hafiz,  
Who the world hath left and longing For that face, my fair, of thine was.

## CLXXIV

1. Be't remembered that my dwelling Erst thy door anigh was,  
From thy threshold's dust that gotten Lustre for mine eye was.
2. What within thy heart was, truly, That my tongue did utter;  
Like to rose and lys, for commerce With the pure, pure I was.

3. When the heart from Gaffer Reason Sayings hard reported,  
Love expounded what uneasy For it to descry was.
4. In my heart, without the Loved One Ne'er to be, I purposed :  
But to what avail ? For idle All that I could try was.
5. Yesternight, in thought of comrades, Went I to the winehouse,  
Saw the jar, that foot in clay set, Heart with blood <sup>1</sup> filled high, was. <sup>2</sup>
6. Far and wide I sought the reason Of the pain of sev'rance ;  
Reason's Mufti <sup>3</sup> to this question Pow'rless to reply was.
7. True it is Bou Ishac's <sup>4</sup> turquoise Seal-ring for a season  
Glittered proudly ; but his fortune Swift of passing by was.
8. 'Las, the evil and oppression In this place of ambush ! <sup>5</sup>  
'Las for all the ease and pleasance In that palace high <sup>6</sup> was !
9. Heardest thou the laughter, Hafiz, Of yon strutting partridge ?  
Heedless it of Fortune, hawk-like Swooping from the sky, was.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. red wine.

<sup>2</sup> Wine-jar the similitude of the lover of the Ideal, whose feet are fettered to earth and whose heart is ableed with chagrin.

<sup>3</sup> *Mufti*, generally a professional assessor to the Cadi, here a lawyer who gives decisions on cases of theological jurisprudence.

<sup>4</sup> Shah Sheikh Abou Ishac, Governor of Shiraz under the last (fainéant) Ilkhani Sultans of Fars, from A. D. 1336 to A. D. 1353, when he was taken and put to death by Mubariz-ed-din Mohammed Muzaffer, the founder of the Muzaffer dynasty of Fars. He (Abou Ishac) was a Sheikh of the Souf order and a great patron of the learned and out of humility made the bezel of his seal-ring of turquoise, instead of more costly jewels.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. The world.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. that of Abou Ishac.

## CLXXV

1. What while there of wine and winehouse Name and trace shall still be,  
Dust upon the Magian Elder's Path our face shall still be.
2. When thou passest by our grave-head, [In our name] ask blessing;  
For the Mecca of the toppers All the place shall still be.
3. From all time, the Magian Elder's Slave-ring in mine ear was;  
As we were, we are and even Thus the case shall still be.
4. Go, proud zealot! For this myst'ry <sup>1</sup> From thine eye and mine is  
Hid and hidden, while endureth Time-and-Space, shall still be.
5. Drunk, to-day my lover-slaying Turk <sup>2</sup> went forth. I wonder,  
From what victim's eyes the heart's blood Shed apace shall still be?
6. Yea, the place of their prostration, For the folk of vision,  
Wheresoever is the foot-mark Of thy pace, shall still be.
7. Till the Judgment-morn, that night-tide, <sup>3</sup> When for thee of longing  
Died it, from mine eye Time pow'rless To efface shall still be.
8. If this fashion Hafiz' fortune Aid him, <sup>4</sup> the Beloved's  
Tresses in the hand of others, More of grace, shall still be. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Soudi says, "the mystery of love"; but quære?

<sup>2</sup> i. e. The Beloved.

<sup>3</sup> Apparently some night of union with the Beloved.

<sup>4</sup> Ironical.

<sup>5</sup> A complaint of his ill fortune, which severed him from the Beloved.

## CLXXVI

1. Come the glad news is that the days Of woe will not abide for ever;  
*That* (gladness) bided not and *this* Eenso will not abide for ever.
2. Though in the sight of the Belov'd Like dust, indeed, we are and abject,  
 The rival honoured on this wise, I trow, will not abide for ever.
3. Since with his falchion He the door That keepeth <sup>1</sup> smiteth all and several,  
 A mortal in this precinct, here Below, will not abide for ever.
4. Thy present union with the moth <sup>2</sup> Enjoy, o candle; for this commerce,  
 Thou hold'st till morning set the skies Aglow, will not abide for ever.
5. The angel of the Spirit-world Gave me this message of glad tidings,  
 That one afflicted in this world Of show will not abide for ever.
6. What room for thanks or plaint anent This fleeting show of good and evil,  
 Since on life's page the writ of Yea Or No will not abide for ever?
7. The song of Jemshid's banquetings Was (so they tell us) on this fashion,  
 "The wine-cup bring, for Jem himself, Heigho! will not abide for ever".
8. O man of might, bestir thyself To win the heart of this thy dervish;  
 For stores of silver, ay, or gold, We know, will not abide for ever.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Death, the keeper of the door of Life.  
 frenzied lover.

<sup>2</sup> "The moth", emblem of the

9. On yonder sapphire dome of heav'n, Lo! "Aught", in words of gold they've  
[written,  
"Save kindly deeds, from generous hearts That flow, will not abide for ever".

10. To-day, at dawn, the ghittern's trill Gave me this message of glad tidings,  
That any mortal in the bond Of woe will not abide for ever.

11. Despair not, Hafiz, of the Friend's Affection, for oppression's usance  
And violence of angry Fate, The foe, will not abide for ever.

## CLXXVII

1. In the Friend's high places every Heart's initiate<sup>1</sup> abideth  
And whoso this craft ignoreth Still a renegade abideth.

2. Blame my heart not, if it issue Forth the curtain of concealment;  
God be thanked that it no longer In pride's prison-grate abideth!<sup>2</sup>

3. Lo, whilere I had a patchcoat And an hundred faults it covered;  
Pledged for wine and song the rag was; But the girdle strait abideth.

4. Out of pawn for wine the Soufis Took their gaberdines; mine only  
'Tis that in the vintner's keeping Early still and late abideth.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Every one who is initiated into, hath apprehended the heart's mystery.

<sup>2</sup> This Ode seems to refer to the poet's rejection of Soufism, of which he had been, in early life, a follower. It appears to mean as follows: "If I threw off the screen of false doctrine, blame me not; rather, God be thanked that I cast off the veil of error and hypocritical conceit and self-delusion and became aware of the Truth".



5. Goodlier object of remembrance Than Love's speech's sound I never  
Knew of all that in this whirling Round of things create abideth.
6. Other patchcoateers have drunken Been of yore, and 'tis forgotten ;  
But *our* case at each street-corner Ever in debate abideth.
7. Save my heart that goeth loving Aye and evermore, I never  
Heard of any one who constant Still to Love's estate abideth.
8. Every ruby draught I've taken From her crystal hand's grown water  
Of regret and in mine eyelids, Raining pearls, await abideth. <sup>1</sup>
9. China's fair ones <sup>2</sup> all astonied Are for wonder at thy beauty ;  
So their case, in every quarter, Limned on wall and gate abideth. <sup>3</sup>
10. The narcissus sought by sickness Like thine eye to grow, but could not  
Catch its glamour and so sickly And disconsolate abideth.
11. In thy tress's pleasaunce Hafiz' Heart one day itself adventured,  
Thinking to return, but captive Ever in that plait abideth.

## CLXXVIII

1. In thy heart of yore, Beloved, More concern for lovers' care was ;  
Yea, with us thy loving-kindness Talk of people everywhere was.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently an allusion to the wine which used aforetime to be poured to him by the Beloved and the remembrance of which had now become for him "water of regret", i. e. tears of yearning.      <sup>2</sup> The female forms pictured in Chinese paintings are the Persian ideal of beauty.      <sup>3</sup> As if fixed there in motionless and speechless amaze.

2. Be that commerce of the night-time Aye remembered when of lovers'  
Bond and circle and Love's myst'ries Talk among the sweet-lipped fair was !
3. Though those moonfaced lovelings' beauty Ravished heart and faith and  
Yet our love for pleasant nature, Grace and fashions debonair <sup>1</sup> was. [reason,
4. If the shade of the Beloved <sup>2</sup> On the lover fell, what wonder?  
Her we needed and desirous She of us, to make the pair, was.
5. Ere yon dome and arch of azure They on high upreared, the Loved One's  
Eyebrow for mine eye the archway Of its belvedere whilere was.
6. From the Prime without beginning To the night of Endless Ever  
Was our love and on one fashion Will be still as it fore'er was.
7. On the Night of Power <sup>3</sup> a dawn-draught If I drank, nay, never blame me;  
For with wine the Friend came merry And a cup on shelf-edge there was.
8. If the chaplet-string was broken, Prithee hold thou me excuséd;  
For my hand upon the silver-Shanked cupbearer's fore-arm bare was.
9. On my case this pregnant saying At the King's door quoth a beggar,  
"Still, at whatso table sat I, God purveyor of the fare was."
10. Lo, in Adam's time, in Eden, Hafiz' verse the decoration,  
Wherewithal the roses' petals, White and red, bewritten were, was. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in preference to mere personal beauty.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the shadow of her favour.

<sup>3</sup> See previous note. The night in question is, of course, considered a specially holy one, on which it would be particularly disgraceful to drink wine.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. (*sembler*)

"Hafiz's verses are part of the writing in the Book of Nature, of which the rose-petals etc. are the leaves".

## CLXXIX

1. When thy face's mirrored semblance On the goblet's shine befalleth,  
Longing vain the greatest sages From the laughing wine befalleth.
2. From one single revelation Of thy beauty in the mirror  
All the many a kind of picture, That men's thoughts design, befalleth.
3. How shall mortal with the age's Course but turn, as doth the compass,  
In the days' revolving circle Since his lot, in fine, befalleth?
4. Never more, o sir, thou'lt see me In the cloister! With the skinker's  
Cheek and goblet's lip henceforward This affair of mine befalleth.
5. It behoveth for her victims 'Neath grief's sword to go a-dancing:  
Whoso's slain of her a goodly Ending, by this sign, befalleth.
6. From the mosque unto the tavern, Not of my freewill, I've fallen;  
Thus it me by fore-eternal Ordinance Divine befalleth.
7. Since Love's jealousy still muteth Every noble tongue, how is it  
In the vulgar's mouth their secret, Who for her do pine, befalleth?
8. Some new favour she each moment On me heart-a-fire conferreth:  
See how worship-worth this lowly Beggarman of thine befalleth!
9. From thy chin-pit my heart, reaching, To the curl clung of thy tresses;  
'Las, it, from the pit escaping, In the springe's twine befalleth!

10. Soufis one and all whoremongers Are and topers; but, among them,  
Unto heart-sick Hafiz only Ill-repute for wine befalleth. <sup>1</sup>

## CLXXX

1. All the Soufi's coin not wholly Pure from tincture of allay is;  
Marry, of the fire deserving Many a patchcoat, sooth to say, is!

2. This our Soufi, him who useth With the dawn-prayer to wax drunken, <sup>2</sup>  
Note him in the evening-season, When with wine he blithe and gay is.

3. Well it were if into usance Came the touchstone of experience,  
So that black-aviced should every One become in whom allay is. <sup>3</sup>

4. 'Tis not affluence's nursling To the Friend access that findeth;  
Loverhood of none but topers, Tried with suffering, the way is.

5. Sorrow how long wilt thou suffer For this rascal world? Drink wine, man;  
Pity that the heart of sages Should be troubled with affray is.

6. If the skinker's down this fashion Write upon her face's water, <sup>4</sup>  
Many a cheek with bloody water <sup>5</sup> Overpainted night and day is.

<sup>1</sup> This couplet states, with uncompromising plainness of speech, the poet's opinion of his former associates of the Soufi persuasion; the meaning appears to be that, whilst *they* cover their secret transgressions with hypocrisy and dissembling, he, being frank and undissembling, is generally blamed for his peccadilloes. <sup>2</sup> i. e. who

feigneth to be cast into ecstasy or spiritual intoxication by the devotional exercises of dawning. <sup>3</sup> "Allay" here (Soudi) = fraud, hypocrisy. Rhyme-word repeated.

<sup>4</sup> The translucent smoothness of the skin of the cheek likened to water.

<sup>5</sup> "Bloody water", i. e. tears of blood.

7. Hafiz' prayer-rug and his patchcoat Off the wineseller shall carry,  
If the wine his cup that filleth Skinked by yonder moonfaced may is!

## CLXXXI

1. My soul cometh forth <sup>1</sup> and my wish, Belov'd, of thee cometh not forth; <sup>2</sup>  
My fortune from slumber and sloth, Ah, woe is me! cometh not forth. <sup>3</sup>

2. The wind of the East in mine eye Cast a grain of the dust of her street,  
So the water of life in my sight, Inapt to see, cometh not forth. <sup>4</sup>

3. So long as thy tall slender shape I clip not, my fair, in mine arms,  
To fruitage the plant of my heart, My wishes' tree, cometh not forth.

4. My heart in thy tress made its home; For 't saw it a populous place. <sup>5</sup>  
Since, news from that exile, oppressed Of misery, cometh not forth.

5. Belike that heart-comforting face Our wish shall accomplish; but, else,  
On othergates fashion our need To certainty cometh not forth.

6. From the bow of sincerity shafts Of prayer by the thousand I launch;  
What booteth it? One to the mark, The heart of thee, cometh not forth.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. I am nigh to give up the ghost. <sup>2</sup> i. e. is not accomplished. The phrase "cometh forth" has a number of different meanings in Persian, several of which occur in this ode. <sup>3</sup> i. e. my fortune ceaseth not to be drowsy, i. e. unfavourable.

<sup>4</sup> Meaning, apparently, that the dust of the Beloved's street, entering the lover's eye, prevents him, so potent is its action as an eye-salve, from heeding or seeking the water of life.

<sup>5</sup> This curious and (to an English ear) unpleasantly suggestive expression means that the Beloved's tress is full of lovers' hearts, which have cloven thereto and abide captive there; a common figure with Persian poets.

7. The least obligation of Love's Surrender, o Hafiz, of life;  
Begone, if its due from thy hand, To this degree, cometh not forth.

## CLXXXII

1. My heart from me's gone and fruition, My case to amend, cometh not;  
Myself from myself have I severed, And nathless the Friend cometh not.

2. In this my conceit and delusion, The season of life passeth by,  
And yet her long tress's oppression, Alack! to an end cometh not.

3. My heart hath great plenty of stories To tell to the breeze of the dawn;  
But moon to the night of my fortune, The darkness to rend, cometh not.

4. The shafts of my dawning complaints Used never to fail of their aim:  
How is it one sigh to the target, Of all that I spend, cometh not?

5. Our life (wellaway!) and our substance We sacrificed not for her sake:<sup>1</sup>  
Alack, that for love our devotion Thus far to extend cometh not!

6. For the grievous despite and aversion It feeleth 'gainst all mankind,  
Now Hafiz's heart from the ring of The Loved One's tress-bend cometh not.

## CLXXXIII

1. O happy his heart is that after The lusts of the eye goeth not,  
That unto each door where they bid him, Unwotting of why, goeth not!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. We are to blame for our own failure to achieve union, since we fell short of the first obligation of a lover, which is the sacrifice of life and substance for love.

2. For me, after that sweet ruby <sup>1</sup> That I should not hanker of hers,  
Were better; but after sugar, Woe worth it! what fly goeth not?
3. O thou that art of the angels, God grant that forth of thy mind  
The troth that to me thou plightedst, In seasons past by, goeth not!
4. The black of mine eye grief-smitten Oh wash not away with tears,  
That so of thy mole the image Fore'er from mine eye <sup>2</sup> goeth not.
5. None see I whose book is blacker; <sup>3</sup> 'Twere strange if, as ink in pen,  
The smoke to my head of the burning Of this my hearts' sigh goeth not.
6. Heart, be not like this a babbler And vagrant; for aught of good  
Or profit, God wot, from-thee-ward, This craft an thou ply, goeth not.
7. From the Path with the crest of the hoopoe <sup>4</sup> Ne'er lure me; the falcon white,  
For pride, after every sparrow, That it may espy, goeth not.
8. On me like the East, come lavish Thy fragrance; for unto me,  
Withouten the scent of thy tresses, There's nought that awry goeth not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. lip.

<sup>2</sup> Rhyme-word of l. 1 of Couplet I here repeated.

<sup>3</sup> "Black-

ness of book" usually = "sinfulness"; in which case the phrase would mean "I see none more polluted with sin than I"; but, taken in conjunction with the remainder of the couplet, it would rather seem to indicate gloominess of thought, the head being oppressed and the brain darkened by the smoke of the burning head. The "ink in pen" similitude is used, because Oriental ink is made with lampblack, which is of course the direct produce of "smoke".

<sup>4</sup> "Lure me not with the crest of the hoopoe", i. e. with small game; tempt me not from the way of righteousness with the idle goods of the world.

9. The fault of me drunk with the skirt-hem Of clemency hide: for so slight  
A matter, the sheen of the Canon Of God the Most High goeth not. <sup>1</sup>

10. I yearn for a cypress-shaped loveling, (I, beggar that am!), whose zone,  
Excepting for gold and silver, The hand to untie goeth not. <sup>2</sup>

11. Bring wine and first give it to Hafiz In hand, on condition the talk  
Thereof from our privy circle, For fear of the spy, goeth not.

## CLXXXIV

1. My soul longed sore that my heart's need Should be fulfilled; and 'twas not.  
In this vain yearning I consumed For that I willed: and 'twas not.

2. In questing for the talisman That ruled the wished-for treasure,  
The world on me, for grief of her, Was all forspilled; and 'twas not.

3. Woe and alack that in pursuit Of present ease, the generous  
I oftentimes besought, as do The begging guild, And 'twas not!

4. In jest, quoth she, "The chief, one night, I'll be of thine assembly."  
I lived her bondman, on that hope Whilst I did build; and 'twas not.

5. She sent me news that she would sit With winebibbers and toppers:  
My name forthright for winebibbing The wide world filled; and 'twas not.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The sheen, (lustre, *syn.* "honour") of the Law of God will not suffer by the condonation of so trifling a matter as my sin of winebibbing. <sup>2</sup> i. e., who requires payment in hard cash for her favours.



6. Well may the heart's dove in my breast Flutter; for lo, the twinings  
And springes of her tresses' snare Its pathway filled; and 'twas not. <sup>1</sup>

7. Of my desire, for drunkenness, To kiss her lip of ruby,  
How on my heart much blood, like wine In cup, distilled! And 'twas not.

8. Without a guide, adventure not Thy foot in Love's direction;  
For many pains I used to gain The thing I willed; and 'twas not.

9. Hafiz a thousand shifts devised, By dint of thought and longing,  
That he might make that wilding tame; <sup>2</sup> But nought it skilled and 'twas not.

## CLXXXV

1. The love of black-eyed maids, indeed, Forth of my pate will nowise go;  
This is heav'n's ordinance and it On other gate will nowise go.

2. The spy stirred trouble up and strife And left no place for peace-making:  
Sure, the dawn-risers' sighs unheard At heaven's gate will nowise go! <sup>3</sup>

3. Time Unbegun, no lot to me, But that of toping, They ordained:  
Each earthly lot, save as that day Foreordinate, will nowise go.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Well may the heart palpitate with regret that it escaped the snare of her tress and was not taken therein!

<sup>2</sup> i. e. that he might bring the Beloved to consent to his wishes.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Surely God will hearken to the prayers of lovers, who wake the night and rise to pray at daybreak, (when prayers are certain of acceptance,) and punish the malignant mischief-maker.

4. A privy place and ruby wine, A loving friend to cupbearer;  
It better, heart, for thee, than this Thy now estate, will nowise go.

5. Vouchsafe us, Mohtesib, the sound Of drum and pipe : the Law's rebéck  
Sure, out of tune, for such a thing Of little rate, will nowise go. <sup>1</sup>

6. I can but love her secretly : Of clip and kiss how shall I speak ?  
Since these unto my wish, denied Of sorry Fate, will nowise go.

7. Wash not grief's charact'ry, o eye, From Hafiz' breast; the charmer's sword  
Graved it, and stains of blood, though washed Early and late, will nowise go.

## CLXXXVI

1. When Time Unbegun thy beauty's sheen In manifestation set,  
Love patent became and fire forthright To all creation set.

2. The angels thy cheek's resplendence saw And loved not; whence sheer  
'T incontinent grew and fire to man, For mortification, <sup>2</sup> set. [flame

3. Reason its lamp at that flame would fain Have lit; but the levin-brand  
Of jealousy flashed and all the world In conflagration set. <sup>3</sup>

4. The Foe <sup>4</sup> sought to win to the secret of Love; The hand of th' Invisible  
There came and upon his breast the brand Of repudiation set.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. See note 5 to Ode 183.  
love in the angels.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. being mortified at its failure to excite  
<sup>3</sup> Reason and Love being incompatible.

<sup>4</sup> "The  
Foe"; i. e. Satan. — *Soudi*.

5. All others the die of allotment did On pleasure and easance cast;  
Our woe-stricken heart alone on grief The lot of vocation set.<sup>1</sup>

6. The lofty soul in the pit of thy chin For longing fell; and so  
To the ring of thy tress's curl its hand It for salvation set.

7. The book of delight of the love of thee Will Hafiz close, when he  
To all heart-gladdening doth the pen Of nullification set.

## CLXXXVII

1. O remember how in secret Erst with us thy grace was,  
How the love of thee's sign-manual Patent on our face was!

2. Ay, remember how, with chiding When thine eye did slay me,  
Jesu's leachcraft in thy sugared Lip and thine embrace was;

3. How, when we, in privy commerce, Plied the cup of morning,  
Thou and I alone, yet, certes, God with us in place was;

4. How, when on my moon the fillet Bound, upon her stirrup  
Still attendant yonder crescent Courier of space<sup>2</sup> was;

5. How I was a tavern haunter And how that which lacketh  
In the mosque to-day vouchsafed me In the tavern base was.

<sup>1</sup> On the Day of Creation, when their various lots were foreappointed to mankind, others chose (or were allotted) pleasure and ease; I alone chose the grief of loverhood.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the new moon.

6. Yea, bethink thee, when the jacinth Of the cup went laughing,  
How between me and thy ruby Cómmuning apace was;

7. How thy cheek the taper kindled Of delight and joyance;  
How this burning heart the heedless Moth about thy grace was!

8. How, indeed, in that assembly Of good sense and breeding,  
Save the red wine's tipsy laughter, None in drunken case was!

9. How, (bethink thee), by thy judgment, Well and featly ordered  
Was each unbored pearl that Hafiz Minded to enchase was!<sup>1</sup>

#### CLXXXVIII

1. It may be, o heart, that the doors Of the winehouses they shall open,  
That they of our straitened case The tangles one day shall open!

2. If them for the pietist's sake, Self-centred, They've shut, take courage;  
Them haply they yet, in ruth On lovers' dismay, shall open.

3. For th' ease of the winebibbers' hearts, The morning-draught drinkers, o  
A door that is closed the key Of prayer in Love's way shall open! [many

4. The writ of the news of the death Of the vine-daughter write, so topers  
The sources of blood in their eyes, Grief's tribute to pay, shall open.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. how Hafiz's verses were inspired and ordered by thy counsel.

5. For the death of sheer wine, cut the tress Of the ghittern ! In token of mour-  
The plait of her twy-stranded tress Each cup-bearing may shall open. <sup>1</sup> [ning,

6. The door of the winehouse they've shut. The door of the house of dissem-  
[bling  
And fraud, suffer not, Lord, that they, To lead folk astray, shall open !

7. To morrow, <sup>2</sup> o Hafiz, thou'lt see, From under this patchcoat thou wearest,  
What girdles <sup>3</sup> to view They, perforce, On the Reckoning Day, shall open. <sup>4</sup>

## CLXXXIX

1. Sweet is seclusion, if the Friend In company with me be,  
But not if, whilst I burn, the light Of others' banquets she be.

2. That signet-ring of Solomon <sup>5</sup> At nought I set, if on it  
The hand of Ahriman <sup>6</sup> to seize At any season free be.

3. Permit it not, o Lord, that in The sanctuary of union  
The spy a confidant and I A castaway from Thee be.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. shall dishevel her hair, as do mourners. <sup>2</sup> A prayer to God to prevent  
the hypocritical pietist from continuing to bubble the folk. <sup>3</sup> "To-morrow",

i. e. on the Judgment Day. <sup>4</sup> "Girdles", emblem of Christianity and other non-  
Mohammedan confessions in the East ; here = infidelities, hypocrisies generally.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. what corruption and rottenness will be brought to view from under the screen of  
pietistic dissimulation and sanctimonious ostentation. The poet speaks of himself, but  
the verse is aimed at the Soufis and religious orders generally. <sup>6</sup> Solomon's

seal-ring likened to Beloved's mouth. <sup>7</sup> "Ahriman", i. e. Sekhr, the Div who  
stole the signet aforesaid ; also here = rival, adversary, losel generally.

4. Say to the Huma, <sup>1</sup> "Never cast Thy pinions' shade of honour  
 "Upon that land where greater kites Than parrots in degree be". <sup>2</sup>
5. There ne'er departeth from our head The longing for thy quarter;  
 Still with their native land the hearts Of exiles oversea be.
6. What need love's longing to expound, Since in the speech's ardour  
 The fires, that at the lover's heart Are burning, plain to see be?
7. Though, as the lily's fashion is, Ten-tongued, <sup>3</sup> indeed, were Hafiz,  
 Still in thy presence, rose-bud like, Seal upon mouth, would he be.

## CXC

1. Marry, what an idle story This of my renouncing wine is!  
 Sure, this much at least of reason And of understanding mine is.
2. I with drum and harp that nightly Stopped on piety the highway,  
 Turn me sudden to the Pathway! <sup>4</sup> What a fable this of thine is!
3. Even now to end I know not All the pathway of the winehouse;  
 So unto what end, I know not, Our abstaining, by this sign, is.
4. If the pietist the toppers' Pathway fare not, 'tis excused him;  
 Love's a matter that dependent On the leadership Divine is.
- <sup>1</sup> The Beloved.  
 men of learning.  
 sobriety and lawfulness.
- <sup>2</sup> "Kites" are worthless pretenders and "parrots" poets and
- <sup>3</sup> The lily's tongues are its leaves.
- <sup>4</sup> i. e. that of

5. I'm the Magian Elder's bondman, Who from ignorance redeemed me;  
Whatsoever doth our elder Very holiness, in fine, is.

6. Prayer and proudness for the zealot! Drunkenness for me and meekness!  
Of us twain, o God, I wonder Whether favoured in Thine eyne is?

7. For this thought last night I slept not That a sage spoke thus; "If Hafiz  
"Leave not drunkenness in season, Certes, reason for repine is."

## CXCI

1. I fear me lest our tears Veil-renders for our woe be, <sup>1</sup>  
Our pain the talking-stock Of all men, high and low, be.

2. Stones in the stead (they say) Of patience turn to rubies:  
In liver's blood alone Can they transfigured so be. <sup>2</sup>

3. In strait amaze am I For th' arrogance of rivals;  
Honoured, o Lord, I pray, Let not the rascal foe be!

4. Seeing the stubborn pride That in thy cypress-head is,  
How in this girdlestead Shall my short hand e'er mo be? <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. shall reveal our love.

<sup>2</sup> Patience bringeth everything to pass; but it is a painful remedy, bitter as aloes (*sebr*, syn. "patience") and attended, like the ripening of rubies, with much effusion of the blood of the liver. See previous note as to the maturation of rubies.

<sup>3</sup> How shall I, powerless as I am, ("short-handedness" *id.* for "weakness, poverty") hope to attain to thine enjoyment?

5. From every nook I launch The shafts of supplication,  
So one effective may, Of all that leave the bow, be.
6. That court imperial, Whereto as moon thou servest,  
Its door-dust lovers' heads, That still its thresholds strow, be!
7. By thy love's alchemy, My cheek's grown gold; <sup>1</sup> yea, truly,  
Gold, by thy grace's spell, Become the clods below be.
8. Full many traits of grace Behove, not beauty only,  
In who accepted will Of those that see and know be.
9. I'll to the winehouse go, Weeping and craving succour;  
For there for me from grief Deliv'rance shall, I trow, be.
10. Soul, to the charmer tell Our tale; but on such fashion  
That it not borne abroad Of all the winds that blow be.
11. Be patient, o my heart; Nurse not chagrin; for evening  
Shall morning grow at last And night with dawn aglow be.
12. If sorrow on thee fall One day, be not strait-hearted;  
Nay, give God thanks, lest heaped Upon thee woe on woe be.
13. When, Hafiz, in thy hand The muskpod of her tress is,  
Be dumb, lest of the East The tale borne high and low be.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Yellow, pallid with suffering and wandsire.



14. Lo, with my mother's milk, The love of thee hath entered  
My head and heart and there Shall, till from me life go, be.

15. From out the tomb, his head, Thy foot to kiss, shall Hafiz  
Uplift, if trod of thee The weeds, that o'er him grow, be.

## CXCII

1. Parting's day and night of sev'rance From the Friend, at last, is ended;  
And my need, through favouring planets, Since the lot I cast, is ended.

2. All the weariful vexation, That from Winter came and Autumn,  
In the footsteps of the breezes Of the Spring is past, is ended.

3. To Hope's morning, self-secluded In the curtain of the future,  
Say, "Come forth, for lo! the business Of the night aghast is ended."

4. God be thanked that, with the coming Of the cap-peak of the rose-bud,  
Might of thorn and overweening Of December's blast is ended.

5. All the heart's grief and amazement Of the darksome nights of winter,  
With the shadow of the loveling's Ringlets overcast, is ended.

6. Though my case's first embroilment From that tress of hers proceeded,  
Yet the tangle of my troubles By her face as fast is ended.

7. To the winehouse-door henceforward Will I go with harp and tabret,  
Now that, by her grace, the story Of chagrin, at last, is ended.

8. I'm no longer a believer In the perfidy of Fortune,  
Since, in union with the Loved One, Parting's tale at last is ended.<sup>1</sup>

9. Skinker, kindness hast thou shown us, (Be thy goblet full of liquor!)  
Our crowsickness, by thy manage, From the head out-cast, is ended.

10. Hafiz in consideration And esteem though no one holdeth,  
God be thanked that this affliction, Without limit vast, is ended!

### CXCIII

1. Though the saying to the preacher Of this city light no whit is,  
While he useth fraud and semblance, Musulman the wight no whit is.

2. Learn thou toping and do kindness: That a beast no liquor drinketh  
And a man is not, a merit, In the sage's sight, no whit is.

3. God's Great Name its own end worketh: Heart, content thee; for the demon,  
Maugre practice and dissembling, Solomon of might no whit is.<sup>2</sup>

4. Essence pure to that behoveth Which receptive of God's grace is;  
Every stone or clod one seeth Pearl or coral bright no whit is.

5. Love I practise; and my hope is That this noble use, like other  
Merits, reason of rejection Or of Fate's despite no whit is.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This couplet is a variant of N°. 7 and has the same rhyme-word; one of the two is, in all probability, spurious.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. religious observances and professions are of no avail, unless practised with sincerity and whole heartedness. "God's Great Name" is the secret name of God, known only to the initiate, which gives the knower power over all things; it doth its own work, regardless of the pretensions and frauds of mortals.

<sup>3</sup> Merit of any kind is for the folk a cause of rejection and incurreth the spite of Fortune, that fosters the base and worthless.

6. Yesternight quoth she, "To-morrow Thy heart's wish I will vouchsafe thee."  
Grant it God that she repentant Of her promise plight no whit is!

7. Gentle nature and fair fashions 'Tis my prayer that God vouchsafe thee;  
Else assured 'gainst fresh vexation At thy hands our spright no whit is.

8. Hafiz mine, what while it lacketh Loftiness of soul, the atom  
Seeker of the sun's resplendence And the fount of light no whit is. <sup>1</sup>

## CXCIV

1. Quoth I, "I am sad for thy sake;" And "Thy sadness," quoth she, "to head  
[cometh." <sup>1</sup>

Quoth I, "Be my moon;" and "Ay well, If the thing to pass thus," she said,  
["cometh."

2. Quoth I, "That thy cheek is a moon;" And she, "Ay, and one of a fortnight."  
Quoth I, "Will it shine upon me?" "To pass if it thus," she said, "cometh." <sup>2</sup>

3. "Fidelity's usance," quoth I, "I counsel thee learn of thy lovers."  
"This fashion from moon-favoured ones But seldom," she answered, "cometh."

4. Quoth I, "On thine image I'll shut The pathway of sight;" but "Mine image,"  
Rejoined she, "a night-walker is And by ways sight-unvisited cometh."

<sup>1</sup> An exhortation to the despairing lover to pluck up a spirit and aspire. "She is a woman; therefore, to be won".

<sup>2</sup> i. e. to end. We may also read, with Soudi, "May it come to end and we be so delivered from thine importunity!"

<sup>3</sup> Rhyme word of line 1 repeated.

5. "The wastril," quoth I, "of the world The scent of thy tresses hath made me."  
And she, "An thou know'st, to thy guide, The fragrance my ringlets shed  
[cometh."

6. "How goodly and pleasant," quoth I, "The breezes that blow from Love's  
[garden!"

"How blessed a zephyr," quoth she, "From the charmer's abiding-stead co-  
[meth!"

7. Quoth I, "We are slain for desire Of thy ruby lip's honey." She answered,  
"Serve well and in time the reward, Thy service hath merited, cometh."

8. "O when will thy pitiful heart," I questioned, "incline to relenting?"  
Quoth she, "Speak to no one of this, Till the season of kindlihead cometh."

9. Quoth I, "How to end come the days Of delight!" And she answered,  
["Peace, Hafiz!  
"For anon to an end, on like wise, This anguish and drearihead cometh." <sup>2</sup>

## CXCXV

1. He, in whom desire of traffic With thy down, my sweet, shall be,  
Whilst he liveth, in this circle Ever fast his feet shall be.

2. From the grave-mould, tulip-fashion, When I rise, Love's scars, for thee  
Worn, the secret of my bosom's Innermost retreat shall be. <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. by the way of dreams or, perhaps, by the ear.  
nor grief hath any abiding here below.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. neither gladness  
<sup>3</sup> Similitude of tulip continued, with  
allusion to the black marks in the cup, to which the scars of the lover's heart are likened.

3. Where art thou, o pearl unvalued, For whose image this mine eye  
Is and ever like an ocean, Where all waters meet, shall be ?

4. Be the shadow of thy tresses Ever lengthened o'er my head,  
So thereby my heart distracted Eased of passion's heat shall be !

5. From my every eyelash water Ever running is: then come,  
When in thee desire for pleasance And the streamside seat shall be.

6. Like my heart, come forth a moment From the veil and enter in ;  
'Tis not certain when another Time for us as meet shall be.

7. Out of pride, thine eye from Hafiz Thou avertest ; verily,  
Still the blue narcissus' <sup>1</sup> fashion Heavy-head conceit <sup>2</sup> shall be.

## CXCVI

1. When the light of the sun of wine The East of the bowl forth cometh,  
O many a tulip the garth Of the cupbearer's jole forth cometh ! <sup>3</sup>

2. The breeze on the head of the rose The curl of the hyacinth breaketh,  
When midward the meads the scent Of that tress and that mole forth cometh.

3. Hope not that a crumb from the round Of the heavens' inverted platter, <sup>4</sup>  
Unbought with an hundred woes, For thee, o my soul, forth cometh.

<sup>1</sup> *Nergis-i-shehla*, the dark-blue narcissus, unknown, I believe, to European botany; here of course, a figure for an eye of that colour.

<sup>2</sup> "Heavy-headedness" Pers. id. for "arrogance, conceit". The allusion is, of course, to the pensile habit of the narcissus.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the skinker's cheek becometh flushed and ruddy.

<sup>4</sup> Sky commonly likened to an inverted tray, platter or basin.

4. The anguish of sev'rance's night No history is of whose import,  
For treatises hundred-fold, One particle sole forth cometh.

5. If thou, 'neath the stress of the Flood, Like Noah, have patience, the deluge  
Subsideth and syne for thy wish Its thousand years' goal forth cometh.

6. One cannot attain of oneself To the pearl of desire; 'twere idle  
To think that this business, without Heav'ns help and control, forth cometh.

7. O'er Hafiz's tomb if the waft Of thy pleasantness pass, from his ashes,  
Incontinent, thousand-voiced, The sound of his dole forth cometh.

## CXC VII

1. Why is it my cypress unto the meads, Now Spring is here, inclineth not?  
That she to the rose and the jessamine Of the new-born year inclineth not?

2. Since unto the China <sup>1</sup> of that her tress My vagrant heart departed,  
From that far clime to its native land The rogue to recur inclineth not.

3. My heart, with the hope of thine union dazed, No longer the mate of the  
[soul is;  
My soul, of its wish for thy stead, to serve, At the body's spur, inclineth not.

4. To the bow of her brows I offer up My humble supplications;  
But strained and strait are its horns; and so To me its ear inclineth not.

<sup>1</sup> China. (*Chin*) mentioned only p. g.; because the Persian word *chin* means also curl, twist, plait.

5. To me, of her browlock yesterday Complaining, quoth she, jesting,  
 "This crookbacked blackamoor unto me Myself its ear inclineth not."<sup>1</sup>
6. Now by the breeze in many a curl The tress of the violet's broken,  
 What heart, like mine, to call to mind Yon pact-breaker inclineth not?<sup>2</sup>
7. Though my silver-shanked skinker nought but dregs Should skink us, who  
 [his body  
 All mouth, like the goblet of wine, to make, For love of her, inclineth not?
8. The breeze is a brayer of ambergris: From thy pure skirt how is it  
 The earth of the violet-bed to turn To musk and myrrh inclineth not?
9. I marvel how, for the scent of thy skirt, The East wind, as thou passest,  
 The dust of thy passage-way to turn To musk and myrrh inclineth not.<sup>3</sup>
10. The water of this my cheek<sup>4</sup> spill not; For never pearls of Aden  
 The boons of the clouds make, if mine eye Still to concur inclineth not.
11. Slain of thy glances Hafiz is, Who hearkened not to counsel;  
 Nay, worthy of death is whosoe'er Advice to hear inclineth not.

<sup>1</sup> Rhyme-word of N<sup>o</sup>. 4 here repeated.

<sup>2</sup> When Spring cometh, all hearts call to mind the Beloved, who is a covenant-breaker. I suspect *bunefshak* here (as in other similar passages) to mean "Iris" rather than "Violet".

<sup>3</sup> Nos. 8 and 9 have the same rhyme-word and one is a variant of the other.

<sup>4</sup> "The water of my cheek", i. e. my honour, repute.

<sup>5</sup> The Orientals believe pearls to be formed by drops of rain fallen into the oyster. Aden, though not now celebrated for its pearls, appears to have been a noted pearling-station in Hafiz's time.

## CXCVIII

1. In her face's time no lover Inclination for the mead hath;  
Foot-bound is he like the cypress, Like the tulip, heart a-bleed hath.

2. This our heart on no wise boweth To the bow of any's eyebrow;  
For the heart of the recluses Of the world no manner need hath.

3. Irketh me the violet's boasting Of its likeness to her tresses;  
See what guile that good-for-nothing Blackmoor in its heart a-seed hath!

4. Dark the night and wild the waste is: Whither can I win, excepting  
Lamp in hand the Loved One's visage, <sup>1</sup> Me upon my way to lead, hath?

5. With the candle of the morning, Well to weep it me behoveth;  
For we burn and she, our idol, Of our case no manner heed hath.

6. Walk the meadows and the rose's Throne consider; note the tulip;  
Like the Sultan's cup-companion, Goblet still in hand the weed hath.

7. Like the January rain-clouds, Needs must I bewEEP this meadow:  
In the bulbul's nest of joyance, See, the filthy crow its breed hath.

8. By thy face's light, thy tress-tip All night long the heart waylayeth;  
What a bold-faced thief, that nightly In its hand a lamp, <sup>1</sup> indeed, hath!

9. Lo, the anguished heart of Hafiz Longing for Love's lore possesseth;  
So no mind it to the garden Or to pleasance in the mead hath. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Beloved's face likened to a lamp.

<sup>2</sup> In this Ode, the rhyme-word of

1. 1 is repeated in Couplets 2 and 5 and that of Couplet 4 in Couplet 8.



## CLCIX

1. Drinking and mirth in secret, Things without base <sup>1</sup> are they :  
Cast we our lot with the toppers, Come of it come what may !
2. Care's knot from the heart-strings loosen Nor reck of the course of the sphere;  
For never geometer's science A knot such as this loosed aye. <sup>2</sup>
3. Ne'er marvel at fortune's changes ; For tales by the million, such  
As these, could the sphere of heaven Recall, if it chose to say.
4. The wine-pot with rev'rence handle ; For know 'twas the dust of the skulls  
Of Jem and Kobád and Behman, Whereof they fashioned its clay.
5. Where Kei and Kawóus have vaded, Who knoweth ? And who can tell  
How Jemshid his throne passed under The storm-blast of decay ?
6. The lip of Shirín regretting, I see it, from out the blood  
Of th' eyes of Ferhád, the tulip Yet blossometh to day.
7. Come let us with wine dead drunken And ruined awhile become !  
Mayhap in this place of ruins <sup>3</sup> A treasure find we may. <sup>4</sup>
8. Meseemeth the tulip knoweth The faithlessness of Fate ;  
For never from hand, whilst living, The wine-cup doth she lay.

<sup>1</sup> *Sic* ; i. e. drinking and merrymaking in secret is a foolish and unsatisfactory business.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. no geometer (the term here includes astrologer) ever availed to solve the problem of the course of Fortune.

<sup>3</sup> The world.

<sup>4</sup> Treasures being commonly found in ruins.

9. The breeze of the earth of Musélla And water of Ruknabád  
Me never as yet have suffered To travel far away.

10. My soul what befell for sorrow Of love for the fair befell;  
Yet ne'er may Time's eye of evil Smite on *her* soul, I pray !

11. The goblet, like Hafiz, take not, Except to the ghittern's wail ;  
For lo ! the glad heart to music's Silk cordlet bound have They. <sup>1</sup>

## CC

1. Who of Fortune's grace held worthy At Creation's date, indeed, is,  
For Eternity his wish's Cup his spirit's mate, indeed, is.

2. Quoth I, when to make renouncement Of winebibbing I was minded,  
"If this plant bear fruit, repentance Early it or late, indeed, is."

3. Granted e'en I cast the prayer-rug, Like the iris, <sup>2</sup> o'er my shoulder,  
Unmohammedan the patchcoat Wine-dyed, anygate, indeed <sup>3</sup> is.

4. If the winecup's lamp be lacking, Sit I cannot in seclusion ;  
Light behoving to the pious Anchorite's estate, indeed, is.

5. With the glow of wine and candle <sup>4</sup> Be our solitude enlightened :  
Abstinence in rose-time folly For the profligate, indeed, is.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The Fates, that rule all earthly things, have made gladness of heart dependent on music. Lutes and harps are partly strung with silk.

<sup>2</sup> Iris (the common blue flag) likened to a pietist with his prayer-rug over his shoulder.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. even if we set up as pietists, the wine-stains on our clothes would betray us as no true Muslims.

<sup>4</sup> "Candle" here (Souði) = bright face of Beloved.

6. Doltishness it were the winecup From the Loved One's hand to take not,  
When with friends we sit in Springtime And of love debate, indeed, is.

7. Strive for loftiness of spirit: "Let the goblet be unjewelled!"  
Say. "The grapejuice, for the toper, Rubies-pomegranáte, indeed, is." <sup>1</sup>

8. Good repute an thou desirest, Heart, consort not with the worthless;  
Folly, o my soul, the wicked It to tolerate, indeed, is.

9. Though disordered seem our fashion, Hold it not in scorn, for envied  
Beggarhood in this our region <sup>2</sup> Of the Sultanate, indeed, is.

10. Yesterday quoth one, "In secret Hafiz drinketh wine". O zealot,  
"What is secret undeserving For reproach to rate, indeed, is". <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The ruby wine standeth us in stead of jewels. *Yacout-i-rummani*, ruby-pomegranate, a kind of ruby so called from its resembling, in colour, the pulp of the pomegranate.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. in the lover's country.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. A fault that is kept hidden is not blameworthy; a true Oriental sentiment.









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